

## For My

Nelly

Yo, uh, you didn't see this one comin did ya  
All the way from the N.O. to S.T.L.  
Nelly-Nel and Lil' Wayne

On a scale one to ten I be rated a 12 (right!)  
You know it and these cats hate it  
I got nothing outdated  
If it is it's self rated  
S-class wit everything voice-activated  
Chrome rim three bladed, factory custom made it  
Paid wit big faces; if it's broke then replace it  
Now it's like that; Purple Haze and Cognac  
On tha beach in L.A. with dime bitches ridin my back

I represent them street niggas  
When they get hot, carry the heat niggas  
Them sweet niggas off they feet niggas  
You livin on the edge Fleet nigga  
That's why my clique we do or die and roll deep nigga  
Ain't nothing sweet nigga, recognize the bloody clothes  
Ready to represent the Grove wit two calicoes  
I carry 4's in my side pocket  
While yours cock a nigga mind poppin  
Walk through you house wit my iron now when

This is for my niggaaassss  
Who be keepin it tight  
Only lovin dime bitches that fuck on the first night

This is for my bitchesssss  
Wit the style and grace  
Who ain't hear nothing talkin but the Benjamin face

I ain't bullshittin I trick em and run up in they kitchen  
And she ain't a nonadeada my niggas then I'm splitin  
Get a code-red hop in the Jag and fled  
Pump +Nore+ number six, "bitch give me some head"  
And for you niggas out there who be jacking the wrist  
Got a new group for ya, Nina Ross and the Clips  
And from the hip I shoot, if you wanna get loot  
Bout ta tell ya the truth  
I'm more focused I'm born in the Lou'

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I ain't no busta nigga  
Came up out that Holly Grove dungeon nigga  
Flame up and toast let it get sparkin up in here  
You don't make out alive very often up in here  
I'ma speak on behalf of the C.M.B. partna  
I'm a sweep off ya air if its standing beef partna

I skeet off a bag of the dilly-D partna  
Slip me on a mask hit the Benz wit three choppers  
Weezy-wez partna

Four karats in my earring, five around my knuckle  
Six wrap the wrist, check the belt buckle  
Leave them wit it look like Nelly I didn't know  
If you was the Jackie Frost why didn't you say so  
Somebody gotta shine my nigga why not me  
Even my dentist told me floss 7 days a week  
Freeza brought out the piece Gucci and hat sweet  
Butter soft leather seats for trash talkin' freaks

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This is for my niggaaaaaaaassssssssss

Uh, uh, ha bet ya no were ready for that one hu, ha, ha  
We know ya didn't see that one comin  
Uh, uh ee-yah  
Uh, uh wodie