

Dem Boyz (feat. St. Lunatics)

Nelly

Like, oh, better get them back, watch them niggas' back
I hear them boys coming dirty
Like, oh, better get them back, watch them bitches' back
I hear them boys coming Like, oh, better get them back, watch them niggas' back
I hear them boys coming dirty
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I hear them boys coming Who am I you ask me, you know it's 'bout that grammar
From any state, it don't matter, from here to Montana
From white girls named Anna to old ladies named Nanna
They holding up their banners and running with their cameras
Can I get a flick, you're damn right, miss
"Can I take a hit", "Here, boo, like this"
Chronic's sticky like gum, I guess that's how it comes
Don't worry 'bout my funds, I play around it in one
When you've seen that Hummer but that was last summer
This year I'm more blunter, more up close and personal
It's just gon' get worse now, from Prada to Vokal
The Tics are too versatile, can't worry 'bout certain sounds
That come out these haters' mouths, I realize they can't help it
Just stay where you're bowing down some more
You can't get these pounds, unless you gon' smoke it now
If not, I suggest you pack your shit up and head out of town
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I hear them boys coming They be like, "Hold up, hold up, hold up, I know that ain't them, man"
Murp jersey on backwards with old school Tim's
And Kyjuan's got on so many colors just like a pimp
Nelly's chain's so long, got him walking with a limp
Ali is throwing money in the front row
And her body's screaming slow down but where the hell is Slo of course
We be them up, close, live, and in person
Might look like the type that be robbing them purses
But I ain't, I'm the young dude, I be rhyming them verses
Worked hard since ninety-three, that's how I got signed to Universal
Now the girlies take their thongs off
And it be crazy in the club when that Lunatic song go off
I be that 'pull up right beside you, beating bad' type of Tic
I'm a 'hold up traffic to touch her ass' type of Tic

Lunatic, that's what I am, that's what I said I am
 I'm trying to be a millionaire, I bet I am, I bet I am
 It's them boys' on them Porches in Air Forces reading Sources
 My choice is old school's over them Rolls Royce's
 Of course, this Tic shit live like EA Sports is
 Dribble in the club, I lay up with two draft choices
 Hit the center, touch the point guard, she hit the joint hard
 Oh, wee, oh Lord, she don't want no more
 Cutlass is four door, stash for the four-four
 Smokes' one four-four's, what them oh's go for
 Three-fifty's one more, three-fifty stick in the floor
 Brand new Azure smashes, G's and C's all in my glasses
 'Tics fantastic, we get booked more than matches
 Imagine me without them two headbands
 Them Vokal t-shirts with some eight class pants
 Feeling dapper like Dan, yes, fresh like Mannie
 Cutlass candies sit down, you know you can't stand me
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 Band Aids, Braids, Bald Heads, Fades, Locs
 Stripey socks, rocks in the watch
 Big shorts (shorts), headband to a cross-jersey back
 Ross (Ross)
 That's that mid-west talk, I think your future boss' Batter Up
 No, cough, and let you know Caprice Classic's on these hoes
 For big shows, tell her, best be on they toes
 Five Country Grammar boys in bandanas, platinum, no gold like oh
 That's what they say when I pull up on d's in that old Dr J
 Old 88, fat laces, this world is rat races
 Heading back places but it still seems racist
 Got locations so I haul off the wall off if you could fall off
 Got a room at the Wada with a saw that'll take the wall off
 Hit the mall off with a sag, hockey jersey, do rag
 Fitted still, switching two different shoes, starchy with tags
 Like, oh

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