

Country Grammar (Hot Shit)

Nelly

[Intro]

Hot Shit (Hot Shit)

[Chorus]

Mmmmm, I'm going down, down, baby, your street, in a Range Rover

(Come on!)

Street sweeper baby, cocked, ready to let it go

(Hot Shit)

Shimmy, shimmy, cocoa what, listen to it pound

Light it up and take a puff, pass it to me now

I'm going down, down, baby, your street, in a Range Rover

Street sweeper baby, cocked, ready to let it go

Shimmy, shimmy, cocoa what, listen to it pound

Light it up and take a puff, pass it to me now

[Verse 1]

Mmmmm, you can find me in St. Louis rolling on dubs

Smoking on dubs in clubs, blowing up like Cocoa Puffs

Sipping Bud', getting perved and getting dubbed

Daps and hugs, mean mugs and shoulder shrugs and it's

All because accumulated enough scratch just to

Navigate it, wood decorated on chrome and it's

Candy painted, fans fainting while I'm entertaining

Wild, ain't it? How me and money get acquainted

I hang with Hannibal Lector (Hot shit!)

So feel me when I bring it

Sing it loud (What?), I'm from the Lou' and I'm proud

Run a mile for the 'cause, I'm righteous above the law

Player my style's raw, I'm Born to Mack, like Todd Shaw

Forget the fame and the glamour, give me D's with a rubber hammer

My grammar be's Ebonics, gin, tonic, and chronic

Fuck Bionic, it's ironic, slamming niggas like Onyx

Lunatics till the day I die

I run more game than the Bulls and Sonics

[Chorus]

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(Come on!)

Street sweeper baby, cocked, ready to let it go

(Hot Shit)

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[Verse 2]

Who say pretty boys can't be
Wild niggas, loud niggas, O.K. Corral niggas
Foul niggas, running the club and busting the crowd, nigga
"How nigga?" Ask me again and it's going down, nigga
Now nigga, come to the circus and watch me clown, nigga
Pound niggas, what you be giving when I'm around nigga
Frown niggas, talking that shit when I leave the town, nigga
Say now, can you hoes come out to play now
Hey, I'm ready to cut you up any day now
Play by my rules Boo and you gon' stay high
May I answer your Third Question like A.I
Say hi, to my niggas left in the slamma
From St. Louis to Memphis, from Texas back up to Indiana
Chi-Town, K.C., Motown to Alabama
L.A., New York Yankee niggas, to Hotlanta
Louisiana, all my niggas with "Country Grammar"
Smoking blunts in Savannah, blow thirty mil', like I'm Hammer

[Chorus]

I'm going down, down, baby, your street, in a Range Rover
(Come on!)
Street sweeper baby, cocked, ready to let it go
(Hot Shit)
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[Verse 3]

Let's show these cats to make these
Millions so you niggas quit acting silly, mon
Kid quicker than Billy, mon, talking really and I need it mon
Flows, I kick 'em freely mon, especially off Remi, mon
Keys to my Bimmer, mon, holla at Beenie Man
See me, mon, chieffin', rollin' deeper than any mon
Through Jennings mon, through U-City back up to Kingsland
With nice niggas, shiest niggas who snatch yo' life, niggas
Trife niggas who produce and sell the same beat twice, nigga
(Hot shit!) Ice niggas, all over close to never sober

From broke to having brokers: my price-range is Rover
Now I'm knocking like Jehovah; let me in now, let me in now
Bill Gates, Donald Trump, let me in now
Spin now, I got money to lend my friends now
We in now, candy Benz, Kenwood and 10's now
I win now (Woo!), fucking lesbian twins now
Seeing now, through the pen I make my ends now

[Chorus]

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(Come on!)
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(Hot Shit)
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