

# For My (feat. Lil Wayne)

Nelly

Yo, uhh, you didn't see this one comin', did you?  
From the N.O. to the S.T.L.  
Nelly-Nel and Lil' WayneNow, on a scale of one to ten, I've been rated a twelve, right  
You know this and these cats hate it  
I got nothin' outdated if it is, it's self rated  
S-class with everything voice activatedChrome rim, three bladed factory custom made it  
Paid wit big faces, if it's broken, replace it  
Now it's like that, Purple Haze and Cognac  
On tha beach in L.A. with dime bitches ridin' piggybackI 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 your house wit my iron againI'm doin' this for my niggas, who be keepin' it tight  
Only lovin' dime bitches that fuck on the first night  
This is for my bitchess, wit the style and grace  
Who ain't hearin' nothing, talkin', but the Benjamin faceI'm doin' this for my niggas, who be  
keepin' it tight  
Only lovin' dime bitches that fuck on the first night  
This is for my bitchess, wit the style and grace  
Who ain't hearin' nothing, talkin', but the Benjamin faceI 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  
Pumpin' Nore number six, bitch, give me some head  
And for you niggas out there, who be draggin' the wrist  
Got a new group for ya, Nina Ross and the Clips  
And from the hip I shoot, if you wanna get loot  
But ta tell ya the truth, I'm more focused, I'm born in the LouI'm doin' this for my niggas, who  
be keepin' it tight  
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Who ain't hearin' nothing, talkin', but the Benjamin faceI ain't no busta, nigga  
Came up out that Holly Grove dungeon, nigga

Flame up the toast and let it get it sparkin' up in here  
You don't make out alive very often up in here I'm a speak on behalf of the C.M.B., partna  
I'm a sweep off ya air, if it's 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, then why didn't you say so? Somebody gotta shine my nigga, why  
not me?  
Even my dentist told me, "Floss seven days a week"  
Freeza brought out the piece, Gucci and hat sweet  
Butter soft leather seats for trash talkin' freaks I'm doin' this for my niggas, who be keepin' it  
tight  
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This is for my bitchess, wit the style and grace  
Who ain't hearin' nothing, talkin', but the Benjamin face I'm doin' this for my niggas, uh, uh, ha  
ha  
Bet, ya'll know, ya were not ready for that one, eh, ha ha  
We know ya'll didn't see that one comin'  
Uh uh, eeyah, uh, uh woey

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>