

Let It Go Lil Mama (feat. Pharrell Williams)

Nelly

(OHH!) Turn it up, turn it up
Turn the beat up, uhh (DERRTY E-N-T!)
Turn it up some mo', uhh, okay (uhh)
You turn it up a little bit?
Here we go (WE ALL WE GOT, OHH!) She blowin cause she seen that car (she 'bout to blow!)
She blowin cause you turned that corner (there they go!)
She blowin cause she seen that watch (she 'bout to blow!)
She blowin cause you flashed in it on her ('bout to blow!)
She blowin cause she seen that knot (she 'bout to blow!)
She blowin cause she seen your flash (there they go!)
So many y'all in one spot (she lose her mind!)
She never seen so much cash So let it go lil' mama, let it go lil' mama
Just let it go lil' mama, let it go lil' mama
Just let it go lil' mama, let it go lil' mama
Just let it go lil' mama, let it goooo
Yo, they call me Mr. Intellectual, I keep a bunch of vegetables
Carrots and the broccoli, how the hell can you stop me?
(Naughty by Nature), yup I'm (Treacherous) and less than this
would be uncivil-ous, and like some syphilis I'm killin this
Beat by Pharrell-y; yeah, yeah, really
Chad this is silly; ju-just silly (WHOO!)
Got a team in the Carolinas, your highness
Keep the finest big booty behind us, behind us
Just to remind us that, that we the flyest so
Kids at home, yo, please don't try this
My hands in my pocket mayne I'm doin the wop
Lil' mama on her Snoopy Doggy Dogg, she droppin it hot
I got whatever in my garage, pull up and shut down your spot
I got how many in my bezel man I shut down your watch
Oh yeah I'm rappin, believin, my zing and my trees in
And soon I'll be leavin, with yo' chick (ah-ha!)
She call me Mr. extra sexual, Scorpio ma is legible
Extraterrestrial, she say I'm harder to swivel
I keep a fresh pair of Versace, shine up my Liberace
My Dolce and my Gabanna, ma I'm keepin it thorough
I keep one hundreds in the bunnies{?}, let me keep it 100
I'm the most underrated, under-appreciated
Most sold to dated, fuck you rapper we GOT
See I don't drop every year to give you niggaz a shot
Now I might not get five mics or a double-XL (never)
But fuck it, you keep it, I'ma take the 100 mil' (cha-ching!)
And the Murcielago with the rim kitted Tahoe

The show stopper, when I ride all you hear is "Bravo" (bravo!)
And all you hear is, "There he go"
Ha ha ha - ah, ah, ah
You see my paint job's a fool, my paint job be poppin
My paint job's so wet my license plates read (what it read?) PUSSY
Shut yo' mouth Listen now I, I
She wanna know what my girlfriend know
And uh, she wanna see how deep this can go
She wanna know how much she can blow
She wanna know what my girlfriend know
Bong bong - RZA She 'bout to blow, there they go
She 'bout to blow, 'bout to blow
She 'bout to blow, there they go

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