

Batter Up (feat. Murphy Lee & Ali)

Nelly

Welcome ladies and gentlemen
This is Mark... oh-Who-gives-a-fuck from '93 TV
This is my co-host, Bob Buttafuoco
(Hey hey guys) Yeah yeah yeah
We got a crowd that's in a frenzy Bob
Let's go down to the announcers
for the start of the game*Stadium announcer*
And now. please rise for the singing
of our national anthem
paraphrasing "The Jeffersons"(Chorus)
I say the fish don't fry in the kitchen
Beans don't burn on the grill (that's right)
It took a whole lot of tah-ryin
Just to get up that hill
I said but now we're up in the BIG LEAGUES
My dirty it's our turn at bat
And just as long as we livin,
it's Lunatics playa
It ain't nuttin wrong with that,
huh - batter up
Ali-
I'm the first to swing
Home run with that
give-me-what-you-got thing, hot wings
fuck a dub, smoke an ounce, show me love
Hit the club, me and T-Luv holla what
I put my mack down, she threw a curve ball
She all nearly smoked
that herb that's some Nelly-bo
She tip-top 'em, Optimo
First base, God livin' like a worst race
First chase, throw yo' people and yo' kind
Second lesson,
smoke that herb and clear yo' mind
It's about time, second base wisdom rhyme
Hittin strong,
skipped third base and headed home
Third baseman just don't understand
baby with the bong
What the fuck wrong,
with this world today
With these girls today,

diamonds and pearls the way
You wasn't fuckin with me, leave,
for the wrap that's in my seed
Now you stays on yo knees
cause we's be in the big league
Cause we's be in the big leaugeChorus
Fish don't fry in the kitchen
Beans don't burn on the grill
Took a whole lot of tah-ryin
Just to get up that hill
Said now were up in the big leagues
My dirrty it our turn at bat
And just as long as we livin
Its Lunatics Playa
IT ain't nothin wrong with that ahhh
Batter UpNelly-
Well you should see me now,
I'm eatin' Wheaties now
I'm stealin' second and third
and lookin home gettin greedy now
See me now, people call me speedy now
Known for runnin the quickest miles
hit and run in any town, any ground
Rules 'fore I hit it, split it,
lick it and quit it
And hit it, lick it, did I say lick it,
(yeah) fuckin, lick it
Ain't no shame in my game,
that normal shit ain't my thang
If I speak wit my dick then
put your mouth on my brains
I maintain through the atmosphere,
what we got here
A sucka in fear,
hear the roars and the cheers
From the crowd when I take the mile,
let me show 'em how
Hit the ball on the ground
and make 'em get down in the dirt
(in the dirt)Chorus*Sports personalities*
Well Bob this next young batter on deck
He's still in high school (yeah I heard that)
(It's a great day though)
A good high school
out in U-City of St. Louis, Missouri
(I think his name's umm, who knows.
Mur-uhh, Murphy Lee or somethin)Murphy Lee-
I want my name not,
not said but screamed

I went from fantasies to dreams,
dreams to bigger things
I'm like Bennett
I been in it since, ninety-three
You can tell cause my L angle 90 degrees
I'm a sixteen year-old school boy,
platinum skills
Swear to tell the real,
the whole real to make a mill'
I lie little but still,
talk straight up like motto
I could tell you somethin now,
you think twice about it tomorrow
I promise, I gets deeper
than file cabinets when rappin
wat wat
Money, money, money,
money was happenin
I'm comin up like family members
in basements, and I stay bent
Make a milli to play with,
buy a building you can pay me
And the 'tic is who I came with
You know how we do, we do,
we do, we do, we do, we doChorusOh my God Bob did you see the game?
Bob, Bob what are you doing lookin at the sky Bob?
Its a great fucken day
Oh shit Bob are you on drugs?
Naw naw im not on drugs
Bob Bob look at me Bob
shut up lets stay on the topic
I did think it was a great game today
You missed a great game Bob
That that first guy I really liked him
He hit it out of the park
The second guy I liked him too
He was moving around the bases

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