

Come Over

Nelly

Here we come
(Here we come now, girl)
Come for you
(Baby girl, aw, aw)

You know, I just couldn't hide shit beneath me
Only nigga can take a still picture in 3D
If need be, I'm leavin' the party with Cindy
It's gotta be, bo-legged, long hair, Fendi

Ninety nine, I move over to her twin sister, Medni
I spit game like that to get brains like that
Butter soft leather seats, it came like that
If sex was football, I'd be a running back

Get ya on and get low, and I never fumble
Make ya throw your hands up when I bring in the zone
So, if it's on, it's on, shit, I'm takin' you home
I got my home dog out, it's on chrome, long gone

She like my bizza, my batlin' dog
You Lunatics, that's what I be sayin' 'bout y'all
I'm not a MD but I'm always on call
And I got a safe way guaranteed not to stall

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'Cuz we be countdown from the sky to tha ground
Sippin' Allezey, steady puffin' on a pound
Hollerin', "Woah, nah", slow down, switch it up
Mami, don't front, go down, hit it up

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I'm like the New Edition, Don, Ralph, Bobby, and Mike
Not even Ricky "Rapper" Johnny can stand the rain tonight
Is this the end, damn right, I turned on a liking to
Vannessa Derrio like over Brian McKnight

Said, "Oh no", baby doll kissin' me and she goin' down low
People at D.E.M.O., hot, tell that you a pro
Swore up and down you never did this before
Whatever, just go slow

Hated by all types, baby fathers and dykes
Uptight and ready to fight 'cuz I'm the one they women like
He think he tight, think he got more game than Spike Lee
Runnin' thru his vains like an IV, high speeds

Tightest nigga for 5 G's and Al D
Tryna catch my now when my price is low

Then 95 digits when the Lunatics blow
Another zero for a show, to let you niggas know, now what

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You see me and my niggas only come out on the weekends
'Cuz on the weekdays to busy creepin', freakin'
Wit' yo rat, now picture that, when she wit you
She now speakin' what you weak in

Lettin' me know that she really been thinkin'
About a nigga, even when I'm not with her
I'm frosty all year, while you only in the winter
My pockets gettin' fatter, your pockets gettin' thinner

I ain't payin' time so you callin' me a sinner
Old Payne, 29, callin' me a young tender
Nelly stopped on me, don't stop when I'm wit her
She ready 4 whatever and I ain't even bought her dinner

I sorted tha game on a bench with splinters
Beggin' your coach, let you play for a minute
The last seconds of the game, used to weigh in to enter
I ain't gotta herd no drugs no more, I know who tha winner

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