

Yo Nelly! You ain't Fo'Reel and you ain't Universal  
Your whole style sounds like a N'Sync commercial  
Ignoramus, I'm the baddest with the mic apparatus  
Challengin the God of rap is madness, I'll snatch your status  
With this ugly lookin billboard you could stop them  
But I got enough albums to make my own top ten  
You limited, like the spread of traffic  
You bite my style off the radio so when you speak you bet I hear the static  
You better Chillout like Chuck, I kick like three Norrises  
One of my sixteen bar rhymes is eight of your choruses  
Of course it is ridiculous  
Watch out, I begin to curve indispicuous  
Gotcha! On your, hands and knees  
Ain't it about time for some real emcees?

The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)  
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(Uh!) Uh! We on the hunt tonight  
When you see me comin, I don't front I fight  
People say I'm contradictin, cause I'm all about peace  
To say the least with a violent history  
It ain't no mystery these rappers wanna get with me  
My people don't see that all they hear is stop hittin me, huh  
Stop beatin me Chris, you want to help my career Nelly?  
Well you can help if you don't exist, huh  
I think it's 'bout time we stop these pop rappers  
Fuck these pop rappers, hip hop does matter to me  
Does it matter to you? My crew  
If it does, you know what the hell to do  
Throw your guns in the air, pump it like yeah  
Let these bitch ass rappers know we in here  
Go to the shows huh, boo 'em off stage  
Tell 'em KRS told you they at the end of they days  
Let me tell you let's give hip hop a lift  
And don't buy Nelly's album on June twenty fifth  
That'll send a message to all them sellouts  
House nigga rapper, your bottom done fell out  
You don't even know how  
I told you I wasn't talkin about you then, but I'm talkin about you now!  
Blaow! one to the kness, blaow one goes right through  
Even St. Louis don't like you!!!!