

Greed, Hate, Envy

Nelly

Right up in here, is the sweet spot
Stay right up in here, and don't bend unda pre'sure
Is that what it is? The cake will do
Uhh, uhh uhh, the cake will do
Tell em, fuck the shame, tell em
Fuck the game, don't let the game fuck you
Check it out

I - opened up shop at 13
Dimes, dubs, quarter sacks and O-Z's
From hand-held, digital to triple-beam
Now my pa-ger's an e-mail flip screen
Expanded my game off into amphetamines
Looked around and had a small Wallgreens
But tha word out on tha street is that u fucked wit my fiends
Them niggas around tha corner then let tha thing beam
Now they done let it burn out, phone a ching ching
Just another - hustle to add to my schemes
Just another piece of the puzzle to my dreams
cuz the house, the cars, and the coffee take green
I might ride tha range wit tha Roley on the rocks
or push a candy colored cutless wit a matchin T-shirt
When the - spot get hot don't stop, move shop
Find another block restock and take it from the top now

(2x):

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Follow the rules stay cool and rock jewels
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So you think you're the shit nigga YA smell me
Shouts out to my nigga NORE
I'll never take another man's glory
Shit don't mix like Shaq and Kobe
Now you know me, I be low key
On these icye roleys Scob done showed me
And hoes ignored me, now they blow me
Them niggas that loaned me now they owe me
Oh me Oh my I can see tha greed and tha envy in yo eyes
Now call me a lie
While you five stand by I stand by tha captain
Hoe play now did somebody page Samson
I stay cheefin' higha than a hooker on the weekends
Seven days a weekend man, I walk in yo church reekin
Now Lester called me a heathen old fish eyed fool
Bitch had the nerve to repeat old fish eyed fool

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One time out in the Range Rover
(WOOP WOOP, WOOP!) Aww shit they pulled me over
What tha hell y'all fuckin wit me fo?
Speed limit 30 just doin 34

"Yeah son, where the gun?" It's at home wit tha dope
"Oh you a smart ass ha?" Nah that's my lil joke
"How bout I tow yo truck in?" Ain't no need to be provoked
besides everything up in here done been smoked
I ain't got nuttin but tapes and CDs
Pocket full of G's and two tickets across seas
So me and my boo can lay under the palm trees
Ain't no more questions then hand me my ID
You could tell he was pissed
cuz the black man in the black range
doin black things wit his black change
Doin the right thing, drivin his ass insane
And if I wasn't in his face he probably be callin me names

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