

Let It Go (Lil Mama)

Nelly

Callin these niggaz mayn
Got me up on wait
Can you get that nigga
I know these niggaz is home
Yo
Yo, what up boss
Yo, where y'all at derryty?
Uh, like, like, um, over there
Yo mayn, get y'all ass out here
Where you at?
I'm at the studio mayn, c'mon
Oh, we on our way
Y'all niggaz supposed to be here an hour ago mayn
Oh, word
Well hold on real quick, talk to Pete
Holla at Pete, what this nigga talkin 'bout
Bouncin in my Monte Carlo on my these and those
Word to hispanics, 'atics
Rollin nappies and Caddy classes (yeah)
Gettin harrassed them by them bastards
Hey yo, I see your color Jacob, they creepin up on the side
Just doin they job, fuck with us cause there's D's on the ride
Got me queazy inside, plus we got the feezy inside
And we "Cheech" while we ride, I can't believe we this high
Man, if he trippin off this blunt, then he's a bitch cop
I roll past the whole constitutes smoke just pourin out the G-top (tops)
Plus my nigga filled to the bompty-bompty
Boopin feet turn them sirens on, I doubt if we stop
I wish that he would, I bet he in there wishin he could
Computers chips up under the hood by Jacob
Really they would, that it's still to the good
Cause we still in the hood
Plus I got a license if he trip and filler that bud
Shit he about to flag us, fittin to harass us
We catch a free case, if he bag us
Nigga gonna fag us out, if he pass us
Bouncin in my Monte Carlo on my these and those
Popo trippin, wanna flag a nigga about his radio
No time to panic, hide the automatic and I'll stash the dro
Run my name, our plates, my shit gets checked, you gotta let us go
They pulled up right on our ass
And just as quick as he got on us, U-turned up on the grass
I'm like Jacob your killin the gas, you school 'em so fast
You should be sportin a book in the bag, I looked and just laughed
Shit you know how I do it, gone off that fluid
Plus this dope don't help, I'm takin cron needle steps
Now we need hoes next cause I'm full of this weed
Lookin for "Love Connection" like Chuck Woolery
Indeed, you know it's time to act a plum fool up
Professor and King Jacob it's time these haters shape up
And wake up, cause while we got TV's on the ride
And D's on the ride, don't hate us cause your girl wanna ride
Young guys, a consolation prize, show 'em what they won guys
Keep your woman tongue tied, probably already hit a hundred and one times
Why y'all keep hatin, me and P be ridin by (bye bye)
Dirty I'm outta control, catch me out on the road
Drivin too fast or pulled over, hollerin at hoes

Don't matter, either way it go, I'm gonna flow
On eighty-eight inches, and the dope box smoke
Us thoroughbread niggaz never show no pain
Got your girl in my bed, but I don't know no names
Got a ice rolle, a Range on them thangs
With a nice crib and I ain't sold no cocaine
Introduce your please now and direct is complete
You'll probably see doin 'tography, eights in the street
Up in the ride, body big block with a stick in the floor
I do donuts then let cops stare, give chase when I go
I'm gonna still kick it with "Lunatics" that sick with the flow
I'm shittin on hoes, that mine are so clean sittin on both
You never know what you expect, you see us out on the road
What you expect when it's flossin season, we do this like pros
Yo mayn, what the fuck just happened out there
Mayn these niggaz tryna crucify a nigga man, I mean
Yeah, I'm try not pop on talkin and shit
I'm like what these niggaz did done
Man they ain't really talkin 'bout nothin
Man y'all better hurry up and get y'all ass to the studio mayn
'Fore y'all get in no more trouble
I'm comin yo, I'm tryna
Y'all niggaz gettin locked up, I just bailed you niggaz out
I know, I thankful for that man
Bouncin and shit
Gotta get this money mayn
I'm comin
Presidents now
Get y'all ass here
Gotta go home in a minute though