

# Tho Dem Wrappas

Nelly

Uhh, I boss thru in a Hummer, Murphy the Don, Lizzie, Keyuan  
With the best thunder than Sean John, you don't want none  
Partna I gather up and leave their heads swollen up  
On top of all that, I got the rap sewed up  
Hold up, with the budda thumpin' niggaz quota  
And just the teach a lesson, I put one in ya shoulder  
I told ya, 'Tics live for the street life  
Eat Right, Fuck good, And reffer thru the Pipe  
And give me head all night  
And if its some beef, I pumpin lead on sight  
until they deceased  
I took ya head off right  
I live in the Beast  
Nigga, where the feds, play sheist  
I still floss ice, keep it tight  
E-very time, call me the Black Liberace when I'm playing mine  
That's how I flow, I gotta get mine, partna, any way it go  
Whether it be rapping or with the 4-4

Let's make a Million  
Keep it real for Triple-0  
Eyes low, from plenty Henny and Hydro  
Fuck a bitch and some Clothes  
I gotta get rich, go platinum and do shows  
And get the Dough....

My nigga, I can make a million  
blind-folded, with no shows  
using no flows, just Arm -n- Hammer  
And folk O's  
Gimmie low does and a Connect, that neva closed  
And watch me lock it down from North County to BenRos  
Fuck some Mo-Mo's, Gimmie hundereds with soft chrome  
On the Navigata equipped to click and log on  
I leave that before its gone  
'Fore they even bring it home  
Matta Fact, I'll tell you whats in the back, its all gone  
Two holes in the roof, to let the sun come in  
Match it leather carseat, in case my son get in  
I spare one off in the back in case he bring his friend  
PlayStation just in case a nigga think he can win

Let's make a Million  
Keep it real for Triple-0  
Eyes low, from plenty Henny and Hydro  
Fuck a bitch and some Clothes  
I gotta get rich, Go platinum in 2 shows  
And get the Dough....

I gotta make a million  
Gotta get myself a million  
Gonna turn that into a billion  
If not, then I just won't die

I say now, Tho yo wrappers off in tha air  
But only if the ice on your wrist cause glares  
I'm gettin stares from dime bitches, is he alone

Where's his Mrs., 1-2-3-4-5 bottles of Cris's  
on the Table, arms the strong ripp off the Label  
No more shows for free, I'm pay-per-view like Cable  
They all screamin my name, different shades and race  
Take them all backstage and lett'em plead they case  
Make a million like Jigga, standin in one place  
Sound Scan like Thrilla with out changing my face  
They threw the weak plan B  
Says who? Says me  
Then what's plan A, cause plan B a bad case

Let's make a Million  
Keep it real for Triple-0  
Eyes low, from plenty Henny and Hydro  
Fuck a bitch and some Clothes  
I gotta get rich, Go platinum in 2 shows  
And get the Dough....

I gotta make a million  
Gotta get myself a million  
Gonna turn that into a billion  
If not, then I just won't die

All my Midwest niggas tryin to make a mill,  
Tho Dem Wrappas ( And the Dough-0 )  
All my Dirty South niggas tryin to make a mill,  
Tho Dem Wrappas ( And the Dough-0 )  
All my West Coast niggas tryin to make a mill,  
Tho Dem Wrappas ( And the Dough-0 )  
All my East Coast niggas tryin to make a mill,  
Tho Dem Wrappas ( And the Dough-0 )