

St. Louie

Nelly

Mmmmm you can find me in St. Louie
Where the gun play ring all day (nanana)
Some got jobs and some sell yay'
Others just smoke and fuck all day You can find me in St. Louie
Where the gun play ring all day (nanana)
Some got jobs and some sell yay'
Others just smoke and fuck all day I'm from the home of Red Fox, Ced the Entertainer
Jetting off with Brian Cox, I'll see you later
Maybe not 'cause I got something hot
In the Navigata, waiting in the parking lot
A Bad Boy, on a Ryde Ruff-er than The LOX
I keep 'em both cocked, need her ass the bring it
Now tell me boys have you seen her?
Have you seen her, nine millimeter
Making niggas believers
Hop out the two seater, now vocal wife beater
Levi's fresh from the cleaners
Heavy starch with the cuff
Like fuck it leave it to beaver
Catch me in the galleria, plaza, Chesterfield
Rolling down handly hills
And the blocks of Pattonville
I used to love it when hit me for a rocker
Maybe a boppa, I kept it proper
A non-stopper, around the clocka
Now it's cool pull up the bends and helicopter
uh
You can find me in St. Louie
Where the gun play ring all day (nanana)
Some got jobs and some sell yay'
Others just smoke and fuck all day Sunday morning, crack of dawn and I'm yawning
Natural bridge and kings highway is where I'm going
Wake up man and start blowing
Gotta get those juices flowing
Now I'm gonna tell you one more time
For your cats that just ain't knowing
Hey, you can find me in St. Louie
And the whole me fedy and leasy getting slow
Grabbing the optomo, sharpening up my flow
Practicing for my shows
That's usually how it goes
We be ready to go, the chronic already rolled

Swing through O'Fallon sounds
Knocking out of control
Like a boom boom boom, who is it?
It's Jackie Frost, the one who's getting where he at
And he told you who's the boss
I'm like a human hot sauce
Thinking I'll burn your thoughts
Your information was false
I'll show you just what it costs
In the M I crooked letter crooked letter O U R I
No one could do it better, hey
You can find me in St. Louie
Where the gun play ring all day (nanana)
Some got jobs and some sell yay'
Others just smoke and fuck all day
Now in the middle we keep it crock and jiggy
Love Pac and Biggie
The way that you love your sticky
Call Louie he have you pissy
Mix with hen and crissy
Bumping Tim and Missy
With Slim he used to diss me
In the red Expedishy
That's Okay though, she can ride for the day though
Can't even be a house guest like Kato
I'm a dog I said it rough
Now call me snoopy
Wouldn't have me in a hoopie
Now you see me in a coupie
In front of utopia, I'm hoping you
Come down herd chipping, may I'm toasting ya
Thanksgiving in these parts yo we roasting ya
And when the heat come down
Get ghosting ya (god bless us)
Loax with us, just how he jokes with us
My daddy told me that I'm supposed to bust
Don't be provoking us
It ain't no joke in us
Just the north south east west coasting us
You can find me in St. Louie
Where the gun play ring all day (nanana)
Some got jobs and some sell yay'
Others just smoke and fuck all day

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>