Batter Up (feat. Murphy Lee & Ali)

Nelly

Welcome ladies and gentlemen This is Mark... oh-Who-gives-a-fuck from '93 TV This is my co-host, Bob Buttafuoco (Hey hey guys) Yeah yeah yeah We got a crowd that's in a frenzy Bob Let's go down to the announcers for the start of the game*Stadium announcer* And now. please rise for the singing of our national anthem *paraphrasing "The Jeffersons"*(Chorus) I say the fish don't fry in the kitchen Beans don't burn on the grill (that's right) It took a whole lot of tah-ryin Just to get up that hill I said but now we're up in the BIG LEAGUES My dirty it's our turn at bat And just as long as we livin, it's Lunatics playa It ain't nuttin wrong with that, huh - batter up Ali-I'm the first to swing Home run with that give-me-what-you-got thing, hot wings fuck a dub, smoke an ounce, show me love Hit the club, me and T-Luv holla what I put my mack down, she threw a curve ball She all nearly smoked that herb that's some Nelly-bo She tip-top 'em, Optimo First base, God livin' like a worst race First chase, throw yo' people and yo' kind Second lesson, smoke that herb and clear yo' mind It's about time, second base wisdom rhyme Hittin strong, skipped third base and headed home Third baseman just don't understand baby with the bong What the fuck wrong, with this world today With these girls today,

diamonds and pearls the way You wasn't fuckin with me, leave, for the wrap that's in my seed Now you stays on yo knees cause we's be in the big league Cause we's be in the big leaugeChorus Fish don't fry in the kitchen Beans don't burn on the grill Took a whole lot of tah-ryin Just to get up that hill Said now were up in the big leagues My dirrty it our turn at bat And just as long as we livin Its Lunatics Playa IT ain't nothin wrong with that ahhh Batter UpNelly-Well you should see me now, I'm eatin' Wheaties now I'm stealin' second and third and lookin home gettin greedy now See me now, people call me speedy now Known for runnin the quickest miles hit and run in any town, any ground Rules 'fore I hit it, split it, lick it and quit it And hit it, lick it, did I say lick it, (yeah) fuckin, lick it Ain't no shame in my game, that normal shit ain't my thang If I speak wit my dick then put your mouth on my brains I maintain through the atmosphere, what we got here A sucka in fear. hear the roars and the cheers From the crowd when I take the mile, let me show 'em how Hit the ball on the ground and make 'em get down in the dirt (in the dirt)Chorus*Sports personalities* Well Bob this next young batter on deck He's still in high school (yeah I heard that) (It's a great day though) A good high school out in U-City of St. Louis, Missouri (I think his name's umm, who knows. Mur-uhh, Murphy Lee or somethin)Murphy Lee-I want my name not, not said but screamed

I went from fantasies to dreams, dreams to bigger things I'm like Bennett I been in it since, ninety-three You can tell cause my L angle 90 degrees I'ma sixteen year-old school boy, platinum skills Swear to tell the real. the whole real to make a mill' I lie little but still, talk straight up like motto I could tell you somethin now, you think twice about it tomorrow I promise, I gets deeper than file cabinets when rappin wat wat Money, money, money, money was happenin I'm comin up like family members in basements, and I stay bent Make a milli to play with, buy a building you can pay me And the 'tic is who I came with You know how we do, we do, we do, we do, we doChorusOh my God Bob did you see the game? Bob, Bob what are you doing lookin at the sky Bob? Its a great fucken day Oh shit Bob are you on drugs? Naw naw im not on drugs Bob Bob look at me Bob shut up lets stay on the topic I did think it was a great game today You missed a great game Bob That that first guy I really liked him He hit it out of the park The second guy I liked him too He was moving around the bases

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