

**Nelly - Country Grammar** (album: Country Grammar (2000))

**Dm | Gm | Dm | Dm (Gm)** (repeat Chords for song; see riff)  
(use open chords; random hammer-ons & pull-offs for groove)

**CHORUS (x2):**

**I'm goin' down, down baby, yo' street in a Range Rover (c'mon)  
Street sweeper baby, cocked ready to let it go (hot!)  
Shimmy, shimmy cocoa, what? Listen to it pound  
Light it up and take a puff, pass it to me now**

You can find me, in St. Louis rollin' on dubs  
Smokin' on dubs in clubs, blowin' up like cocoa puffs  
Sippin' Bud, gettin' perved and getting dubbed  
Daps and hugs, mean mugs and shoulder shrugs  
And it's all because, 'ccumulated enough scratch  
Just to navigate it, wood decorated on chrome  
And it's candy painted, fans fainted, while I'm entertainin'  
Wild ain't it? How me and money end up hangin'  
I hang with Hannibal Lector (hot) so feel me when I bring it  
Sing it loud (what?), I'm from the Lou and I'm proud  
Run a mile for the cause, I'm righteous above the law  
Playa my style's raw, I'm "Born to Mack" like Todd Shaw  
Forget the fame, and the glamour, Give me D's with a rubber hammer  
My grammar be's ebonics, gin tonic and chronic  
F\*\* bionic it's ironic, slammin' *peoples* like Onyx  
Lunatics 'til the day I die; I run more game than the Bulls & Sonics

**[CHORUS]**

Who say pretty boys can't be wild *peoples*?  
Loud *peoples*, O.K. Corral *peoples*  
Foul *peoples*, run in the club and bust in the crowd *peep*  
How *peep*? Ask me again and it's goin' down *peep*  
Now *peep*, come to the circus and watch me clown *peep*  
Pound *peoples* what you be givin' when I'm around *peeps*?  
Frown *peoples* talkin' that s^ when I leave the town *peep*

Say now, can you hoes come out to play now?  
 Hey, I'm ready to cut you up any day now  
 Play by my rules boo and you gon' stay high  
 May I answer yo' Third Question like A.I.  
 Say hi, to my *peoples* left in the slamma  
 From St. Louis to Memphis, From Texas up to Indiana, Chi-Town  
 K.C. Motown to Alabama, L-A, New York Yankee *peoples* to Hotlanta  
 'Ouisiana, all my *peoples* wit "Country Grammar"  
 Smokin' blunts in Savannah, Blow 30 mill' like I'm Hammer

**[CHORUS]**

Let's show these cats to make these milli-ons  
 So you *peoples* quit actin silly, mon  
 Kid quicker than Billy, mon,  
 Talkin' really and I need it mon  
 Flows I kick 'em freely mon, 'specially off Remi, mon  
 Keys to my Beemer, mon, holla at Beenie Man  
 See me, mon, cheifin' rollin' deeper than any mon  
 Through Jennings mon, through U-City back up to Kingsland  
 Wit nice *peoples*, sheist *peoples* who snatch yo' life *peoples*  
 Trife *peoples*, who produce and sell the same beat twice, *peep* ,  
 Ice *peoples*, all over close to never sober  
 From broke to havin' bro-kers my price Range is Rover  
 Now I'm knockin' like Jehovah; Let me in now, let me in now  
 Bill Gates, Donald Trump let me in now  
 Spin now, I got money to lend my friends now  
 We in now, candy Benz, Kenwood and 10"s now  
 I win now, whoo! F\*\*in lesbian twins now  
 Seein' now, through the pen I make my ends now

**[CHORUS]**

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 TABLATURE: (MAIN RIFF (BASS)) :  
 G | -----7----- |  
 D | ----7----- |  
 A | -5-----5-5-5-5--5-5--3-5-5----- |  
 E | ----- |