

# Ludacris

## "Get The Fuck Back"

(feat. Fate Wilson, I-20, Shawna)

*[intro I-20]*

What the fuck's up!  
DTP in this mother fucker  
And for all ya'll that don't like it  
Do one thing, get the fuck back  
'Cause all my niggas iz ready  
Luda, 20, Fate, Shawna  
Let's show these mutha fuckers how we disturb the peace  
Get the fuck back, bitch  
*[shooting and screaming in the background]*

*[Chorus]*

*[Ludacris]*

Fuck That!  
Get the fuck back!  
Luda make your skull crack  
Tuck that  
Bitch, your whole town's on my nutsack  
Cuff that  
Put it in your weed, nigga, puff that  
What's that  
People gon' die tonight

*[I-20]*

Fuck That!  
Get the fuck back!  
D-low make your skull crack  
Tuck that  
Bitch, your whole town's on my nutsack  
Cuff that  
Put it in your weed, nigga, puff that  
What's that  
People gon' die tonight

Bronson, mutha fucker, give me more than three feet  
DTP in the club, we comin' more than three deep  
Your whole crew is weak and my squad is real cash getters  
Stayin' more to crunk, our shit bump like bad clippers  
How many try to hustle with Dealer then went broke  
Infamous, I'm a value meal, I come with the coke  
I gotta enough guns for beef, if you want it that way  
I'll push your wig back like finger waves or bad toupee

*[Ludacris]*

I lick a load of you niggaz, leave kids in the hallways

Catch 'em at they locka (hoo-ahh, blocka blocka)(gun shots)  
See 'em on Broadway and tap they ass  
Catch 'em in the swimming pool and overlap they ass

*[Fate]*

I'm from the southside, College Park  
G Road, niggas gone  
Ride when the beef starts  
Don't hold back, let the heat spark  
One's through his vest, one's through his chest  
Sleepy hollows put the niggas to rest, uh

*[Chorus]*

*[Ludacris]*

Fuck That!  
Get the fuck back!  
Luda make your skull crack  
Tuck that  
Bitch, your whole town's on my nutsack  
Cuff that  
Put it in your weed, nigga, puff that  
What's that  
People gon' die tonight

*[Shawna]*

Fuck That!  
Get the fuck back!  
Shaw make your skull crack  
Tuck that  
Bitch, your whole town better love that  
Cuff that  
Put it in your weed, nigga, puff that  
What's that  
People gon' die tonight

What you know about projects, hoes, and murda  
whole lotta game, whole lotta keys and burners  
Whole lotta dope fiends, trying to scheme the workers  
Whole lotta feds, got them niggas scared to surface  
Type of bitch that got the brown in my sock  
Find me on tha block tryin' to cop a piece of the crop  
Watch me, pull up on me real sweet in a drop  
But if you fuckin' with my paper, feel the heat from the glock, nigga

*[Ludacris]*

We pop bottles, bottles,  
right over you head, niggas  
Put nozzles, nozzles  
Right over your leg, niggas  
Our motto, motto  
Is kill 'em instead, niggas  
We make 'em loose weight, when we Jenny Craig, niggas

*[I-20]*

All of ya'll is half nice, half thugs, and half assed  
The only time Im goin' half, is half on a half  
But I use a full clip, cuz I'm a full fledged killa  
Part-time MC, full-time drug dealer

*[Chorus]*

*[Ludacris]*

Fuck That!  
Get the fuck back!  
Luda make your skull crack  
Tuck that  
Bitch, your whole town's on my nutsack  
Cuff that  
Put it in your weed, nigga, puff that  
What's that  
People gon' die tonight

*[Fate]*

Fuck That!  
Get the fuck back!  
Fate make your skull crack  
Tuck that  
Bitch, your whole town's on my nutsacks  
Cuff that  
Put it in your weed, nigga, puff that  
What's that  
People gon' die tonight

We the filthy niggas from the South, A-Town represent us  
Strong armin' motherfuckers, like a Russian sickle  
You got issues with us talkin' shit on mixed tapes  
Ill catch you at a show and beat you with a mix tape  
You best pump brakes, 'fore I pump shells and blood oze  
I leave niggas like burps (burp), excuse  
Just keep on pissin me off, like a week kidney  
And you will find your family reading your obituary

*[Ludacris]*

These people tryin' to scrub the red off  
Stains they don't get off  
They wanted to bring the pain, so this thang 'bout to set off  
Barretas for getting cheddar, you're better off dead off  
Yes, you can do it, cut his fuckin head off

*[Shawna]*

I got a letter from the government, the other day  
They told me that the bitches caught a shipment of my yay  
They on their way, three minutes to get the k  
Two minutes to get the weight, one minute and imma spray

*[Chorus]*

*[Ludacris]*

Fuck That!  
Get the fuck back!

We make your skull crack  
Tuck that  
Bitch, your whole town's on my nutsack  
Cuff that  
Put it in your weed, nigga, puff that  
What's that  
People gon' die tonight

*[Shawna]*

Fuck That!  
Get the fuck back!  
We make your skull crack  
Tuck that  
Bitch, your whole town better love that  
Cuff that  
Put it in your weed, nigga, puff that  
What's that  
People gon' die tonight

*[Repeat 2x - 1st time Ludacris, 2nd time Fate]*

Bang bang kill a man let his brains hang  
And when I'm in the court, plead guilty insane  
They put me in a ward, imma have to maintain  
But when I hit bricks won't a damn thing change

DRAH! 2 Fast...  
DRAH! 2 Furious...  
I'M TOO FAST FOR Y'ALL MAYN!  
DRAH! 2 Fast...  
DRAH! 2 Furious...  
OHH! I'M TOO FAST FOR Y'ALL MAYN!

*[Chorus]*

AHH, you just came home from doin a bid  
Tell me whatcha gon do? ACT A FOOL  
Somebody broke in and cleaned out your crib  
BOY whatcha gon do? ACT A FOOL  
Just bought a new pair and they scuffed your shoes  
Tell me whatcha gon do? ACT A FOOL  
Now them cops tryna throw you in them county blues  
BOY whatcha gon do? ACT A FOOL

*[Verse 1]*

Talkin about gats, traps, cops and robbers  
It's 9-1-1, PLEASE CALL THE DOCTOR  
Evacuate the building and trick the pigs  
Since everybody wanna piece, we gon split ya wigs  
See some fools slipped up and over-stepped they boundaries  
You about to catch a cold, STAY THE FUCK AROUND FROM ME  
Ya peeps talkin 'bout what kinda shits he on  
You disappear like "POOF, BITCH BE GONE"  
You think twelve gon catch me, GIMMIE A BREAK  
I'm super-charged with the hide-away license plate  
It seems they wanna finger print me and gimmie some years  
They'll only get one finger while I'm shifting gears  
I got suede on my roof. wood grain on the dash  
Sheep skin on the rug, +Golden Grain+ on the stash  
Hydraulics all around so I shake the ride  
We go FRONT, BACK AND SIDE TO SIDE, WHAT

*[Chorus]*

Some punk just tripped up and made you spill your drink  
Tell me whatcha gon do? ACT A FOOL  
Now your car just stopped on a empty tank  
BOY whatcha gon do? ACT A FOOL  
If you got late bills and you lost your job  
Tell me whatcha gon do? ACT A FOOL  
If you about to get drunk and you ready to mob  
BOY whatcha gon do? ACT A FOOL

*[Verse 2]*

Let's take it to the streets cuz I'm ready to cruise  
Just bought me and my cars all some brand new shoes  
And the people just stare so I LOVE TO PARK IT  
And I just put a computer in the glove compartment  
With the pedal to the floor, radar in the GRILLE  
TV in the middle of my STEERING WHEEL  
It's my car's birthday so we BLOWIN THEM CANDLES  
More speakers in the trunk than my ride can handle  
Got my name in the headrest, read it and weep  
NOS tank in the back, camel hair on the seat  
and when I pull up to the club, I get all the affection  
Cuz the women love the paint and they can see their reflection  
I'm about to take off, so F what ya heard  
Because my side mirrors flap like a FUCKIN BIRD  
And the fools, we gon CLOCK ONE and we'll POP ONE  
Cuz my folk ridin shotgun with a shotgun

*[Chorus]*

You just got hustled for a wad of cash  
Man whatcha gon do? ACT A FOOL  
Now your friends just smoked up your brand new stash  
Say whatcha gon do? ACT A FOOL  
Now them gulls up the block still runnin they mouth  
BOY whatcha gon do? ACT A FOOL  
If anybody talk bad about the Dirty South  
Tell me what I'M gon do? ACT A FOOL

*[Verse 3]*

I got my eyes wide shut and my trunk wide open  
Did donuts last week and the streets still smoking  
See, I'm off that anti-freeze and my car is TIPSY  
Off the off ramp doin about a hundred and fifty  
Rollin through East Point, on way to Ben Hill  
Slide a five to the junkie to clean my windshield  
Got the whole crew ridin and we startin SHIT  
I even got a trailer hitch with the barbeque pit  
Now all you wanna do is get drunk and pout  
Plus your new name is Fire cuz we stomped you out  
and yeah, we blow trees and bees, that's fantastic  
So gulls hold ya weave while I'm weaving through traffic  
I kicked to fifth gear and teared the road apart  
You'll be like lil John Q and get a +Change of Heart+  
It's one mission, two clips and some triple beams  
I'M ABOUT TO BLOW THIS WHOLE SHIT UP TO SMITHEREENS

*[Chorus]*

The pot holes in the street just bentcha rims  
Tell me whatcha gon do? ACT A FOOL  
MAN, THAT AIN'T STICKY, THAT'S JUST STICKS AND STEMS  
BOY whatcha gon do? ACT A FOOL  
Catch ya man with another bitch up in ya bed  
Ladies whatcha gon do? ACT A FOOL  
If the bottles all gone and your eyes are red  
BOY whatcha gon do? ACT A FOOL

*[Outro]*

2 Fast, 2 Furious...  
2 Fast....ACT A FOOL  
2 Fast, 2 Furious...  
2 Fast....ACT A FOOL

## LUDACRIS LYRICS

### "U Got A Problem?"

*[Intro]*

- Yeah come see this nigga  
come see this ol' light-skinned motherfucker  
I seen him and I'm addicted  
Disturbin Tha Piece is the click  
Please tell these fake-ass niggaz who you are

*[Ludacris]*

I be dat nigga named Luda'  
Alert Alert! It's the ATLien intruder  
College Park waterboy, spit in the c-cooler  
I +Jam+ till they +Def+, they call me Slick Dick Da Ruler  
Women indeed, keep ya eyes closed  
Keep yo' eyes closed, 'bow blows, come on out dem clothes hos  
Low pros, low bows, watch out for the po-po  
And I chose, to be dat numba one contender  
Southern offender, fuckin up ya whole agenda  
When I walk you try to run, when I run you try to hide  
You skate at the snap of my fingers call me +Golden Glide+  
Its you and I, Do or Die, who am I?  
I got a pocket full of +Family Stone+, cats think I'm +Sly+  
Ohh why try? You one of dem niggaz that like to cheat death  
And I'm one of dem niggaz  
that rip out Excursions til there's no seats left  
You shit out wheat chex, and fart out deep breaths  
While we toss darts at the bottom of y'all v-necks

*[Skit]*

- Who, that nigga 'Cris?  
Aw dat nigga is aight  
Dat nigga can't fuck wit me though!  
Let me get on the mic  
Nigga, who the fuck are you nigga?

*[Ludacris]*

I be dat nigga Bronze Bridges  
Playaz wanna ball but go on strike cause of my pitches  
They think I want they be-itches  
But I don't want no pigeons yet pigeons can scrub my dishes  
And y'all don't want no scrubs til y'all pull out y'all extensions  
Y'all in school detention that'll neva come out  
Man I'll cut yo achilles tendon and put a sock in yo' mouth  
Cause we da shit in the South, they know what I'm talkin bout  
You see we Jack and we Daniels, y'all Earl and Ralph  
4-Ize twirl it out, lick it dry and tend it to flames  
Not even Joshua can come to +War+ wit dese +Games+  
These bitch niggaz is lame and come down wit da reigns  
You all wet behind the ears but its a drought in ya brain

and that's the simple and plain mayne, three w dot shhhh  
(Man that dude Luder's got some hotter than hot shhh)  
Well sh-sh-sh-shut the fuck up  
Before you get cu-cu-cut-cut the fuck up

*[Skit]*

- Hold on man, hold on lil buddy  
Y'all talkin bout shorty man?  
Shorty up at da radio station?  
Shorty be poppin man?  
Let the name be known who y'all talkin bout

*[Ludacris]*

I be dat nigga da +Lova Lova+  
I'm nastier than thinkin about yo' parents sex each other  
No glove, no love, betta tell yo' dick to run for cover  
So when lightnin strikes, you can be safe on a few rubbers  
if you know what I mean!  
Not everybody's Mr and Mrs. Clean  
Some get burnt like Freddie Kruger, sweat dreams  
Girls "backin dey ass up" now they +400 Degreez+, ha  
Hot girl, tryin to give to niggaz up on the block girl  
Have you screamin "STOP GIRL!"  
I rock worlds with my nine inch Louisville slugga  
Still wonder why they call me Lova Lova?  
Self-explanitorium, ass-valedictorian  
I bring 'em "Back to the Future" like a '85 Delorean  
The Luda drug emporium, ON the counter prescriptions  
You like my diction and my doctor/nurse convention  
I place the stethoscope quite close to yo tittie  
and have yo butt checks Red-man like Uncle Quilly

*[Ludacris]*

See me, see me ha ha ha  
CEO, D.T.P.  
Infamous 2-0, Fate Forsta  
4-ize-zy, Shondrez-zy on da beat  
Playa Circle to ya boy, College Park nigga  
Virgo nigga, what wha?  
ahh ahh ahh....

## **"Game Got Switched"**

*[Chorus: Repeat 2X]*

I hate it when it's too many niggaz, not enough hoes  
Too many rookies, not enough pros  
The game got switched on some Ludacris shit  
So all y'all can suck my dick, BEOTCH!!

*[Verse 1]*

I got a whip like Miracle Ludacris lyrical FOOL  
We dirty south shut yo' mouth we rock jewels  
No holds barred but obey the block rules  
Cock tools put chlorine in record pools  
Are there anyone like ya (HELL NAW!!)  
I treat humans like students (FAIL Y'ALL)  
So turn ya books to page 69 and start suckin  
When Organized drop the tracks then start duckin  
When Ludacris get in the bed start fuckin  
*[Girl:]* You wanna be startin some'n  
Get out the booth  
and lemme tell y'all the truth, we kick down do's  
Save all the H2O for front rows  
Live in the bank and watch for stank hoes  
Stay chromed out and that's on or off road  
If you know what I mean proceed to stay clean  
Light skinned nigga turn red but get green  
Inhale some of that 'dro but blow steam  
Love a combination big ass and tight jeans

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 2]*

*[Girl:]* Boy you done lost yo' mind  
No I've lost my virginity  
And I shot click like that fool shot Kennedy  
What's the remedy Hennessey Coke  
If you cut all your money you'd still be half broke  
Ashes to ashes smoke or get smoked  
We come by the masses you come and get choked  
If you take me for a fool I'll take you for a joke  
Tired of fast food so they cooked up dope  
So now we eatin lobster shrimp and things  
And watch for imposters that's been in the game  
We invented the game and y'all just got hip  
*[Dude:]* Man what's that smell  
PROBABLY YO UPPER LIP  
Cause I love to walk around like my shit don't stank  
Even if it's cigars and that purple color dank  
Chillin in the gut with no trace of Tom Hanks  
So put this in yo' jaw like weiners and beef franks

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 3]*

I put too much sugar in my Kool..Aid  
And party like a kid wit a high top fade  
Arrive to a show and I like to get paid  
Arrive to a hoe and I like to get laid  
Ride up on my back like rugs and floormats  
I'm on the right page but what's my format  
I wave to the ocean cause I'm where shores at  
And women go nuts just like my bozack  
Did you know that? Man I'm the gift of change

Electric stoves so give me the keys to the Range  
Shagadelic, beautiful but strange  
Went to Magic City saw Nikki and Blue Flames  
Rearrange, same broad different night  
Pass the E&J and let a nigga get right  
The bomb threaten dude that's on yo same flight  
The highlight's that I live a high ass life

*[Chorus - 3X (w/ minor variations)]*

**"What's Your Fantasy"**  
**(feat. Shawna)**

*[Ludacris]*

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Give it to me now, give it to me now  
Give it to me now, give it to me now

*[Shawna]*

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Give it to me now, give it to me now  
Give it to me now..

*[Chorus: Ludacris, then Shawna \*2X\*]*

I wanna, li-li-li-lick you from yo' head to yo' toes  
And I wanna, move from the bed down to the down to the to the flo'  
Then I wanna, ahh ahh - you make it so good I don't wanna leave  
But I gotta, kn-kn-kn-know what-what's your fan-ta-ta-sy

*[Ludacris]*

I wanna get you in the Georgia Dome on the fifty yard line  
While the Dirty Birds kick for t'ree  
And if you like in the club we can do it  
In the DJ booth or in the back of the V.I.P.  
Whipped cream with cherries and strawberries on top  
Lick it don't stop, keep the door locked don't knock while the boat rock  
We go-bots and robots so they gotta wait til the show stop  
Or how 'bout on the beach with black sand  
Lick up your thigh then call me the Pac Man  
Table top or just give me a lap dance  
The Rock to the Park to the Point to the Flatlands  
That man Ludacris (woo) in the public bathroom  
Or in back of a classroom  
How ever you want it lover lover gonna tap that ass soon  
See I cast 'em and I past 'em get a tight grip and I grasp 'em  
I flash 'em and out last 'em  
And if ain't good then I trash 'em while you stash 'em  
I'll let 'em free  
And the tell me what they fantasy  
Like up on the roof roof tell yo boyfriend not to be mad at me

*[Chorus]*

*[Ludacris]*

I wanna get you in the bath tub  
With the candle lit you give it up till they go out  
Or we can do it on stage of the Ludacris concert  
Cause you know I got sold out  
Or red carpet dick could just roll out  
Go 'head and scream you can't hold out  
We can do it in the pouring rain  
Runnin the train when it's hot or cold out  
How 'bout in the library on top of books  
But you can't be too loud  
You wanna make a brother beg for it  
Give me TLC 'cause you know I be too proud  
We can do it in the white house  
Tryna make them turn the lights out  
Champaign with my campaign let me do the damn thing  
What's my name, what's my name, what's my name a sauna, jacuzzi  
In the back row at the movie  
You can stretch my back and rule me  
You can push me or just pull me  
On hay in middle of the barn (woo) rose pedals on the silk sheets uh  
Eating fresh fruits sweep yo woman right off her feet

*[Chorus]*

*[Ludacris]*

I wanna get you in the back seat windows up  
That's the way you like to fuck, clogged up fog alert  
Rip the pants and rip the shirt, ruff sex make it hurt  
In the garden all in the dirt  
Roll around Georgia Brown that's the way I like it twerk  
Legs jerk, overworked, underpaid but don't be afraid  
In the sun or up in the shade  
On the top of my escalade  
Maybe your girl and my friend can trade; tag team, off the ropes!  
On the ocean or in the boat! Factories or on hundred spokes!  
What about up in the candy sto' that chocolate chocolate make it melt  
Whips and chains, handcuffs, smack a little booty up with my belt  
Scream help play my game; dracula man I'll get my fangs  
Horseback and I'll get my reigns, school teacher let me get my grades

*[Chorus - repeat 4X]*

**"Mouthing Off"**

**(feat. 4-ize)**

*[Ludacris]*

Yeah, hah..  
When it all come down to it we ain't have shit!  
(Woo! Use your mouth, haha)  
Ludacris, 4-Ize, it's like this

*[Verse One]*

I make niggaz eat dirt and fart dust  
Then give you a eighty dollar gift certificate to Pussies 'R Us  
I eat the whole pie, and leave nuthin but the crust  
So you can feel what it's like, with instinct but no guts  
A sac wit no nuts or a mack wit no sluts  
Give me a full-body massage, I still can't be touched  
They call me Seymour Butts, cause I get mo' ass than most  
They say I'm next and got that butter love, and get too close  
Follow the leader cause I'm meaner than medula oblongota  
My +Tribe's+ on more +Quests+ than +Midnight Marauders+  
It's all piña coladas, no cops and robbers  
Takin trips back and forth from here to the Bahamas  
I hump more than llamas, get rolled more than tires  
If you say I'm not nice, then youse a motherfuckin liar  
Entitled to your Opini-ons, into the next millenium  
So many +Major Coinz+ that I thought I had +Amil+lion

4-Ize.. 4-Ize whatcha? 4-Ize

*[4-Ize]*

Yo, I am goin to blow up the Earth  
with my "pew-36 explosive space modulator"  
Buddha be praised, you meditator  
Drop squad interrogator, 85 percent regulator  
The Educator and the Almighty Creator, dedicater  
The seperater of fiction, I spark friction  
Smoking "Hay" without the +Crucial Conflict+ion  
4-Ize prescription; microphone, Jackie Stallone  
Psychic prediction, Egytian description  
of my psychical, my flesh is weak and it's pitiful  
Spiritual is hooked up to the invisibile  
umbilical cord of my Lord, Kumbiya Devine Kah  
Remove paper of tar from every cigar  
I slap authority like Gabor, Zsa Zsa  
Half Allah, Half Anti Christ Superstar  
Rockin the microphone with a hand like Dr. Claw  
While I'm hittin trees - harder than Sonny Bono  
Double Dragon, mixed up with an Abobo  
I kill villians in slow-mo for talkin crazy in my Dojo  
Got nothin to lose, like I'm a boxcar hobo  
When I get Ludacris with bridges on the promo  
Niggaz wanna clown; I'm +Homey+ and +Bozo+  
Cause in the grand prize game my life callin like Jo-Jo  
The name sticks like Toto  
I keep it realer than alien autopsy photo  
You similiar to a Spice Girl goin solo  
You lost like BEBE, or a dog named Toto  
My statue of liberty is Rebecca Lobo

We +Cop+ +Robo+, virgo  
Bust ass like a motherfuckin homo, como estas?  
Tony Del Negro  
Built to destroy these kid's blocks of Legos  
Lego my Eggo cause I say so  
Hold the microphone, 4-Ize, I stay gifted  
Manifested, elevated, I uplified  
The elevator, the esclator  
"That's not a knife? That's a knife!"  
Crocodile Dundee the Alligator Rustler  
Cause I hustle ya, under the +China+  
+Big Trouble+, little sewer but still I find ya  
Cause I'm stinky  
Manifest, throw you down the stairs like a slinky  
Yo, my third eye is blinky

*[everybody cracks up laughing]*

### **"Stick 'Em Up"**

**(feat. UGK)**

Yeah nigga got that Ludacris  
Got that UGK that Disturbing the Peace Click  
And you know what i'm tired of?  
I'm tired of these flashing ass flossing ass niggas  
So if you see one you know what you do?

*[Chorus:]*

Stick em up stick em up bitch stick em up  
Put ya hands up where I can see em see em see em  
Stick em up stick em up bitch stick em up  
Target niggas wouldn't wanna be em be em be em  
*[repeat]*

*[Pimp C]*

Uh, I want the money and the power they hittin me every hour  
For the silt resin powder chasing them dirty dollars  
I'm from Texas nigga it get hectic nigga  
People depending on me I can't neglect it niggas  
Cause the game is deeper than just working off the beeper  
If the paper ain't right then we calling a sweeper  
To clean up the problems and straighten the mess  
So nigga come wit ya pistol and nigga come wit ya vest  
This ain't the east or the west the 'bama weed or the stress  
I'm Young Pimp from Port Arthur and we done passed the test  
And we smoking the best everywhere that we go  
And when our records come out them bitches sell out the sto'  
Stayin throat on the 'dro and keep that thang on the flo'  
Want my momey up front when we come for the show

Y'all can play wit ya paper but i'm dyin for mine  
So while y'all buying them watches i'ma stay on the grind  
Fuck Nigga

*[Chorus]*

*[Ludacris]*

Hallow laid hollow sprayed I'm the hollow man  
I get to my hollow point wit my hollow plan  
Hollow bullets I pull it i'm about to live in vain  
And then I drill em refill em make sure they feel the pain  
It's mighty strange how your peephole is my fuckin gauge  
Catch you in concert and then wipe you off the fuckin stage  
I feel a ghetto rage let's turn the ghetto page  
My bitch will stick you wit ghetto metal stilleto thangs  
And I got a ghetto aim with diamond 'bezeled rangs  
So while my index is working my pinky's blinding thangs  
I hit em at close range I spit em at most brains  
You think you real rich nigga we gonna make some chump change  
You think it's a fucking game you think it's a blood sport  
You gasping for breath and I'm puffin on one of these Newports  
And I see a red dot aimed at yo head  
Then bright lights oh no po-po and guess what they said  
They said

*[Chorus]*

*[Bun-B]*

Say nigga you think it's a joke?  
Trill niggas be going for broke  
Twist this whistle loc and them muthafuckin pistols smoke  
And it's just a matter of time before you labeled a busta  
I just the nigga that couldn't catch up and cut the mustard  
Now I got confidence I don't need no condiments  
All I need is common sense to see through your incompetence  
Nigga keep your compliments they don't flatter me  
And that'll be the day bitch we don't play you know where the gat'll be  
huh, right on the side of me (side of me)  
Right where it's 'posed to be ('posed to be)  
Bitch niggas die for me (die for me)  
Just for getting too close to me (close to me)  
So kiss your rosery beads and sing a silent one cause  
I promise if you get it it's gone be a violent one  
Coroner catching his breath like he's got asthma  
When they cut on the blue light and see all that fucking plasma  
Millenium murda master nigga I ain't new to this  
So when you see that Bun-B young pimp or that Ludacris  
You just

*[Chorus]*

ATL the PAT UGK and DTP  
(I wouldn't wanna be em be em be em)  
Shawn Drey I twenty Ludacris and Fake Fees

(I wouldn't wanna be em be em be em)  
Down South how we do it Pimp C and Bun-B  
(I wouldn't wanna be em be em be em)  
Roll trees ride D's make cheese and shake fleas  
(I wouldn't wanna be em be em be em)

## "Ho"

*[Chorus]*

Hooooooooo (Ho)  
Youza Hoooooooo (Ho)  
Youza Hoooooooo (Ho)  
I said that youza hooooo (Ho)

*[Repeat 1x]*

*[Ludacris]*

You doin ho activities  
With ho tendencies  
Hos are your friends, hoes are your enemies  
With ho energy to do whacha do  
Blew whacha blew  
Screw whacha screw  
Yall professional like DJ Clue, pullin on my coat tail  
an why do you think you take a ho to a hotel?  
Hotel everybody, even the mayor  
Reach up in tha sky for tha hozone laya  
Come on playa once a ho always  
And hos never close they open like hallways  
An heres a ho cake for you whole ho crew  
an everybody wants some cuz hoes gotta eat too

*[chorus x2]*

*[Ludacris]*

Cant turn a ho into a housewife  
Hos dont act right  
Theres hos on a mission, an hoes on a crackpipe  
Hey ho how ya doin, where ya been?  
Prolly doin ho stuff cuz there you ho again  
Its a ho wide world, that we livin in  
feline, feminine, fantastical, women  
Not all, just some  
You ho who you are  
Theres hoes in tha room, theres hoes in tha car  
theres hoes on stage, theres hoes by tha bar  
hos by near, an hos by far  
Ho! (But can i getta ride?!)  
NO! (Cmon, nigga why?!)  
Cuz youza

*[chorus 2x]*

*[Ludacris]*

You gotta run in your pantyhos  
Even your daddy knows  
that you suckin down chocolate like daddy-o's  
You hos are horrible, horrendous  
On taxes ya'll writin off hos as dependents  
I see tha ho risin  
it aint surprisin  
its just a hoasis  
with ugly chicks faces  
but hos dont feel so sad and blue  
cuz most of us niggaz is hos too

*[chorus x2]*

(Ho)

Muthafuckas im so tiired of yall niggaz always talkin  
bout hos this, hos that, you tha muthafuckin ho nigga  
I wasnt no ho last night

(Pimp)

Ho, bring yo ass!

(Ho)

Ok, hold on

### **"Phat Rabbit"**

*[Ludacris - Verse One]*

I be that nigga named Ludi  
a k a L-O-V-A L-O-V-A  
Fuck that shit  
Nigga what you wan say one time  
Southside let's ride (say what)  
And if you love what you do, do what you feel  
Then I know you gonna mark my words  
Yall drop shit like birds  
Then it's about the time for yo ass to get served  
Just lay it on down  
Just lay it on down  
While we relax to the tight raps  
And the phat tracks  
That that nigga Timbaland put down  
Oh yes, let's get it on down to the nitty grit  
Don't have no time for the patient  
Cuz I got more dick than a lil' bit  
And time flies, when I'm havin' fun  
I can make a hoe get like Forrest Gump and just "run baby run"  
I guess that they can't handle this  
Brothers just to scandalous  
If you don't wanna get freaked

then get out my way like an ambulance (say what)  
Gitty up gitty up ride up on the real, let death to the fake  
And tell you boyfriend just to chill, don't play a hate  
Kick back relax, and just take off yo shoes  
Cuz I gotta tell you what I wants to do (uh oh)  
Yea

*[Timbaland (Crowds) - CHORUS]*

Let me touch it (let me touch it)  
Let me feel it (let me feel it)  
Let me grab it (let me grab it)  
That fat rabbit (fat rabbit, fat rabbit, fat rabbit)  
Let me touch it (let me touch it)  
Let me feel it (let me feel it)  
Let me grab it (let me grab it)  
That-that rabbit (ohhh, c'mon)  
Let me touch it (let me touch it)  
Let me feel it (let me feel it)  
Let me grab it (let me grab it)  
Fat rabbit (fat rabbit, fat rabbit)  
Let me touch it (let me touch it)  
Let me feel it (let me feel it)  
Let me grab it (let me grab it)  
That-that fat rabbit (uh oh)

*[Ludacris - Verse Two]*

Fatter than fat facts like a dove sack  
Showin' them where that love's at  
So open up your eyes and get a surprise like in CrackerJacks  
Punan' Don happy  
Givin' up that nappy dug out  
Get the cut up, then I cut out  
Why you standin there wit yo' butt out (whoo)  
And it's always in the back of my mind  
Wherever the place, whenever the time  
Even in College Park, after dark, I'ma get my sunshine  
Closer than close, closer than most, then I'm all up in ya  
Beginner, give me a thigh, breast, and wing like Ms. Winner  
And let dinner be served  
Can I get it on a platter, shatter your bladder  
and put so much light in yo' life I'll make the roaches scatter  
The wetta the betta, I'm ready to get ya  
Gotta have rabbit like that cheddar  
So I can freak ya like I just met ya  
Hot like a sauna, get comfy like in a Cadillac  
Nick nack paddy wack give a dog a bone Jack  
Kick back relax and just take off yo shoes  
Cuz I gotta tell you what I wants to do (uh oh)  
Yea

*[Timbaland (Crowds) - CHORUS TWO]*

Let me touch it (let me touch it)  
Let me feel it (let me feel it)  
Let me grab it (let me grab it)

That fat rabbit (fat rabbit, fat rabbit, fat rabbit)  
Let me touch it (let me touch it)  
Let me feel it, girl (let me feel it)  
Let me grab it, girl (let me grab it)  
That-that rabbit, girl (ohhh, c'mon)  
Let me touch it, girl (let me touch it)  
Let me feel it, girl (let me feel it)  
Let me grab it, girl (let me grab it)  
Fat rabbit, girl (fat rabbit, fat rabbit)  
Let me touch it, girl (let me touch it)  
Let me feel it, girl (let me feel it)  
Let me grab it, girl (let me grab it)  
That-that fat rabbit, girl (uh oh)

*[Ludacris]*

Yo' love is supa-cala-fragalistic  
You don't know how bad I missed it  
If it broke then don't fix it  
Yo stuff is butta like a biscuit  
Reminisce like Mary  
I gotta pop that cherry  
Kinda like that coochie  
You wanna be my hoochie  
Better than my advesary  
Don't be so scary  
I, never thought that you could act up  
Make a nigga wanna back up  
Keep it tight through the night while I wet this track up  
So we can slip and slide  
Make you wanna dip and dive  
Trippin' while we rip and ride  
Til I get to the coming side  
Got you where I want yo ass  
In the case of an emergency, break the glass  
Keep yo eyes on the President, erase the past  
We be happy if we had more blunts to pass  
Get done up and run up  
And the guts of yo butt don't shake like they used to  
I wake 'em up like a rooster  
Take it slow, not faster than a turbo rooster  
No worry, no hurry  
No pain, no gain  
Keep yo eyes on strain  
Cuz ain't a damn thing changed  
Kick back, relax and take off yo shoes  
Cuz I gotta tell you what I wants to do (uh oh)  
Yea

*[Repeat CHORUS TWO]*

*[Crowds]*

Let me touch it, let me touch it  
Let me feel it, let me feel it  
Let me grab it, let me grab it

Fat rabbit, fat rabbit  
*[repeat x4]*

*[Timbaland]*

Wha, uh huh

Yea

Dirty South, can y'all really feel me

East Coast, feel me

West Coast, feel me

Dirty South, can y'all really feel me

East Coast, feel me

West Coast, feel me

Dirty South, (uh huh) can y'all really feel me

East Coast, feel me

West Coast

### **"Rock And A Hard Place"**

Yeah yeah

It's an everyday struggle

Trying to get out

Trying to get out

Trying to make it

Check this out nigga

What

*[Chorus:]*

I'm stuck in between a rock and a hard place

Bad luck is what results from my paper chase

I keep looking it ain't no dough

So I don't wanna look no mo what

*[repeat]*

I need to get away to another day or place in time

And find where reality can ease my mind

And shine on me like the sons of the earth

For what it's worth my turf is ruff and rugged so I gave birth

To a dream where cream lies between

All the dirt and the gravel so I battle to achieve my green

And still try to move forward at a steady pace

Cause bad luck is interfering with my paper chase

So I erase the crime lies and sad cries

Wit sore eyes and keep mines on the uprise

But it don't work cause im steady getting jerked

By my neighborhood up to no good where bad niggas lurk

The urk me leaving effects that's too negative

So Ludacris is looking for a better place to live

And I can't stand it it's really got me buggin

It's like im in the war and I just keep on tuggin cause i'm

*[Chorus]*

I try to find a way outta this maze  
It's got me crazed im in a daze  
So many ways to boost into a different phase  
But I can't think I can't do nothing  
You think I'm fronting  
You hear me grunting  
Lord you ain't even saying nuttin  
I need some currency before there's an emergency  
Forget crimes I won't let my mind get the best of me  
It's not gone happen I'm trapped in two worlds  
On one side I see diamonds on the other I see pearls  
It's a whirlwind disaster with two damn sides  
So i'm gone with the wind and come right back with the tide  
Cause I keep my eyes on the skies and my head in the clouds  
And when my mouth is shut up it makes my thoughts get loud  
It's like a crowd in a stadium  
Mils I be craving em  
Money making schemes locked up in my cranium  
Cause I need outta this critical situation  
My mind's in jail I don't know the time that it's facing i'm

*[Chorus]*

I'm sick of knockin I'm sick of clocking  
I'm sick of droppin in a hole never reaching my goal  
It's got my soul seperated into pieces  
It just increases  
I'm hit wit anger like a cooked tit wit hot greases  
So if you understood my attitude  
Maybe you feel what i'm feeling  
And then it start appealing  
To ya intellect and aspect of dreams and aspirations  
Death by temptations even got my heart basting  
So i'm tracing the line where I can find a better path  
And make it last sit back and laugh before the aftermath  
The tragic flaw is what makes it raw  
So let it fall and i'll get through it even if I have to crawl  
My way, I see the sun and there's no delay  
And i'ma pray cause the lord will make a brighter day  
Or will he keep me in his holding cell  
But enough wit the questions the only story to tell  
is that I'm