

44 Bars

Ludacris

Luda'

Listen

Put your man purse of cash away
You trying to get robbed, then Luda' got a faster way
Cast away like Tom Hanks, stranded and deserted
Bank told me I'm liquid cleaner than any laundry detergent
Cash king don't ever ask 'bout it, tell every teller to fast route it
Me and broke niggas clash 'bout it, I'm brash 'bout it
Overly honest, excuse the candid nature
I'm running my mouth but I drink Louis with no chaser
That's 300 mixed with nothing in a glass
Skip school, but I got class, tank full, but I need gas
Valedictorian of all weed emporiums
So high you'd think I'd hopped in the DeLorean
Went to the future, came back wit' a THC level of over 30, couple oz'
s
Sorry I left the Peas like I'm Fergie
But this Lamborghini's glamorous
Paparazzi candid with all these cameras
Scratch it, I'll make you pay for all these damages
Insurance can't handle it, you clumsy and you bitch-made
Wishin' you fake rappers slide down a giant switchblade
Cut the nonsense, boys, you know you trippin'
Stop the bullshit, ya' nose growin' bigger than Scottie Pippen's
It's a cold, cold world, but us hustlers just keep it heated
Told mumble rappers to step, but I swear they paraplegic
Handy cap, I keep some handy caps buried in the Ruger
And soon as you call the cops, I'll call all of my guns an Uber
Five stars, all my ratings impeccable, extra terrestrial verses
Have you seen what I'm worth? Because you worthless
Throw ya' album in the trash or the garbage disposal
It's Luda' the mogul, the Bentley is local, the jet is global
Fly away like Lenny Kravitz, gone to never be seen
I took both of yo' woman's legs and everything in between
I can't help it that I'm the chosen one wit' bundles of cash
100,000 times 1,000, bitch, you do the math
"Luda'," shouts his name and ain't nobody comin' close to me
Put your neck up in this noose and hold this rope for me
Ten albums ain't nobody ever wrote for me
Quoted for always saying, "Chaka, go get a quote for me"
Records show I ain't never put out no bullshit
And half-assed rappers ain't never put out no full clip
I'm always waiting for my cue just like a pool stick
For short bus rappers to take a never-ending school trip

Class in session, quit fuckin' up my profession
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