

The Potion

Ludacris

What up aye shawty what it is
(3x)

Lil Buddy watch you want some violent shit 2 stepping laid back still
wilding shit what up
Aye baby I got the potion Take a sip of this and put yo back in motion
(2x)

Man I'm like a needle in a haystack so face that going back to the drawing board connect dots
But can't trace that Matta fact erase that cause I'm this late track get you face slapped and I'm
Straight so don't taste that try something different and shit I'm listening and shit speaking about
What hip-hop missing and shit I'm bout to fill a void Ludacris born in Illinois raised in Atlanta
Taught hamma since I was a little boy ain't nobody like me so they wanna fight me fight me step
To me now but it ain't like me people swear they sike me just cause he's light-skinned with braids in
His hair don't mean that nigga look like me trick get you mind right living in a limelight so
Picture what they'll do for my jimmy and a Klondike Bar Bar hardy hard tell yo mama I'm a ghetto
Superstar

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Only 75 I make but still a bigshot plus I gotta big clean everyday stay fresher than whats in
A ziploc tell yo man to kick rocks when I make my pit stops I'm in then its hard to get me out
Like I'mma slip not Born to be a leader and not no not a follower only hang wit chicks that got mo
Twist than Oliver And I'mma tell my hollower would I like to borrow her lips bringing out the best
In me specially if she's a swallower freaky-deaky yellow man, and I'm sayin' hello man to all the lovely ladies that like to
Jiggle like jello man bigger booty small waist put me in a small place and if it ain't no ass
Where I'm at then I'm in the wrong place bells like a bondsman but keep 'em dancing got pop potential stay black
like Bob Johnson who the hell is that in that fancy car tell yo mama I'm a ghetto superstar

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Jump down turn around
Pick a bale of cotton
Jump down turn around
Pick a bale of hay
Oh Lordy pick a bale of cotton
Oh Lordy Pick a bale of hay

Still working like a slave
Learning tricks in the trade in the ghetto state of mind till I'm rich
and I'm paid picking records
Like cotton in the thick of the day
Till I'm spoiled and I'm rotten and they send us away life no different
that our minimum wage
No money but still locked in a similar cage either losers of tomorrow
or we winners today, Now just that and there's
Really nothing missing to say but

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