Call Up The Homies

Ludacris

I just touched down in killa Cali, strapped up my boots

Got scooped up by Game so I hopped up in the coupe

Gah, what up nigga? What the hell is goin' on?

I'm tryin' to ease back and get my head in the zoneWhere the fuck you tryin' to go? Nigga this yo' city

Anywhere, I'm just tryin' to see some ass and titties

So full mash the gas, the night is young

All bull shit aside I'm tryin' to have some funHit the hop in Lakewood or ride down Slawson

Or to Casino they say it's just like Compton

Really doesn't matter long as shots don't ring out

Nigga, I stay strapped, I don't wanna pull the thing outWell, keep the heat, heat right up under the seat

And let's roll to Roscoe's and grab somethin' to eat

But check ya rear view mirror, I swear somebody's followin'

Rollin' in that dark blue SS Impala and all up on the bumpaMan, I'm just sayin' tell me you know this nigga
No, they betta stop playin'

He sped up around and drove right in front of us

Could be one time just tryin' to bust one of usTill he smashed the brakes and we almost hit him

Throwin' signs out the window like somethin' was wrong with him

Before we jump out and get ready to clown

Nigga call up the homies it's about to go downKeep one eye open 'cause the streets don't sleep

If the streets get hungry then the streets gon' eat

That's why I keep some heat and a couple of rounds

Nigga, call up the homies it's about to go downCall up the homies it's about to go down

Yeah, call up the homies it's about to go down

Yeah, that's why I keep some heat and a couple of rounds

Nigga call up the homies it's about to go downSomebody tell Luda I'm on the way now

Aight, just stepped one size twelve Air Force One in the A-town

And you know where I'm headed, to the Lennox Mall

To get it done head to toe NWA StyleDo it then, keep it gangsta from the waist down

And this chrome tre pound got me feelin' Atlanta Brave now

Right, disturbin' the peace I'll let the lead spray

I'm startin' to love this place, they even got red clayOkay, hit a different strip club everyday

And I don't make it rain, it's a hurricane on the way

And I got the A-town pump

It'll make ya whole body do the A-town stompThen it's off to the waffle house and pancake mix

Ain't the only thing comin' out of mouth

And the forty two D's comin' out her blouse

So baby, daddy comin' in, Game get out the houseKeep one eye open 'cause the streets don't sleep

If the streets get hungry then the streets gon' eat

That's why I keep some heat and a couple of rounds

Nigga call up the homies it's about to go downCall up the homies it's about to go down

Yeah, call up the homies it's about to go down

Yeah, that's why I keep some heat and a couple of rounds

Nigga call up the homies it's about to go downYeah, I'm in a real life movie so this is take three

Where Luda step foot out in Phoenix, AZ

Super Bowl, super hoes, drivers on stroll

So I put the call in to Willie NorthpoleBig homie I got ya, stick to ya like a cactus

Welcome to the bird city, Cris take off ya jacket

I know you kind of used to big bootys in the club

But ain't nothin' wrong to have a little salsa in ya bloodI see a couple thugs with some bitch Tennessee

My town but I still got Phoenix enemies

Haters wanna stop 'em and I really wanna pop 'em

But it's hard to fight back when you got an album droppin'Connect, we in south Phoenix, niggas Africa bang Matter fact Cris tuck in ya Africa chain, what?

'Cause I see some nigga starin' at us with a lame frown

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