Word of Mouf (Freestyle)

Ludacris

Yea-uh, here we go here we go Talk about that Word of Mouf baby Yeuh, yeuh yeuh yeuh! Here we go, here we go Ludacris, 4-Ize, D.E. what you want now now now now Check it You see I live a life filled with chicken and malt liquor And women that are real life scratch'n'sniff stickers I shoot videos and get knobs slobbed in trailers Then hit stage and break a leg like Lawrence Taylor You pricks is all talk, and it's bad for your health See I ain't gotta say shit, money speaks for itself With all models I make I'm great like five lakes You got rims on ya truck? Man I got rims in my skates You rolling on dubs, I roll right into clubs Dirty as home with more rings than ya tub You think it's all practical jokes and big bloopers But I smack bitches with no titties that work at Hooters Just get a couple of girls that shaking they thangs Then I put 'em on camera and cut two frames With some gasoline drawers I'll be going to Hell Ludacris, fuck like a nigga fresh out of jail I got Junkyard Dogs, I'm rowdier than Rod Piper And my baby's assed out, 'cause I rub my cars with her diapers So you can pray for now if you sinned in the past "Word of Mouf" time to wipe that silly grin off yo' assThese rap cats is soft like R&B singers It's 4-Ize, I've worked for wings and chicken fingers I reps mo' parts so Chi-Town could get seen I'm a Dirty Bird now but I keep shit clean I rip meanface niggas one by one Or two by two, I'll take 'em however they come Instead of a gun, I'll pull out a stick from woodworking The black Hacksaw Jim Duggin stay lurking Creepin, I'm in the shadows, the nightshade You want the tail in the back or, a light fade? Cause Tony Scissorhands is the barber, the butcher I kill ya smoke a blunt and forget where I put ya I'm Soopafly like Snuka, I smack hoes The black rolls with the dozen attack flows I rock Shaq's clothes when I Alter Beast Power up, get big, it's Disturbin' Tha Peace

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