

Undisputed (ft. Floyd Mayweather)

Ludacris

[Floyd Mayweather speaks]

[Luda:] Back up on dat ass ,

Back to put rappers on one knee like they bout to run 100 meter dash,

Bow down to greatness, before I get pissed and run up in the stands like the Indiana Pacers,

Covered all my bases, straight, no chasers,

Diamonds on my chain look like my neck's full of glaciers,

Titanic flow, Titanic dough, women on my nuts like "Where da Titanic go?"

I been scourin' da earth, makin' my fans catch da holy ghost at my shows like ya grandma at church,

And the fat lady singin', it's ova for you rappers,

Cant none of yall bust your just sacs full of semen,

And I got da women screamin', and they could catch my balls on any given Sunday like my name's Willy
Beaman,

Or LL Cool, so if ya boyfriend thinks your loyal to his ass then he's a motherfuckin fool,

Got jewels on my pinky, jewels on my wrist

Iconic status and his name is Ludacris,

Bitch please, you messin wit some real O.G's,

Wit million dolla whips dat I ship from overseas,

Got a pocket full of G'z, and the inconvenient truth is that the ozone is back cuz I been smokin' all da trees,

The globe is warmin' up when we fire up the blunt,

And put it in the air like Evil Knievel stunts,

Wat you want from me? I got pistols for da haters,

Ya fam will be in black like the playin' for da Raiders,

And ya music isn't favored, and DJ's they neva bring it back like when you go and borrow somethin' from ya
neighbor,

Like a cup full of sugar, a rope full of salt,

The name of my car insurance is YO FUCKIN FAULT,

And if you sittin on chrome, I'll call up my boys and have you stripped of ya medals like Marion Jones, nigga

...[Floyd Mayweather speaks]Luda: Back up on da scene, back to put a nail in these rappers' coffins I got the
hammer in my jeans,

Call me Mr.Fixit, barrel hotter than a fresh batch of home-made buttermilk biscuits,

A-tisket, a-tasket, a custom-made casket,

Luda leaves intruders stretched out like gymnastics,

And acrobatics I'm superstar status, the mouth of the South like gangsta grillz you bastard,

The international traveler, and I may not be much to you but I'm the sh*t out in Africa,

So put ya fist up, even the statue of liberty lit a flame for the way that I lit my wrist up,

You can't compete wit me, I got 'em stuck like I made a thousand rappers put shackles on they feet wit me,

And then I broke free, I'll let 'em loose when Bobby Brown and Whitney Houston become drug-free,

I'm the baddest mother shut it like Shaft was, leavin' rappers wit headaches like bad drugs,

They shoulda warned ya, you got defeated by the heat but,eh, we'll just say we Alonzo Mourn'd ya,

So Cater coroner, I'll show up to yo funeral wit some gators like I'm fresh outta Florida,
Call me the swamp thing, yall headed in the wrong direction like you hit the subway and caught the wrong train,
So don't fuck wit it, I'm sendin' lyrical bullets right at ya dome fuck niggaz betta duck wit it,
Or else you stuck wit it,
You'll get stalked so bad you'll leava da scene thinkin eight Young Buck's did it,
But not in Cashville, you lost yo feelin' like comin down off X chasin' effects of yo last pill,
You fuckin Daffy Dill, You's a Daffy Duck,
And I'm the undefeated champ, yall niggas suck!

Songwriters

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