

# Mouthing Off (Feat 4-ize)

## Ludacris

Yeah, hah,

When it all come down to it we ain't have shit!

(Woo! Use your mouth, haha)

Ludacris, 4-Ize, it's like this I make niggaz eat dirt and fart dust

Then give you a eighty dollar gift certificate to Pussies 'R Us

I eat the whole pie, and leave nothing but the crust

So you can feel what it's like, with instinct but no guts

A sac wit no nuts or a mack wit no sluts

Give me a full-body massage, I still can't be touched

They call me Seymour Butts, cause I get mo' ass than most

They say I'm next and got that butter love, and get too close

Follow the leader cause I'm meaner than medulla oblongota

My Tribe's on more Quests than Midnight Marauders

It's all pina coladas, no cops and robbers

Taking trips back and forth from here to the Bahamas

I hump more than llamas, get rolled more than tires

If you say I'm not nice, then you'se a motherfucking liar

Entitled to your Opini-ons, into the next millennium

So many Major Coins that I thought I had a million 4-Ize, 4-Ize whatcha? 4-IzeYo, I am going to blow up the  
Earth

With my "pew-36 explosive space modulator"

Buddha be praised, you meditator

Drop squad interrogator, 85 percent regulator

The Educator and the Almighty Creator, dedicator

The separator of fiction, I spark friction

Smoking "Hay" without the Crucial Conflicition

4-Ize prescription; microphone, Jackie Stallone

Psychic prediction, Egyptian description

Of my psychical, my flesh is weak and it's pitiful

Spiritual is hooked up to the invisible

Umbilical cord of my Lord, Kumbiya Devine Kah

Remove paper of tar from every cigar

I slap authority like Gabor, Zsa Zsa

Half Allah, Half Anti Christ Superstar

Rocking the microphone with a hand like Dr. Claw

While I'm hitting trees, harder than Sonny Bono

Double Dragon, mixed up with an Abobo

I kill villains in slow-mo for talking crazy in my Dojo

Got nothing to lose, like I'm a boxcar hobo

When I get Ludacris with bridges on the promo  
Niggas wanna clown, I'm Homey and Bozo  
Cause in the grand prize game my life calling like Jo-Jo  
The name sticks like Toto  
I keep it realer than alien autopsy photo  
You similar to a Spice Girl going solo  
You lost like BEBE, or a dog named Toto  
My statue of liberty is Rebecca Lobo  
We Cop Robo, virgo  
Bust ass like a motherfucking homo, como estas?  
Tony Del Negro  
Built to destroy these kid's blocks of Legos  
Lego my Eggo cause I say so  
Hold the microphone, 4-Ize, I stay gifted  
Manifested, elevated, I uplifted  
The elevator, the escalator  
"That's not a knife? That's a knife!"  
Crocodile Dundee the Alligator Rustler  
Cause I hustle ya, under the China  
Big Trouble, little sewer but still I find ya  
Cause I'm stinky  
Manifest, throw you down the stairs like a slinky  
Yo, my third eye is blinky

Songwriters

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