

Act a Fool (Edited Version)

Ludacris

2 Fast 2 furious
im to fast for y'all 2 Fast 2 Furious
2 Fast... aww You just came home from doing a bid Tell me what you gonna do? Act a fool
Somebody broke in and cleaned out your crib
Boy whatcha gonna do? Act a fool
Just bought a new pair and they scuffed your shoes
Tell me what you gonna do? Act a fool
Now them cops tryna throw you in them county blues
Boy whatcha gonna do? Act a fool
Talkin' about gats, traps, cops and robbers It's 911 please call the doctor
Evacuate the building and trick the pigs
Since everybody wanna piece of me, we gon split ya wigs
See some fools slipped up and over-stepped their boundaries
You about to catch a cold, stay the fk around from me
Ya peeps talkin' 'bout what kinds of shits he on
You dissapear like poof bitch be gone
You think you gon catch me, gimmie a break
I'm super-charged with the hide-away licence plate
It seems they wanna finger print me and gimmie some years
They'll only get 1 finger while I'm shifting gears
I got suede on my roof, wood grain on the dash
Sheep skin on the rug, golde grain on the stash
Hydraulics all around so I shake the ride
We go front, back and side to side, what
Some punk just tripped up and made you spill your drink
Tell me what you gonna do? Act a fool Now your car just stopped on a empty tank
Boy whatcha gonna do? Act a fool
If you got late bills and you lost your job
Tell me what you gonna do? Act a fool
If you about to get drunk and you ready to mob
Boy whatcha gonna do? Act a fool
Let's take it to the street cause I'm ready to cruise
Just bought me and my cars all some brand new shoes
And the people just stare so I love to park it And I just put a computer in the glove compartment With the pedal
to the floor, radar in the grill
TV in the middle of my steering wheel
It's my car's birthday so we blowin' them candles
More speakers in my trunk than my ride can handle
Got my name in the headrest, read it and weep

NOS tank in the back, camel hair on the seat
And when I roll up to da club, I get all the affection
Cause the women love the paintin they can see their reflection I'm about to take off, F what you heard
Because my side mirrors flap like a fkin' bird
And the fools, we gon clock one and we'll pop one
Cause my folk ridin' shotgun with a shotgun
You just got hustled for a wad of cash
Man whatcha gonna do? Act a fool
Now your friends just smoked up your brand new stash
Say whatcha gonna do? Act a fool Now them girls up the block still running their mouth Boy whatcha gonna do?
Act a fool
If anyone talk bad about the dirty south
Tell me whatcha gonna do? Act a fool
I got my eyes wide shut and my trunk wide open
Did donuts last week and the street still smokin'
See, I'm off that anti-freeze and my car is tipsy
Off the off ramp doin' about 250
Rollin' through East Pernium, on way to Ben Hill Slide a 5 to the junkie to clean my windshield Got the whole
crew ridin' and we startin' some shit
I even got a trailer hitched with the barbeque pit
Now all you wanna do is get drunk and pout
Plus your new name is fabio cause we stomped you out
And yeah, we blow trees and bees, that's fantastic
So girls hold ya weaves while I'm weaving through traffic
I kicked to fifth gear and teared the road apart
You'll be like Lil' John Q and get a change of heart
It's 1 mission, 2 clips and some triple beams
I'm about to blow this whole shit up to smithereens
The pot holes in the street just bentcha rims
Tell me whatcha gonna do? Act a fool
Man, that ain't sticky, that's just sticks and steams
Boy whatcha gonna do? Act a fool
Catch a man with another bitch up in ya bed
Ladies whatcha gonna do? Act a fool
If the bottles all gone and your eyes are red
Boy whatcha gonna do? Act a fool
Ludacris
2 fast, 2 furious
2 fast... Act a fool
2 fast, 2 furious
2 fast... Act a fool

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>