

Cry Babies (Oh No) - Album Version (Edited)

Ludacris

(Oh no) I caught him with a blow to the chest
(Oh no) My hollow put a hole in his vest
(Oh no) I'm 'bout to send two to his dome
(Oh no) Cry babies go home(Oh no) I caught him with a blow to the chest
(Oh no) My hollow put a hole in his vest
(Oh no) I'm 'bout to send two to his dome
(Oh no) Cry babies go homeI got people scared as fuck like when condoms break
Or how your heart deals with eatin' eighty pounds of steak
So put your belly on a plate and watch your weight
You frosted like a flake and Ludacris feels great!Who want come face me, face come want who?
And women give me face 'til their face turns blue
They can't breathe, dick to mouth resuscitation
A tight squeeze what stops the lengthy conversationsI Playstations, duck cops and lose agents
I'm Doctor Love, I close curtains and fuck patients
When I kick and rip and flip an indispensable rhyme
My black ass is so hungry I'll take a bite out of crimeAnd it'll hurt if I swallow, but even more if I choke
Neighbors called the fire station off the blunt that I smoke
You see I crush cowards, funerals I'll send flowers
And I'm on the overpass flick pennies at rush hour(Oh no) I caught him with a blow to the chest
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(Oh no) Cry babies go homeYou see I'm ambidextrous I slap ass with both hands
Delete your first steps, but I'll save the last dance
I just bought some new guns my mama said "it ain't worth it"
But I'm at the shooting range just 'cause practice makes perfectBullseye, I stunt growth and stop lives
You run with niggas that's more chicken then pot pies
Bok bok bok I'm shakin' your tale feathers
I got big balls, I'm a SAC King like Chris WebberLuda' take you back to duck hunt and double dribble
When niggas sold quarters and dimes and smoked nickels
My cars got big TVs and satellites
I got a Wheel of Fortune 'cause I flipped O's like Vanna WhiteAnd the survey says? (Kill a mutha fucka now)
Could it be off with his head? (Or shoot a mutha fucka down)
Ground round, ground chuck your ground beef
Bullets gather round then I shoot rounds around teeth(Oh no) I caught him with a blow to the chest
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(Oh no) Cry babies go homeI kick niggas in their ass, reboot 'em like laptops
And they wouldn't even box if I gave 'em a flat top
You punks pucker and pout, bicker and babble
Now they all lost for words like I beat 'em in ScrabbleYou see I'm from a small town called "Fresh off a cop's
ass"
Where Mr. Head-Potatoes are skinned they get mashed
I smell puss from fifty yards
Y'all not playin' with full decks as if I jacked out ya Jacks and left fifty cardsCatch me in Vegas spendin' the
green
I re-up with more chips than a vending machine
Then you can catch me in Rome, mackin' some broads and sticking 'em
And you'll be at home picking your boogers and flicking 'emA drug dealer's dream, so fresh and I'm so clean
I'm a grown ass man and y'all are sweeter than sixteen
So go and kick rocks, peons, you're just rookies
Headed downstairs to get you some milk and cookies(Oh no) I caught him with a blow to the chest
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(Oh no) Cry babies go home

Songwriters

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