Undisputed

Wollion

Back up on dat ass, back to put rappers on one knee
Like they 'bout to run a 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
Can't none of y'all bust, you're just sacs full of semen
And I got da women screamin', 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 bad 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
What you want from me? I got pistols for da haters
Ya fam will be in black like they was 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 neighbors
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
(Champ you got it, keep on movin?
They ain?t got nuttin? on ya, watch for the sneak dissin?
These boys?ll smile in your face and stab you right in the back
Breathe, take some water, this is money in the bank)
(They defeatin? themselves champ, you know what you can do
You Luda, you lookin? good, let?s go!
C?mon baby, hard work and dedication

You know what it is man, keep fightin?!)
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 stay hotter than
A fresh batch of home-made buttermilk biscuits
A-tisket, a-tasket, a custom-made casket
Luda leaves the trouters stretched out like gymnastics
And acrobatics I'm superstar status
The mouth of the South like gangsta grillz you bastards
The international traveler, and I may not be much to you
But I'm the shit 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 call the coroner, I'll show up to yo funeral wit some gators
Like I'm fresh outta Florida
Call me the swamp thing, y?all 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, y?all niggas suck!

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