Southern Gangsta

Ludacris

[Ving Rhames]
He's a hustler, unbound by law
A self-made, millionaire
With a wreckless disregard, for the haters
Ludacris, on "Southern Gangsta"
A true, entrepre-negro
CEO of Disturbing Tha Peace Records
He expended his empire into multiple profitable businesses
Including his Thai food restaurant, Straits
Internet sites, WeMix.com
And my favorite, MyGhetto.com
The MVP, of this rap shit

[Ludacris]
Luda! I'm a hustler, baller, gangsta, cap peeler
I stay strapped like your neighborhood trap dealer
I got rifles that blow ya below ya bible belt
And mac-11's that leave you wetter
than Michael Phelps! (woo!)
But you'll be swimming with the fishes
Softer than bitches washing dishes,
fool what's the business?
I'm already rich, so talk mo' figures (yup)
Spit 30 large for cigars of you hoe niggas (oww!)
I got gangstas that'll rearrange ya whole face
And put your casket on ice, now that's a cold case (ha!)
Never forget where you come or that block'll bang you
I keep my ear to the streets like a cocker spaniel
I cock and blast you, into outer space
Break every bone in ya, you so out of place
Boom without a trace, you a bluff to block
I got some red beams, let's play connect the dots!

[Interlude: Ving Rhames]
He's the biggest boss, coming outta the M-I-yayo
Straight from the "Port of Miami"
To keeping it "Trilla"
Involved in many heated acts of violence
This goes deeper than rap shit

He's worth eight figures
So young niggas, boss up
I present to you, Rick Ross, the boss

[Rick Ross]
I got a letter from the government, the other day
I opened and read it, it said "We want hustlers"
Had a Lexus at 18, picture that
Got a Chevy with pictures on it from pitching crack
Bitch I know Haitians, we speaking Creole
Bitch I'm a D-boy, still slinging kilos
I got twenty cars, why exaggerate?
It cost me five grand just to fill the gas tanks
Love the marble floors, got the Greek pillows
Fronting at awards, real street niggas
I used to serve shake, now I serve steaks
Three squares on the road, call it 3rd Bass
Big ass face, chop you in your laugh face
Shoot his ass, aim defense is the last case
Keep Jewish friends, the newest Benz
You in a pool of blood, let me see you swim

[Ving Rhames]
Hailing from College Park, Georgia
Authorities figured they must have been some sort of mob
Or illegal organization
According to authorities, they made a quarter mil' a week
Selling ? , they were some high-rolling hustlers
Tity Boi, and Dolla Boy
Playaz Circle, A.K.A., the Duffle Bag Boys

[Tity Boi (Dolla Boy)]
Uhh, I'm so sick I wrote this verse in a hospital
it's an election year, I support struggle
(We roll like bicycles, icicle flow)
(White liquor, my nigga stay on line with the blow)
I'm on time with the flow, not a minute nor second late
ain't no such thing as second place
(And every day I live heavyweight,
you niggas featherweight)
(Fairytale telling niggas really need to take a break)
And the estate got a lake for a backyard
(The pool room product put it all on my sacks card)
For real? (Yeah, for real)
I'm ill, I deal, I did, I will

(I got dogs like Cujo, me and Tity two
chains riding in a two do')
Bitches catch kudos (you know)
Yeah we move weight like sumos
And kicks it with them bitches like judo southside!

[Ving Rhames]
Playaz Circle, Rick Ross, Ludacris
This has been another episode, of "Southern Gangsta"
Thanks for tuning in, what's next for Luda?
Well, anything's possible, in the (Theater of the Mind)

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