

Mouthing Off

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, check it 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 nothin' but the crust
So you can feel what it's like, with instinct but no guts
A sac with no nuts or a mack with no sluts
Give me a full-body massage, I still can't be touched They call me Seymour Butts, 'cause I get more 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 medula oblongotas
My tribe's on more quests than Midnight Marauders
It's all pia coladas, no cops and robbers
Takin' 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 your a motherfuckin' liar
Entitled to your opinions, into the next millennium
So many Major Coins that I thought I had a million
4-Ize, 4-Ize whatcha? 4-Ize Yo, yo, I am goin' 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 seperater of fiction, I spark friction
Smoking "Hay" without the crucial confliction
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
Rockin' the microphone with a hand like Dr. Claw While I'm hittin' trees harder than Sonny Bono
Double Dragon, mixed up with an Abobo
I kill villains in slowmo for talkin' crazy in my Dojo
Got nothin' to lose, like I'm a boxcar Hobo
When I get Ludacris with bridges on the promo
Niggaz wanna clown, I'm homey and Bozo
'Cause in the grand prize game my life callin' like Jo-Jo The name sticks like Toto
I keep it realer than alien autopsy photo

You similar to a Spice Girl goin' 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 motherfuckin' homo
Como estas? Tony Del Negro
Built to destroy these kid's blocks of LegosLego 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

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