# Southern Fried Intro

## Ludacris

Hey, yeah! I want all you proud sisters to stand up
I want everybody to stand up and be counted tonight
Brothers and Sisters if you know you got your thing together
I want you to stand on up, now I got somethin' to tell ya'
I told ya' how to think about it, now I want to tell how to get the thing together
So come on now and get up to it y'allThe incredible, untouchable nigga spittin' venom out his body wit' the dopest flows
And wonder why the line's around the corner
Cause the little motherfucker has the dopest shows
So one time for my independent women and all the single mothers who be gettin' that cake
Two times for my dogs pullin' triggers
And my niggaz in the kitchen that be flippin' that weight
East coast, west coast, mid west, dirty south
Then we took it all around the world
I got fans in retirement homes, to teenagers, to little bitty boys ans girls
Droppin' lyrical bombs up in ya' hood,
Non-stoppin', I'ma hit 'em till the block explode
Hip hop, R&B, Pop-tart, what you want?
I even got a little rock 'n' roll
The most creative, original, got 'em takin' subliminalCause they can't get what I got's
They want it so bad, four million dollar pad
And enough to retire off two albums, gone, wave ya' white flags, I'm hot!
And everytime I rhyme I'm puttin' rappers in the ground
Wit' lines that got 'em hooked like dope
They gotta make up they mind, because they runnin' outta time
And I'm about to make 'em choke
Better turn your stereo louder, listen up and let me preach
Let's get arrested for Disturbin' the Peace! (C'mon)Man! This Disturbin' Tha Peace shit gettin' on my nerves
Boy I tell you the truth, know what I'm sayin'?
While he doin' shows, I'm in these streets, know what I'm sayin'?
While he on tv, I'm in these streets
And then my broad, my kid walkin' around singin' it
Boy, if they sing another verse, boy I swear
Know what I'm sayin'? I'm on another level though
I gotta car wash, I gotta shop on O' National
I got my own record label, you heard of us
The Posse Family Cartel, you know what I'm sayin', we real
Who this nigga thing he is?I'ma house hold name, wit' game spittin' outta my mouth at all times
I spit it out and about, and spit outta the south,until they recognize the danger signs

So feel a tingle in yo' s-spine, by the way I talk
And it's pimpin' in my blood, you can tell by the way I walk
Oh lawd, more styles than a barber shop, call the cops
People in the way want to baller block
Little do they know that I'm callin' shots
And I'm not to be fucked with
If you see me comin' 'round the corner, then duck quick, perpetrators can suck dick
I tried to tell 'em, but they don't want to listen
I tried to shine 'em, but they don't want to glisten, while the high hat keeps on tickin'
And the kick drum keep on pumpin', I'm dumpin' on the closest fools
Cause rules were made to be broken, but you can't make broken rules
Hear what I'm sayin' or heard what I said
Hear what they playin', 'cause through this music I'ma still be heard if I'm dead
Call ya' producers, 'cause I'm hurtin' these beats
I said it once, I'll say it twice, biatch, Disturbin' Tha Peace
C'monYeah, folk
The King of the kings has spoken
ATL shawty! Hood to hood, block to block
We bouta let our nuts hang!
Disturbin' Tha Peace!
We don't die, we multiply
We makin Def Jam history
Thanks for gettin' the CD shawty!

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