

# Get Off Me

## Ludacris

What, what, what?

I, I, I

Ok, come on, what

What, what, what?

Oh, oh, oh

Get off me, but I'm on you all day

Get off me, I don't think you wanna play

Get off me, but I'm on you all day

Get off me, I don't think you wanna play

You wanna rush me, you can't touch me, trust me

'Cause you way too dusty, and rusty, and musty

You betta shop that make you pop up from lock up

But you tell your folks to hold you're jack up to back up

To back up, I'm ready, so sit down or go ta' your room

It ain't nothin', aea, aea, watch out watch out, boom

Call me the hit man, 'cause I make you wanna call time-out

Then I make your mom cry-out, when I take your whole spine out

Then watch me take you, and fake you, and shake you

And break you and see you on home to your maker

You should give up now for talkin' shit like that

But then you nothing, you garbage, you betta' watch your back

Get off me, but I'm on you all day

Get off me, I don't think you wanna play

Get off me, but I'm on you all day

Get off me, I don't think you wanna play

Ok, ok now

Now it's the Pastor, shook 'em, showin' my moves

I'm in that 2000 excursion

Ridin' on 22's, I hear the boom

But booms just get me more crunk

It's the D. S. G. B forever

We ridin' on pump

I stunk, or did I say stunk, I meant stank

I think I'll take it please, or in another coffee break

You ain't, but you can pretend to be homey

I'm stiff arming these busters

Just as soon they get on me

Get off me, but I'm on you all day

Get off me, I don't think you wanna play

Get off me, but I'm on you all day  
Get off me, I don't think you wanna play  
Get off me, but I'm on you all day  
Get off me, I don't think you wanna play  
Get off me, but I'm on you all day  
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