

Coming 2 America

Ludacris

The royal penis is clean your highness
Thank you, king shit
Yeah motherfuckers, welcome to the United States of America
Time to roll out the red carpet on y'all bitch asses
Hailin' from the filthy, dirty South, where the kings lay
Ludacris, disturbin' tha peace family
Recognize royalty when you hear it
The throne has been taken, so kiss this niggas earring
Luda throw some grapes on these bitches
These bitches throwin' rose petals at my feet man
They wanna spoil me, treatin' me like royalty
What I'm 'sposed to do? It's such a sweet thang
Work that track, whip 'em like Kunta
That's why they stay down, they loyal citizens of Zamunda
By way of A-T-L, if you disagree
Don't even look at me ho, don't pass go, just go straight to jail
With no probation or bail but this ain't Monopoly
It's Jolly Green Giants 'cause we smoke so much Broccoli
Oh oh spaghetti o's, Luda's oodles of noodles
And testin' me is like pitbulls put up to poodles
My rap career goes back further than yo' father hairline
It's Ludacris, I pack more nuts than Delta Airlines
I'm fly, even when I get high I work cash
And even got my coach bumped up to first class
I'm boss to all employees and I'm here to teach the principle
'Cause I've been saved by mo' bells than Lark Vorhees
Man fuck that nigga 'Cris man, for real man
I'm tired of this shit man
Man I try to rap for the nigga, I try to get a nigga tracks
He ain't hearin' my shit, man for real
Man my four-year-old son can rap better than that nigga
Man that nigga garbage, man I got talent too
The nigga ain't hearin' me, man is this shit on?
'Cris c'mon 'Cris, 'Cris, f'real man
Fuck you nigga, man fuck you
Fuck you too, what you wanna do? Scrawny nigga
But I got a arsenal of automatics down to twenty-twos
Know how to use 'em, fight dirty as shit
I throw a grenade and all-in-one bury a clique

You see y'all got it all wrong like women in tuxedos
They comin' up shorter than five Danny DeVitos
I'm on a cool ranch, get laid more than Fritos
With five strippers, four wives and three amigos
I go scuba divin' in Bays at Montego
I find gold links and snatch 'em like I'm Deebo

But I'm the light-skinteted version of Mandingo
I've seen more Beatles and Jagged Edges than Ringo
I used to run numbers in line they called me Bingo
'Cause I'm big, you a little star, you just twinkle
Old asses like sharpeis, y'all all wrinkled
And I stay with more bullets than yo' Billboard singles
Hoe now it's just too much, you just gotta give applause
He is definitely all f'real, ya see what I'm sayin'?
Ha ha I be fuckin' with him all the time, yeah mean?
I'm sayin', I used to just serve homes herb
Now how come through he want 50's a purple
He want quarters a purple now, I want y'all to trip with it
Man, I woulda sold him a QP last week of the lava
Ya see what I'm sayin'?

Yeah, can I get a little hit of that, little nigga with a bigga sack
C.P. set a bigger trap look at that Godby Road and Old Nat
Where they kick it at? And a lot of people just don't know
Shady Park you heard just don't go, quick to flip the bird up po'-po'
Makin' the way for that rodeo, that rodeo show
Gotta hit 'em with a reload, I gotta put 'em with the people
I gotta make a nigga stop, drop, roll, oh no where the beat go?
Bring that, shit back, didn't wanna hear that, clik-clak
Tons of fun with guns, fuck all the lil' chit-chat get back get that, get that
Who knows, who goes there? Motherfuckers it's Poppa Bear
Stop and stare, pourin' out a lil' gasoline and then drop a flare
I'm on, fire and you know I can't stop 'til I retire
Oh no, we stay swoll, rollin' on Vogue tires
Right down the avenue, passin' you rapidly stackin'
In the back of the Cadillac and packin' emergency action
Camera, light, lights, throwin' a punch and then fight, fight
Packin' a lunch and then bite, bite, A-T-L stay tight, tight
I'm just tryin' to save ya shorty, I'ma let you know it's real down yeah
When you ride down that two-eighty-five and you go past Cascade
Get ready to go past that Campbellton Road
Fo' you get it to Camp Creek shorty just shake
'Cause dat where dem real niggaz at
I ain't lyin' when you in Decatur and you flossin' down Glenwood
Candler Road or Rainbow nigga shake

'Cause dat where dem real niggaz at
When you're goin' down that ol' Nat Hill
And you pass dat second waffle house
'Fore you get to the rich niggaz shake
'Cause dat where dem real niggaz at
Matter of fact, just shaje when ya get to Georgia nigga

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