

Cry Babies (Oh No)

Ludacris

(Oh no!)

I caught him with a blow to the chest

(Oh no!)

My hollow put a hole in his vest

(Oh no!)

I'm 'bout to send two to his dome

(Oh no!)

Cry babies go home(Oh no!)

I caught him with a blow to the chest

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(Oh no!)

Cry babies go home I got people scared as fuck like when condoms break

Or how your heart deals with eatin' eighty pounds of steak

So put your belly on a plate and watch your weight

You frostin' like a flake and Ludacris feels great

Who want come face me, face come want who?

And women give me face until they're face turns blue

They can't breathe, dick to mouth resuscitation

A tight squeeze witch stops the length to conversations I Playstations, duck cops and lose agents

I'm Doctor Love, I close curtains and fuck patients

When I kick and rip and flip an indispensable rhyme

My black ass is so hungry I'll take a bite out of crime

And it'll hurt if I swallow but even more if I choke

Neighbors called the fire station off the blunt that I smoke

You see I crush cowards, funerals, I'll send flowers

And I'm on the overpass flick pennies at rush hour(Oh no!)

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Cry babies go home You see I'm ambidextrous I slap ass with both hands

Delete your first steps but I'll save the last dance

I just bought some new guns my Mama said, "It ain't worth it"

But I'm at the shooting range just 'cause practice makes perfect

Bullseye, I stunt growth and stop lives

You run with niggas that's more chicken then pot pies

Bok bok bok I'm shakin' your tale feathers

I got big balls, I'm a Sac King like Chris Webber

Luda' will take you back to duck hunt and double dribble When niggas sold quarters and dimes and smoked
nickels

My cars got big TVs and satellites

I got a Wheel of Fortune 'cause I flipped O's like Vanna White

And the survey says?

(Kill a muthafucka now)

Could it be off with his head?

(Or shoot a muthafucka down)

Ground round, ground chuck your ground beef

Bullets gather round then I shoot rounds around teeth (Oh no!)

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Cry babies go home I kick niggas in they're ass reboot 'em like laptops

And they wouldn't even box if I gave 'em a flat top

You punks pucker and pout, bicker and babble

Now they all lost for words like I beat 'em in Scrabble

You see I'm from a small town called fresh out a cop's ass

Where Mr. Head-Potatoes are skinned they get mashed

I smell puss from fifty yards

Y'all not playin' with full decks

As if I jacked out ya Jacks and left fifty cards Catch me in Vegas spinnin' the green

I re-up with more chips than a vending machine

Then you can catch me in Rome, mackin' some broads and stickin' 'em

And you'll be at home picking your bougars and flicking 'em
A drug dealer's dream, so fresh and I'm so clean
I'm a grown ass man and you're sweeter than sixteen
So go and kick rocks peons you're just rookies
Headed down stairs to get you some milk and cookies(Oh no!)
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Cry babies go home

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