

# Block Lockdown (Feat. I-20)

## Ludacris

Disturbin The Peace, Def Jam South

'Cris (yeah) you ready? Oh it's my turn? Aight I got permission to put ya mamma in a headlock (what?)

She tried to jook me in a figure-fo' leg lock (ohh)

She said she like the way I stick and make the bed rock

Or how I lick and leave her twisted like a dreadlock, and it's on

So stop the sweatin like a wristband

And get some balance like a bike without the kickstand

I think I changed the definition of a hit man

'Cause I could really give a fuck about that bitch man, c'mon!

We puttin holes in your residence

And lose anybody for the right president

We thugged out street niggas with intelligence

So all that bullshit you yappin is irrelevant

Oh yeah, I represent the Dirty Southside

I'm a dentist makin women open they mouth wide

Could be in jail still runnin it on the outside

Think not, then won't ya open up ya mouth right, but who cares? I got my corner on lockdown

About to hold this whole block down

Ludacris tell um how the South sound

UUH BUDDAH-LAA AH, UH UH UH BUDDAH-LAA

UHH BUDDAH-LAA AH uh oh uh oh uh oh I got my corner on lockdown

About to hold this whole block down

Ludacris tell um how the South sound

UUH BUDDAH-LAA AH, UH UH UH BUDDAH-LAA

UHH BUDDAH-LAA AH uh oh uh oh uh oh Comin to Shady Park is like a peep show

It's some respectable ladies and there some freak hoes

I know killers that go to church up in they street clothes

You'll end up missin more than Shaq when shootin free throws

They packin and bout to open up the dope spot

My neighborhood is stoppin cars like a roadblock

They movin' weight like Atlanta was movin boat rock

And catchin 'em is like seeing Muslims eatin pork chops, never happen

And meanwhile I been thinkin man

Niggas started slangin tapes like they slangin 'caine

Cuz in the hood its gettin ugly like orangutang

So if you tryin to stop the hustle get the dangalang

Okay, we tryin to make our own White House

Paint it black and start yellin our fuckin pipes out

You try to tackle some players and you'll get psyched out

They can't fuck with us niggas you think they dyked out, so don't play I got my corner on lockdown

About to hold this whole block down

Ludacris tell um how the South sound

UUH BUDDAH-LAA AH, UH UH UH BUDDAH-LAA

UHH BUDDAH-LAA AH uh oh uh oh uh oh I got my corner on lockdown

About to hold this whole block down

Ludacris tell um how the South sound

UUH BUDDAH-LAA AH, UH UH UH BUDDAH-LAA

UHH BUDDAH-LAA AH uh oh uh oh uh oh Disturbin The Peace, we do that funky shit

Hey, what can I say? We got a monkey clique

See Dre'll throw on them shades, and make that funky shit

And keep y'all women away if they got funky clit

Understand, we got that dro and it get rolled up

You pay the price and still we got the block sold up

Ain't nothin nice a full house don't make you fold up

You pull a heist and try to jet and I'm like

Hold up, god damn, I need to say it on a megaphone

And tell your sister get the fuck up off the telephone

These fools is tickin me off like fifty metronome

I'm takin all of ya money just call me Pebbletone!

Alright? I got the pistol and the safe key

You betta tell your bitch to follow you to safety

How dare you wanna be heroes and chase me

It's Ludacris won't leave no evidence to trace me, you know why? I got my corner on lockdown

About to hold this whole block down

Ludacris tell um how the South sound

UUH BUDDAH-LAA AH, UH UH UH BUDDAH-LAA

UHH BUDDAH-LAA AH uh oh uh oh uh oh I got my corner on lockdown

About to hold this whole block down

Ludacris tell um how the South sound

UUH BUDDAH-LAA AH, UH UH UH BUDDAH-LAA

UHH BUDDAH-LAA AH uh oh uh oh uh oh Funky shit oh

Do that funky shit uh

Do that funky shit uh

Do that funky shit

Songwriters

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L CRAWFORD Published by

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