Childz Play (feat. Ludacris)

Cee-Lo

Come on, chop, chop, yeah man
I'm just gonna play with y'all on this, hidey hoWell, hello, howdy do, how are you? That's good
Who me? Still hot, I still got, you got me
I'm here, I'm there 'cause I'm wrong, 'cause I'm rightI can spit on anything, got plenty game, authentic
My pen's sick, forensic, defends it, he wins it
Again and a, again and a, again and a, again and aI'm the one, come see, lookey I and come meet
The young Cee, the one treats everything the sun seek
I'm hollering, can't help, I'm hungryI cake rap, bake rap, sack rap, trap rap
Same shoes, same shirt, the same work, the same jerk
Claim hurt, the game hurt, my name work, it ain't workI'm fast, time fast, I'm first, I'm last
Psychic, I knew you would like it like this
I write this, priceless, more then my right wristCock back, block track, the beat bleed, speak read
Men eat weed, bead seed, I speed read, you need me
To give it to you like you want it, I own it when I'm on itMaintain the same thing, nigga rap about the same game
None left, shame shame, plain game, insane
When I rap things change, me and God, same thingMoney's here, money fold, I'm young and money old
Maybe look, cross hanging down to my tummy toes
I know it, I'm a stop, I'm trying just like lifeYes, I can sing and I can rap
And I can act and I can dance
And I can dress, sign of the best
So is my guest, man, I'm impressed
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry, come and see
This is just like childz play to me, ah haLittle melody and a little drum
All I really need to have a little fun
Hush little one, let's get it done
Dress like a fun, bust like a gun
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry, come and see
This is just like childz play to me, ah haWho the only little nigga that you know with 'bout fifty flows
Do about fifty shows in a week
But creep on the track with my tippy toesShut the fuck up, I'm trying to work
Ah forget it, I'm going berzerk
'Cause I stack my change and I'm back to claimMy reign on top, so pack your thangs
I've racked your brain like crack cocaine
My fame won't stop or I'll jack your chainGive it up, ring, ding, ding, thanks the price was right
That gray goose got me loose but my eyes are tight
It's the truth, give me a light like I'm dynamiteAlright, alright, we goin' ride tonight
I'm so dangerous that I gotta bang with this
You could be famous or remain namelessBetter just drop down to your knees

Call upon the Lord and pray
Better luck next time
But you wanna open that door todayYour hair sorta gray, it's that sorta day
Flowing so hard over this track and I got more to say
I ain't new to this, I'm so true to this
See what you get fucking with Cee-Lo and LudacrisYes, I can sing and I can rap
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This is just like childz play to me, ah ha, ah haOkay, there you have it little kids, wasn't that fun? Yeah
Saturday morning, Cee-Lo Green and my man Ludacris
Doing this thing, ATL style, this is childz play guys, seriously though
I can rap 'bout any you guys with my tongue tiedDon't make me get serious on your ass
You wouldn't like me when I'm serious
I could have said anything I want to

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