

# Saturday (Oooh! Ooooh!)

## Ludacris

I gotta big weed stash, pocket full of cash  
Just seen a big ol' ass, (it's Saturday)  
Sticky, icky, icky, icky  
Sticky, icky, icky, icky  
System on blast, cops just pass  
Just seen a big ol' ass, (it's Saturday)  
Sticky, icky, icky, icky  
Sticky, icky, icky, icky Grease don't pop on the stove no more, moved on up  
Double shot Hennessy fill my cup  
Luda choke smoke in a big black truck  
Should I wild out, what the fuck?  
Act like my rims ain't clean  
How you gonna act like my neck don't bling?  
Haters get sprayed like afro-sheen  
But they don't never really wanna pop them things  
Cane, cane sugar man Luda don't go  
And I stop at a light, pull off so slow  
But I'm out for the night, so pass that dro  
So, daddy come home in a Cadillac brome, Cadillac brome  
Now don't it sound absurd  
Claim College Park where they flip them birds  
Trick car alarms, then bend them curves  
Chop chop, chunk it up fat man herb I gotta big weed stash, pocket full of cash  
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Sticky, icky, icky, icky It's illegal but the plants in my backyard grow, that's my bud  
Smoke 'til ya drop out, that's my luck  
Keep a couple rolled and I hit the club in the back door, nigga what?  
Act like I don't make cloud, how you gonna act like I don't get loud?  
How you gonna act like I don't rock crowds?  
And leave a lot of people with a gap tooth smile  
If I recollect right then you sound like dirt  
But, I guess what you don't really know don't hurt  
With a vest, and a pump hear the shotgun squirt  
My folks on the block, man, they got that work (they got that work)

Don't it smell so good, in Southwest where they rep that hood  
 Protect your chest, they up to no good  
 And come through flossing, they wish y'all would I gotta big weed stash, pocket full of cash  
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 Sticky, icky, icky, icky  
 Sticky, icky, icky, icky Worldwide hustlers get that dough  
 Work that tip, get rid of evidence, move that brick  
 Keep a D eagle with an extra clip  
 Think it ain't so, suck a dick!  
 Act like I just do rap  
 How you gonna act like I just ain't strapped?  
 How you gonna act like I don't push lacs?  
 Black Eldorado, fifth wheel on back!  
 Ichy finger trigger, man, Luda don't squeeze  
 With a mac, with a glock I'ma make 'em say please  
 In the back, on the block so the cops they freeze  
 And I'm so high, I think I got a nose bleed, you gotta nose bleed?  
 Don't it smell so sweet?  
 In Decatur, where they pack that heat  
 And rob neighbors in the night creep, creep  
 I'll see you later we'll be in them streets I gotta big weed stash, pocket full of cash  
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Songwriters

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