

Mouthing Off (Featuring 4-Ize)

Ludacris

Yeah, hah,
When it all come down to it we ain't have shit!
(Woo! Use your mouth, haha)
Ludacris, 4-Ize, it's like this I make niggaz eat dirt and fart dust
Then give you a eighty dollar gift certificate to Pussies 'R Us
I eat the whole pie, and leave nothing but the crust
So you can feel what it's like, with instinct but no guts
A sac wit no nuts or a mack wit no sluts
Give me a full-body massage, I still can't be touched
They call me Seymour Butts, cause I get mo' ass than most
They say I'm next and got that butter love, and get too close
Follow the leader cause I'm meaner than medulla oblongota
My Tribe's on more Quests than Midnight Marauders
It's all pina coladas, no cops and robbers
Taking trips back and forth from here to the Bahamas
I hump more than llamas, get rolled more than tires
If you say I'm not nice, then you're a motherfucking liar
Entitled to your Opini-ons, into the next millennium
So many Major Coins that I thought I had a million 4-Ize, 4-Ize whatcha? 4-Ize Yo, I am going to blow up the
Earth
With my "pew-36 explosive space modulator"
Buddha be praised, you meditator
Drop squad interrogator, 85 percent regulator
The Educator and the Almighty Creator, dedicator
The separator of fiction, I spark friction
Smoking "Hay" without the Crucial Confliction
4-Ize prescription; microphone, Jackie Stallone
Psychic prediction, Egyptian description
Of my psychical, my flesh is weak and it's pitiful
Spiritual is hooked up to the invisible
Umbilical cord of my Lord, Kumbiya Devine Kah
Remove paper of tar from every cigar
I slap authority like Gabor, Zsa Zsa
Half Allah, Half Anti Christ Superstar
Rocking the microphone with a hand like Dr. Claw
While I'm hitting trees, harder than Sonny Bono
Double Dragon, mixed up with an Abobo
I kill villains in slow-mo for talking crazy in my Dojo
Got nothing to lose, like I'm a boxcar hobo

When I get Ludacris with bridges on the promo
Niggas wanna clown, I'm Homey and Bozo
Cause in the grand prize game my life calling like Jo-Jo
The name sticks like Toto
I keep it realer than alien autopsy photo
You similar to a Spice Girl going solo
You lost like BEBE, or a dog named Toto
My statue of liberty is Rebecca Lobo
We Cop Robo, virgo
Bust ass like a motherfucking homo, como estas?
Tony Del Negro
Built to destroy these kid's blocks of Legos
Lego my Eggo cause I say so
Hold the microphone, 4-Ize, I stay gifted
Manifested, elevated, I uplifted
The elevator, the escalator
"That's not a knife? That's a knife!"
Crocodile Dundee the Alligator Rustler
Cause I hustle ya, under the China
Big Trouble, little sewer but still I find ya
Cause I'm stinky
Manifest, throw you down the stairs like a slinky
Yo, my third eye is blinky

Songwriters

Bridges, Christopher Brian / Hayes, TonyPublished by

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