

# Undisputed (With Floyd "Money" Mayweather)

## Ludacris

Back up on dat ass, back to put rappers on one knee  
Like they 'bout to run a 100 meter dash  
Bow down to greatness, before I get pissed and  
Run up in the stands like the Indiana Pacers Covered all my bases, straight, no chasers  
Diamonds on my chain look like my neck's full of glaciers  
Titanic flow, Titanic dough, women on my nuts like  
"Where da Titanic go?" I been scourin' da earth, makin' my fans  
Catch da holy ghost at my shows like ya grandma at church  
And the fat lady singin', it's ova for you rappers  
Can't none of y'all bust, you're just sacs full of semen And I got da women screamin', they could catch my balls  
On any given Sunday like my name's Willy Beaman  
Or LL Cool, so if ya boyfriend thinks your loyal to his ass  
Then he's a motherfuckin' fool Got jewels on my pinky, jewels on my wrist  
Iconic status and his name is Ludacris  
Bitch please, you messin wit some real O.G's  
Wit million dolla whips dat I ship from overseas Got a pocket full of G'z, and the inconvenient truth  
Is that the ozone is bad cuz I been smokin' all da trees  
The globe is warmin' up when we fire up the blunt  
And put it in the air like Evil Knievel stunts What you want from me? I got pistols for da haters  
Ya fam will be in black like they was playin' for da Raiders  
And ya music isn't favored, and DJ's they neva bring it back  
Like when you go and borrow somethin' from ya neighbors Like a cup full of sugar, a rope full of salt  
The name of my car insurance is yo fuckin fault  
And if you sittin on chrome, I'll call up my boys  
And have you stripped of ya medals like Marion Jones, nigga (Champ you got it, keep on movin  
They aint got nuttin on ya, watch for the sneak dissin  
These boysll smile in your face and stab you right in the back  
Breathe, take some water, this is money in the bank) (They defeatin themselves champ, you know what you can  
do  
You Luda, you lookin good, lets go!  
Cmon baby, hard work and dedication  
You know what it is man, keep fightin!) Back up on da scene, back to put a nail in these rappers' coffins  
I got the hammer in my jeans  
Call me Mr. Fixit, barrel stay hotter than  
A fresh batch of home-made buttermilk biscuits A-tisket, a-tasket, a custom-made casket  
Luda leaves the trouters stretched out like gymnastics  
And acrobatics I'm superstar status  
The mouth of the South like gangsta grillz you bastards The international traveler, and I may not be much to you  
But I'm the shit out in Africa

So put ya fist up, even the statue of liberty lit a flame  
For the way that I lit my wrist up You can't compete wit me, I got 'em stuck  
Like I made a thousand rappers put shackles on they feet wit me  
And then I broke free, I'll let 'em loose when Bobby Brown  
And Whitney Houston become drug-free I'm the baddest mother shut it like Shaft was  
Leavin' rappers wit headaches like bad drugs  
They shoulda warned ya, you got defeated by the heat but, eh  
We'll just say we Alonzo Mourn'd ya So call the coroner, I'll show up to yo funeral wit some gators  
Like I'm fresh outta Florida  
Call me the swamp thing, yall headed in the wrong direction  
Like you hit the subway and caught the wrong train So don't fuck wit it, I'm sendin' lyrical bullets right at ya  
dome  
Fuck niggaz betta duck wit it, or else you stuck wit it  
You'll get stalked so bad you'll leava da scene  
Thinkin eight Young Buck's did it But not in Cashville, you lost yo feelin'  
Like comin' down off X chasin' effects of yo last pill  
You fuckin Daffy Dill, you's a Daffy Duck  
And I'm the undefeated champ, yall niggas suck!

Songwriters

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