

# Who Not Me (feat. Small World & Dolla Boy)

## Ludacris

[Small World (Ludacris): x4]

Uh no way no how, get like blaow, blaow, blaow kapaow

(Yeah, you ever hear somebody sayin' something and you think they talking)

(Bout you, you not quite sho' you know what I'm saying but it ain't no way they talking' bout)

(You, introducing the new membes of Disturbing Tha Peace: Small World)

(From Norfclck, Dolla Boi from Playaz Circle, Here we go What?)[Chorus: x2]

Who the fuck you talking to?

Not me, Couldn't be me, No not me

Who the fuck you talking to?

Not me, Couldn't be me, No not me[Small World]

3, 2, 1

What's begun, is the start but bitch we be saying we

"we just getting started it since one"

Y'all been monitoring, pondering bout it

How bout I, pull it out and kapaow, I'll heat em up out his mouth with it

Big Small World, Norfclck is the gang, extended clip in the jeans

Put em in a box like Bisquick

I'm a Laker wit clips, get em in the lake wit clips

Truth is ya a clipper with clips ain't ya bitch

I'm bout my loot and dollars, I'll shot you for looting dollars

But you lootless and dollar-less, fuck it I shot for Luda n Dolla

I crash parties, blast with proposed toast

I'm a have a problem like Scrap blat with me short of hoes

One for ya damn lips, or there be mixture of blood and dandruff

If you don't get my damn drift

Creep to ya grave and leak DT Piss

This is yo highness at his less tempered

Keep it pimpin' and watch[Chorus: x2][Dolla Boi]

I been having a bad day, the same ol shit

We don't give a fuck about who you is

The same ol clique, and the same ol biz

The same ol flip, wit the same ol whip

The same 4-4, with the same ol clip

Half the bullets gone, the otha half you can get, bitch

R.I.P. Rick James "I'm Rich Bitch"

You talkin' to much, nigga you a snitch bitch

And we don't do it like that

We do 3 quarter drops and we bring a brick back, black

Don't act get ya whole trap splat, ack

Unload em reload em, we back black  
And when dem gats letting off  
Red dots loud noises like planes taking off  
Dolla Boi I got the game in a cross, make me bang at cha boss  
For dem things coming soft, nigga[Chorus: x2][Ludacris]  
Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh  
Now if a bad bitch wants dick, then its dick I give her  
Ludacris nigga, I stand and deliver  
Neva back down, won't shake nor shiver  
Fuck with me and get found in the Chattahoochee River  
This 7 inch shank, will put a stop to his ticker  
But shoties to the body make him drop much quicker  
Yeah I appear to be a nice lil nigga  
Fuck with anything I love, I'm a stone cold killa  
Eating off of 'Sace, sleeping on chinchilla  
8 figga nigga, I'm a multi milla  
See me in the street, it can't get no realer  
Giving back to my hood with a pocket full of scrilla  
My neighbors say my house can't get no bigga  
I do good ass bidness, with a bad ass temper  
Please tell ya bitch, stop playing with my zipper  
Or I'll bird Stick Her hahaha Stick her![Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

BRIDGES, CHRISTOPHER BRIAN / ROBINSON, DARREN / MORALES, MARK / WIMBLEY, DAMON

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