

# The Potion

## Ludacris

Whattup? Hey shawty what it is?  
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Lil' buddy what you want? Some violent shit!  
Two step and lay back, still whylin shit  
Whattup? Hey baby I got the potion  
Take a sip of this and put your back in motion  
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Man I'm like a needle in a haystack, so face that  
Go back to the drawin board, connect dot, but can't drink that  
Matter fact erase that, cause on this great track  
Get your face slapped, and I'm straight so don't take that  
Try somethin different and shit, so listen and shit  
Speakin about what hip-hop is missin and shit  
I'm bout to fill a void, Ludacris born in Illinois  
Raised in Atlanta, tote hammer since I was a little boy  
Ain't nobody like me, say they wanna bite me  
Fight me, step to me now but it ain't likely  
People swear they psych me, just cause he's light-skinneded  
With braids in his hair don't mean that nigga looks like ME  
Trick get your mind right, livin in the limelight  
So picture what they'll do for my jimmy and a Klondike  
Bar, bar, hardy har  
Tell yo' momma I'm a ghet-to su-per-star

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Only standin five eight but still a big shot, plus I got a big

Clean everyday, stay fresher than what's in a Ziplock  
Tell your man to kick rocks, when I make my pitstops  
I'm in, then it's hard to get me out like I'm a slip knot  
Born to be a leader and not, no not a follower  
Only hang with chicks that got mo' twists than Oliver  
Not much of a hollerer, but I'd like to borrow her lips  
Bringin out the best in me 'specially if she a swallower  
Freaky deaky yellow man, and I'm sayin hello man  
To all the lovely ladies that like to jiggle like Jello man  
Bigger booty small waist, put 'em in a small place  
And if it ain't no ass where I'm at, then I'm in the wrong place  
Bail like a bondsman, but keep 'em dancin  
Got pop potential, stay black like Bob Johnson  
Who the hell is that in that fancy car?  
Tell yo' momma I'm a ghet-to su-per-star

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And jump down turn around, pick a bail of cotton  
Jump down turn around, pick a bail of hay  
Oh lordy, pick a bail of cotton  
Oh lordy, pick a bail of hay  
Jump down turn around, pick a bail of cotton  
Jump down turn around, pick a bail of hay  
Oh lordy, pick a bail of cotton  
Oh lordy, pick a bail of hay

Still workin like a slave, learnin tricks of the trade  
In a ghetto state of mind, say I'm rich and I'm paid  
Pickin records like cotton in the thick of the day  
'til I'm spoiled and I'm rotten in a sinister way  
Life no different than those on minimum wage  
More money but still locked in a similar cage  
Either losers of tomorrow or we winners today  
Digest that and there's really nothin missin to say but

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written by BRIDGES, CHRISTOPHER BRIAN / MOSLEY, TIMOTHY Z.

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