

Who Not Me

Ludacris

Small World, Small World, Small World, Small World
No way, no how, get 'em like blaow, blaow, blaow kapaow
Yeah, you ever hear somebody sayin' something
And you think they talkin? 'bout you, you not quite sho'
You know I'm sayin'? But it ain't no way they talking 'bout you
Introducing the new members of disturbing tha peace, small world
From Norfolk, Dolla Boi from Playaz Circle, here we go, what?
Who the fuck you talking to?
Not me, couldn't be me, naw not me
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Three, two, one, 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
Norfolik 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 cha bitch, I'm bout my loot and dollars, I'll shot you
For looting dollars but you lootless and dollarless, fuck it
I shot for Luda and 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
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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 three 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
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Oh, oh, oh, oh, now if a bad bitch wants dick, then it's 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 seven inch shank will put a stop
To his ticker, but shorties 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, versace
Sleeping on Chinchilla, eight 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 stick her, stick her
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