

# Everybody Hates Chris

Ludacris

Sing along with me,  
Say fuck you Luda (3x)  
Yea, I guess that's why everybody hates Chris  
Say fuck you Luda (3x)  
Yea, I guess that's why everybody hates Chris

Ok now, this is for the Gs and this is for the hustlers  
This is for the diamonds and the watch all clustered  
Spread em like mustard, canary yellow  
Now women in my face like hello  
Yea I'm sort of a big deal  
These Giovanni rims are sort of a big wheel  
This five course dinner is sort of a big meal  
This Bentley GT can make Luda dissapear  
Faster than David Copperfield mothafucka

I'm talkin five star tellis, and penthouse suites  
Yea I'm just a playboy between penthouse sheets  
Hit the club and go and party with some penthouse freaks  
Party with Britney, Lindsay and Paris together

Get in line and buyin' bottles that's taller than Chris Webber  
And makin haters sneeze from diamonds and sick leathers  
Cause my ice gives em cold like they as if they under the weather  
But my women keep me warmer than a polo sweater

Now I stay fresh to death draped in gangsta fits  
Over 12 million sold I drop gangsta hits  
Live in mansions and drive around in gangsta whips  
You swear I'm bout to get into some gangsta shit

Oh no here comes trouble, my vision is skewed  
I can only see in doubles, two models two bottles  
That'll pop like bubbles and when I get home  
The girls tops lift off like airspace shuttles

60 seconds till blast off  
My car got a face lift and took it's mask off  
Tint so dark it look like I took the glass off  
The body was white for 8 weeks  
Before I finally decided to take it's cast off  
Now it's blacker than a bottom less pit  
You talk shit you'll end up with bottom less lip  
I hit a nigga so hard, I'll make him swallow his spit  
Then I be with Bobby V on that anonymous shit

I go for broke like TLC  
The hottest nigga on the mic  
Yea I believe that's me  
Now all the ladies wanna give a lil TLC  
Cause Luda was set for life after 3 LPs

Yep

Still countin still climbin the charts  
And rappers still talkin shit  
Like they was rhymin in farts

I cross the finish line twice  
They still tryin to start  
But my infrared beam will make em shine in the dark