

# Southern Fried Intro

Ludacris

Hey, yeah! I want all you proud sistas to stand up  
I want everybody to stand up and be counted tonight  
Brothers and Sisters if you know you got your thing together  
I want you to stand on up, now I got somethin' to tell ya'  
I told ya' how to think about it, now I want to tell how to get the thing to  
gether  
So come on now and get up to it yall

The incredible, untouchable nigga spittin' venom out his body wit' the dopes  
t flows  
And wonder why the line's around the corner  
Cuz the little motherfucker has the dopest shows  
So one time for my independant women and all the single mothers who be getti  
n' that cake  
Two times for my dawgs pullin' triggers  
And my niggaz in the kitchen that be flippin' that weight  
East coast, west coast, midwest, dirty south  
Then we took it all around the world  
I got fans in retirement homes, to teenagers, to little bitty boys ans girls  
Droppin' lyrical bombs up in ya' hood,  
Non-stoppin', I'ma hit 'em till the block explode  
Hip hop, R&B, Pop-tart, what you want?  
I even got a little rock 'n' roll  
The most creative, original, got 'em takin' subliminal  
[Boom boom] cuz they cant get what I gots  
They want it so bad, four million dollar pad  
And enough to retire off two albums, gone, wave ya' white flags, I'm hot!  
And everytime I rhyme I'm puttin' rappers in the ground  
Wit' lines that got 'em hooked like dope  
They gotta make up they mind, because they runnin' outta time  
And I'm about to make 'em choke  
Better turn your stereo louder, listen up and let me preach  
Let's get arrested for Disturbin' the Peace! (C'mon)

Man! This Disturbin' Tha Peace shit gettin' on my nerves  
Boy I tell you the truth, know what I'm sayin'?  
While he doin' shows, I'm in these skreets, know what I'm sayin'?  
While he on tv, I'm in these skreets  
And then my broad, my kid walkin' around singin' it  
Boy, if they sing another verse, boy I swear  
Know what I'm sayin'? I'm on another level though  
I gotta car wash, I gotta shop on O' National  
I got my own record label, you heard of us  
The Posse Family Cartel, you know what I'm sayin', we real  
Who this nigga thing he is?

I'ma house hold name, wit' game spittin' outta my mouth at all times  
I spit it out and about, and spit outta the south, until they recognize the d  
anger signs  
So feel a tingle in yo' s-spine, by the way I talk  
And it's pimpin' in my blood, you can tell by the way I walk  
Ooh lawd, more styles than a barber shop, call the cops  
People in the way wanna baller block  
Little do they know that I'm callin' shots  
And I'm not to be fucked with  
If you see me comin' 'round the corner, then duck quick, perpetrators can su  
ck dick

I tried to tell 'em, but they dont wanna listen  
I tried to shine 'em, but they dont wanna glisten, while the high hat keeps  
on tickin'  
And the kick drum keep on pumpin', I'm dumpin' on the closest fools  
Cuz rules were made to be broken, but you cant make broken rules  
Hear what I'm sayin' or heard what I said  
Hear what they playin', cuz thru this music I'ma still be heard if I'm dead  
Call ya' producers, cuz I'm hurtin' these beats  
I said it once, I'll say it twice, biatch, Disturbin' Tha Peace  
C'mon

Yeah, folk  
The King of the kings has spoken  
ATL shawty! Hood to hood, block to block  
We bouta let our nuts hang!  
Disturbin' Tha Peace!  
We dont die, we multiply  
We makin Def Jam history  
Thanks for gettin' the CD shawty!