

U Got a Problem?

Ludacris

- Yeah come see this nigga
come see this ol' light-skinned motherfucker
I seen him and I'm addicted
Disturbin Tha Piece is the click
Please tell these fake-ass niggaz who you are

I be dat nigga named Luda'
Alert Alert! It's the ATLLien intruder
College Park waterboy, spit in the c-cooler
I +Jam+ till they +Def+, they call me Slick Dick Da Ruler
Women indeed, keep ya eyes closed
Keep yo' eyes closed, 'bow blows, come on out dem clothes hos
Low pros, low bows, watch out for the po-po
And I chose, to be dat numba one contender
Southern offender, fuckin up ya whole agenda
When I walk you try to run, when I run you try to hide
You skate at the snap of my fingers call me +Golden Glide+
Its you and I, Do or Die, who am I?
I got a pocket full of +Family Stone+, cats think I'm +Sly+
Ohh why try? You one of dem niggaz that like to cheat death
And I'm one of dem niggaz
that rip out Excursions til there's no seats left
You shit out wheat chex, and fart out deep breaths
While we toss darts at the bottom of y'all v-necks

- Who, that nigga 'Cris?
Aw dat nigga is aight
Dat nigga can't fuck wit me though!
Let me get on the mic
Nigga, who the fuck are you nigga?

I be dat nigga Bronze Bridges
Playaz wanna ball but go on strike cause of my pitches
They think I want they be-itches
But I don't want no pigeons yet pigeons can scrub my dishes
And y'all don't want no scrubs til y'all pull out y'all extensions
Y'all in school detention that'll neva come out
Man I'll cut yo achilles tendon and put a sock in yo' mouth
Cause we da shit in the South, they know what I'm talkin bout
You see we Jack and we Daniels, y'all Earl and Ralph
4-Ize twirl it out, lick it dry and tend it to flames
Not even Joshua can come to +War+ wit dese +Games+
These bitch niggaz is lame and come down wit da reigns
You all wet behind the ears but its a drought in ya brain
and that's the simple and plain mayne, three w dot shhhh
(Man that dude Luder's got some hotter than hot shhh)
Well sh-sh-sh-shut the fuck up
Before you get cu-cu-cut-cut the fuck up

- Hold on man, hold on lil buddy
Y'all talkin bout shorty man?
Shorty up at da radio station?
Shorty be poppin man?
Let the name be known who y'all talkin bout

I be dat nigga da +Lova Lova+
I'm nastier than thinkin about yo' parents sex each other

No glove, no love, betta tell yo' dick to run for cover
So when lightnin strikes, you can be safe on a few rubbers
if you know what I mean!
Not everybody's Mr and Mrs. Clean
Some get burnt like Freddie Kruger, sweat dreams
Girls "backin dey ass up" now they +400 Degreez+, ha
Hot girl, tryin to give to niggaz up on the block girl
Have you screamin "STOP GIRL!"
I rock worlds with my nine inch Louisville slugger
Still wonder why they call me Lova Lova?
Self-explanitorium, ass-valedictorian
I bring 'em "Back to the Future" like a '85 Delorean
The Luda drug emporium, ON the counter prescriptions
You like my diction and my doctor/nurse convention
I place the stethoscope quite close to yo tittie
and have yo butt checks Red-man like Uncle Quilly

See me, see me ha ha ha
CEO, D.T.P.
Infamous 2-0, Fate Forsta
4-ize-zy, Shondrez-zy on da beat
Playa Circle to ya boy, College Park nigga
Virgo nigga, what wha?
ahh ahh ahh....