

## Call Up the Homies

Ludacris

I just touched down in killa Cali,  
Strapped up my boots,  
Got scooped up by Game,  
So I hopped up in the coupe,  
Gaah, What up nigga  
What the hell is goin on,  
I'm tryin to ease back,  
And get my head in the zone,  
Where the fuck you tryin to go,  
Nigga this yo city,  
Anywhere, I'm just tryin to see some ass and titties,  
So full mash the gas,  
The night is young,  
All bull shit aside,  
I'm tryin to have some fun,  
Hit the hop in Lakewood,  
Or ride down Slawson,  
Or to Casino,  
they say it's just like Compton,  
Really doesn't matter,  
Long as shots don't ring out,  
Nigga I stay strapped,  
I don't wanna pull the thing out,  
Well keep the heat heat,  
right up under the seat,  
and let's roll to Roscoe's,  
And grab somethin to eat,  
But check ya rear view mirror,  
I swear somebody's following,  
Rollin in that dark blue,  
SS Impala and,  
All up on tha bumpa,  
Man I'm just sayin,  
Tell me you know this nigga,  
Naw they betta stop playin,  
He sped up around,  
And drove right in front of us,  
Could be one time,  
Just tryin to bust one of us,  
Till he smashed the brakes,  
And we almost hit him,  
Throwin signs out the window,  
like something was wrong with him,  
Before we jump out,  
And get ready to clown,  
Nigga call up the homies,  
It's about to go down

Keep one eye open,  
Cause the streets don't sleep,  
If the streets get hungry,  
Then the streets gon eat,  
That's why I keep some heat,  
And a couple of rounds,  
Nigga call up the homies,  
It's about to go down,  
Call up the homies,

It's about to go down,  
Yeah, call up the homies,  
It about to go down,  
Yeah, that's why I keep some heat,  
And a couple of rounds,  
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Somebody tell Luda,  
I'm on the way now,  
Aight, just stepped one size 12,  
Air force one in the A-town,  
And you know where I'm headed,  
To the Lennox Mall,  
To get it done head to toe,  
N.W.A. style,  
Do it then, Keep it gangsta,  
From the waist down,  
And this chrome tre pound,  
Got me feelin,  
Atlanta brave now,  
Right, disturbin the peace,  
I'll let the lead spray,  
I'm startin to love this place,  
They even got red clay,  
Okay, hit a different,  
Strip club everyday,  
And I don't make it rain,  
It's a hurricane on the way,  
And I got,  
The A-town pump,  
It'll make ya whole body,  
Do the A-town stomp,  
Then it's off,  
To the waffle house,  
And pancake mix,  
Ain't the only thing,  
coming out of mouth,  
And the 42 D's,  
Coming out her blouse,  
So baby, daddy coming in,  
Game get out the house

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Yeah I'm in a real life movie,  
So this is take 3,  
Where Luda step foot,

Out in Phoenix, AZ,  
Super Bowl, super hoes,  
Drivers on stroll,  
So I put the call in,  
To Willie Northpole,  
Big homie I got ya,  
Stick to ya like a cactus,  
Welcome to tha bird city,  
Cris take off ya jacket,  
I know you kind of used to,  
Big bootys in the club,  
But ain't nothing wrong,  
To have a little salsa in ya blood,  
I see a couple thugs,  
With some bitch Tennessees,  
My town but,  
I still got Phoenix enemies,  
Haters wanna stop em,  
And I really wanna pop em,  
But it's hard to fight back,  
When you got an album droppin,  
Connect, We in south Phoenix,  
Nigga Africa bang,  
Matter fact Cris,  
Tuck in ya Africa chain,  
Cause I see some nigga staring at us,  
With a lame frown,  
I'm a call up the homies,  
It's about to go down,

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