

Number One Spot

Ludacris

Yeahhhh baby, heh heh, yeahh!

Back again (that's right) Luda! Ha ha ha ha (Feel this)
It gets meaner and meaner each time baby
Feelin real good too (holla at 'em man) What up Uncle 'Face! (Yeah)
I'm a bull in this industry man (tell 'em)
Some would rather run down and get one cow (nah)
I think I'd rather walk down and get 'em all
You know what I'm talkin 'bout right? Look

I'm never goin nowhere so don't try me
My music sticks in fans veins like an IV
Flows poison like Ivy, oh they grimy
Already offers on my 6th album from labels tryin to sign me
Respected highly, HIIII MR. O'REILLY
Hope all is well, kiss the plaintiff and the wifey
Drove through the window, the industry super sized me
Now the girls see me and a river's what they cry me
I'm on the rise, so many people despise me
Got party ammunition for those tryin to surprise me (surprise!)
It's a celebration and everyone should invite me
Roll with the crew or meet the bottom of our Nikes (blaow!)
Explorer like Dora these swipers can't swipe me
My whole aura's so MEAN in my white tee
Nobody light-skinned reppin harder since Ice-T
You disagree, take the Tyson approach and bite me!

Whoa! Don't slip up or get got! (Why not man?)
I'm comin for that number one spot! (Alright)
Rappers swearin they on top! (Nuh uh, uh uh)
But I'm comin' for they number one spot! (Alright man)
Scheme scheme, plot plot (say WHAT?)
I'm comin for that number one spot! (Woo, hey)
Keep it goin it won't stop! (What you doin man?)
I'm comin for that number one spot!

Yes indeed, Ludacris I'm hotter than Nevada
Ready to break the steerin column on yo' Impala
If I get caught, bail out, po'-po' I tell 'em holla
In court I never show up, like Austin Powers fa-zha
Father, father, and hey I love gold
But can buy anything I want from the records I've sold
Jacuzzi's hot, Cristal is so cold
Neighbors catch contacts, from the blunts that I've rolled
A pig in a blanket, a smoke and a pancake
Drop albums non-stop once a year for my fans sake
I crush mics until my hand breaks
Then shag now and shag later 'til these women can't stand straight
The Luda-meister got 'em feelin so randy
I'm +XXL+ so I call 'em my +Eye Candy+
Brush my shoulder and I, pop my collar
Cause I'm worth a million ga-zillion fa-fillion dollars

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Causin lyrical disasters, it's the master
Make music for Mini-Me's, models and Fat Bastards
These women tryin to get me out my Pelle Pelle
They strip off my clothes and tell me, "Get in my belly!"
Stay on the track, hit the ground runnin like Flo-Jo
Sent back in time and I've never lost my mojo
Ladies and gentlemen ahh, boys and girls
Ludacris sent down to take over the whole world!

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