

## Southern Gangsta

Ludacris

He's a hustler, unbound by law  
A self-made, millionaire  
With a wreckless disregard, for the haters  
Ludacris, on "Southern Gangsta"  
A true, entrepre-negro  
CEO of Disturbing Tha Peace Records  
He expended his empire into multiple profitable businesses  
Including his Thai food restaurant, Straits  
Internet sites, WeMix.com  
And my favorite, MyGhetto.com  
The MVP, of this rap shit

Luda! I'm a hustler, baller, gangsta, cap peeler  
I stay strapped like your neighborhood trap dealer  
I got rifles that blow ya below ya bible belt  
And mac-11's that leave you wetter  
than Michael Phelps! (woo!)  
But you'll be swimming with the fishes  
Softer than bitches washing dishes,  
fool what's the business?  
I'm already rich, so talk mo' figures (yup)  
Spit 30 large for cigars of you hoe niggas (oww!)  
I got gangstas that'll rearrange ya whole face  
And put your casket on ice, now that's a cold case (ha!)  
Never forget where you come or that block'll bang you  
I keep my ear to the streets like a cocker spaniel  
I cock and blast you, into outer space  
Break every bone in ya, you so out of place  
Boom without a trace, you a bluff to block  
I got some red beams, let's play connect the dots!

He's the biggest boss, coming outta the M-I-yayo  
Straight from the "Port of Miami"  
To keeping it "Trilla"  
Involved in many heated acts of violence  
This goes deeper than rap shit  
He's worth eight figures  
So young niggas, boss up  
I present to you, Rick Ross, the boss

I got a letter from the government, the other day  
I opened and read it, it said "We want hustlers"  
Had a Lexus at 18, picture that  
Got a Chevy with pictures on it from pitching crack  
Bitch I know Haitians, we speaking Creole  
Bitch I'm a D-boy, still slinging kilos  
I got twenty cars, why exaggerate?  
It cost me five grand just to fill the gas tanks  
Love the marble floors, got the Greek pillows  
Fronting at awards, real street niggas  
I used to serve shake, now I serve steaks  
Three squares on the road, call it 3rd Bass  
Big ass face, chop you in your laugh face  
Shoot his ass, aim defense is the last case  
Keep Jewish friends, the newest Benz  
You in a pool of blood, let me see you swim

Hailing from College Park, Georgia  
Authorities figured they must have been some sort of mob  
Or illegal organization  
According to authorities, they made a quarter mil' a week  
Selling, they were some high-rolling hustlers  
Tity Boi, and Dolla Boy  
Playaz Circle, A.K.A., the Duffle Bag Boys

Uhh, I'm so sick I wrote this verse in a hospital  
it's an election year, I support struggle  
(We roll like bicycles, icicle flow)  
(White liquor, my nigga stay on line with the blow)  
I'm on time with the flow, not a minute nor second late  
ain't no such thing as second place  
(And every day I live heavyweight,  
you niggas featherweight)  
(Fairytale telling niggas really need to take a break)  
And the estate got a lake for a backyard  
(The pool room product put it all on my sacks card)  
For real? (Yeah, for real)  
I'm ill, I deal, I did, I will  
(I got dogs like Cujo, me and Tity two  
chains riding in a two do')  
Bitches catch kudos (you know)  
Yeah we move weight like sumos  
And kicks it with them bitches like judo southside!

Playaz Circle, Rick Ross, Ludacris  
This has been another episode, of "Southern Gangsta"  
Thanks for tuning in, what's next for Luda?  
Well, anything's possible, in the (Theater of the Mind)