

Word of Mouf (Freestyle)

Ludacris

Yea-uh, here we go here we go here we go
Talk about that Word of Mouf baby!!
Yeuh, yeuh yeuh yeuh yeuh! Here we go, here we go
Ludacris, 4-Ize, D.E. what you want now now now now

Check it

You see I live a life filled with chicken and malt liquor
And women that are real life scratch'n'sniff stickers
I shoot videos and get knobs slobbered in trailers
Then hit stage and break a leg like Lawrence Taylor
You pricks is all talk, and it's bad for ya health
See I ain't gotta say SHIT! Money speaks for itself
With all models I make I'm +Great+ like five +Lakes+
You got rims on ya truck? Man I got rims in my skates!
You rollin on dubs, I roll right into clubs
Dirtiest home with more rings than ya tub
You think it's all practical jokes and big bloopers
But I smack bitches with no titties that work at Hooters
Just get a couple of girls that shakin they thangs
Then I, put 'em on camera and cut two frames
With some gasoline drawers I'll be goin to hell
Ludacris, fuck like a nigga fresh out of jail!
I got junkyard dawgs, I'm rowdier than Rod Piper
And my baby's assed out, cause I rub my cars with her diapers
So you can pray for now if you sinned in the past
"Word of Mouf" time to wipe that silly grin off yo' ass

These rap cats is soft like R&B singers
It's 4-Ize, I've worked for wings and chicken fingers
I reps mo' parts so Chi-Town could get seen
I'm a Dirty Bird now but I keep shit clean
I rip meanface niggaz one by one
or two by two, I'll take 'em however they come
Instead of a gun, I'll pull out a stick from woodworkin
The black Hacksaw Jim Duggin stay lurkin
Creepin, I'm in the shadows, the nightshade
You want the tail in the back or, a light fade?
Cause Tony Scissorhands is the barber, the butcher
I kill ya smoke a blunt and forget where I put ya
I'm Soopafly like Snuka, I smack hoes
The black rose with the dozen attack flows
I rock Shaq's clothes when I alter beast
Power up, get big, it's Disturbin' Tha Peace