

## **Ludacris f/ Field Mob**

### **"Ultimate Satisfaction"**

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Intro:

[Voice]

Satisfaction, satisfaction, satisfaction

[Ludacris]

Satisfaction

[Chorus: Voice]

Yeah, blow me a shotgun

B-b-blow me a shotgun

B-b-blow me a shotgun

It gives me (satisfaction)

[Verse 1: Ludacris]

Can you handle it

808 bang in the back with the woofer like boom boom  
boom boom

With my foot on the pedal and my hand on my strap

Got the engine like vroom vroom vroom vroom

What's up, you ain't never heard a nigga rap like-like  
this before

I got an addictive flow that'll give you (satisfaction)

I'ma make you satisfied, even if it kills me

Even if it takes the slower minds, a little bit of time to  
feel me

Recollect the 15 million I sold, or the 30 times I went  
gold

And if you take 2 puffs of this dro, it'll give you  
(satisfaction)

I've sold the most and noone's close, but I'm not  
meaning to brag

It's different strokes for different folks, like Angelina  
and Brad

Some keep the heat in the stash, put 30 keys in their  
Jag

And if cops ain't peepin your tag then you're gonna feel  
some (satisfaction)

Pumpin' out albums like Reverend Run is pumpin out  
children, here's another one

So catch me on more 24's than Kiefer Sutherland

I'm bound to be the greatest, I'm determined to win  
Until then I can't get no (satisfaction)

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Smoke]

I'm the one that went to the gunfight with a knife, and  
won  
Left with his pistol and left him dead, the guy he tried  
to run  
Just because my verse 2nd don't mean I am not the one  
When I'm done I'm guaranteed to give you  
(satisfaction)  
I might not be the best in the world, but the best the  
world ever seen  
I'm all been in Georgia's daughter Conde ding-a-ling  
king  
And when I'm digging deep in the spleen, I'ma make  
the cream and she scream  
Baby get me hard like a Snickers bar I give her  
(satisfaction)  
Yessir there ain't no other way so motherfuck what you  
say  
Y'all had this spot, we took you off the top like a toupee  
Them coke's been kick and pushed in this fiasco like  
Lupe  
Back that ass up like Juve, cause the south we givin  
them (satisfaction)  
Ever since I signed with Luda and them, my chances of  
losing are slim  
Y'all talk that smack but copycat and do a movie like  
him  
Yessir my mob got that goodie, as if my group had a  
kid  
We gonna continue to give them a double dose of  
(satisfaction)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Shawn Jay]

Yea Fleetwood drop the bomb, when I rhyme it's TNT  
That's why my money long as the line at the DMV  
When they askin who was that that was snappin I'm that  
answer dude  
Like Snickers bring no nuts no (satisfaction)  
I hustle and flow, I done been by my cheese since I was  
knee high  
Weed what you need, hit me I'ma drop off peaches like  
I'm T.I.  
Earvin Johnson gimme that rock and magic cap of  
Shawn Jay

Dope sold money for (satisfaction)  
I been the nigga they can't fuck with, hot but the flow  
cold  
Flip rocks by the boatload O.G. no see see me get  
tipped off getcha no dough  
Zip-loc full of dro tow big glocks on the hip cocked try  
to play the big shots  
Get popped with the four four  
Don't be the reason they mopped in the floor for payin  
me, that (satisfaction)  
Fool for a dollar let me get that pop, man I need this  
cream  
Where my cake give me my candles, I got sweet  
sixteen  
Now the kid with the cocaine flow got DTP on his  
necklace  
Now Luda tell them what you think about your invest  
(satisfacton)

[Chorus] - 2X

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