

Ludacris f/ Playaz Circle, Rick Ross, Ving Rhames

"Southern Gangsta"

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[Intro: Ving Rhames] 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 [Ludacris] 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 swimmin with the fishes Softer than bitches washin dishes, fool what's the BUSINESS? I'm already rich, so talk mo' figures (yup) Spit 30 large for cigars of you hoe niggaz (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! [Interlude: Ving Rhames] He's the biggest boss, comin outta the M-I-yayo Straight from the "Port of Miami" To keepin it "Trilla" Involved in many heated acts of violence This goes deeper than rap shit He's worth eight figures So young niggaz, boss up I present to you, Rick Ross, the boss [Rick Ross] 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 pitchin crack Bitch I know Haitians, we speakin Creole Bitch I'm a D-boy, still slingin 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 Frontin at awards, real street niggaz 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 [Interlude: Ving Rhames] 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-rollin hustlers Tity Boi, and Dolla Boy Playaz Circle, A.K.A., the Duffle Bag Boys [Tity Boi] + (Dolla Boy) 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 niggaz featherweight) (Fairytale tellin niggaz 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 ridin in a two do') Bitches catch kudos (you know) Yeah we move weight like sumos And kicks it with them bitches like judo SOUTHSIDE! [Outro: Ving Rhames] Playaz Circle, Rick Ross, Ludacris This has been another episode, of "Southern Gangsta" Thanks for tunin in, what's next for Luda? Well, anything's possible, in the +Theater of the Mind+

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