

## **Cee Lo Feat. Ludacris "Childz Play"**

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Come on, chop, chop!  
Yeah, man  
I'm just gonna play with y'all on this  
Hidey ho

Well hello, howdy do? How are you? That's good  
Who me? Still hot, I still got, you got me?  
I'm here, I'm there, 'cause I'm wrong, 'cause I'm right

I can spit on anything, got plenty game, authentic  
My pen's sick, forensic, defends it, he wins it  
Again and a, again and a, again and a, again and a

I'm the one, come see, lookee I, and come meet  
The young Cee, the one treats, everything the sun seek  
I'm hollering, can't help, ooh! I'm hungry

I cake rap, bake rap, sack rap, trap rap  
Same shoes, same shirt, the same work, the same jerk  
Claim hurt, the game hurt, my name work, it ain't work

I'm fast, time fast, I'm first, I'm last  
Psychic, I knew you would like it, like this  
I write this, priceless, more than my right wrist

I cock back, block track, the beat bleed, speak read  
Don't eat weed, feed seed, I speed read, you need me  
To give it to you, like you want it, I own it when I'm on it

Maintain the same thing, nigga rap 'bout the same  
game  
None left, shame shame, plain game, insane  
When I rap things change, me and God, same thing

Money's here, money fold, I'm young, my money old  
Maybe look, cross hangin' down to my tummy  
toes  
I know it, I'ma stop, I'm tryin', just like lyin'

Yes, I can sing and I can rap and I can act and I can  
dance  
And I can dress and I'm the best so is my guest, man,

I'm impressed  
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry, come and see  
This is just like childz play to me, ah ha

Little melody and a little drum all I really need to have a  
little fun  
Hush little one, let's get it done, dress like a fun, bust  
like a gun  
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry, come and see  
This is just like childz play to me, ah ha

Who the only little nigga that you know  
With about fifty flows, do about fifty shows in a week  
But creep on the track with my tippy toes?  
Shh, shut the fuck up, I'm tryin' to work  
Ah forget it, I'm goin' berserk!

~Cause I've stacked my change and I'm back to  
claim  
My reign on top, so pack your thangs  
I've racked your brain like crack cocaine  
My fame won't stop or I'll jack your chain

Give it up, d-d-r-ring ding ding, thanks, the price was  
right  
That Grey Goose got me loose but my eyes are tight  
It's the truth, give me a light like I'm dynamite  
Alright, alright, we gon' ride tonight

I'm so dangerous that I gotta bang with this  
You could be famous or remain nameless  
Better just drop down to your knees, call upon the Lord  
and pray  
Better luck next time, bet you wanna open that door  
today

Your hair sorta gray, it's that sorta day  
Flowin' so hard over this track and I got more  
to say  
I ain't new to this, I'm so true to this  
See what you get fuckin' with Cee-Lo and  
Ludacris?

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Okay, there you have it little kids, wasn't that fun? Yeah  
Saturday mornin'™, Cee-Lo Green  
And my man Ludacris doin'™ his thing, ATL style  
This is childz play to us  
Seriously though, I can rap better than you guys with  
my tongue tied  
Don't make me get serious on your ass  
You wouldn't like me when I'm serious  
I could have said anything I wanted to

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