

## **E-rotic**

# **"Falling For A Witch"**

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Hi, my name's Ludacris, and I'm high as giraffe pussy  
And I'm close to the edge, so yo' parents can come  
push me  
I curse so much just to get on they nerves  
I got kids actin' a fool from the traps to the burbs  
My filthy mouth, it won't fight cavities or beat plaque  
So I shot the tooth fairy and put my old teeth back  
I take a shit on the equator, the size of a crater  
And make government officials breathe harder than  
Darth Vader

It's the chicken and the beer that makes Luda keep  
rappin'  
But no pork on my fork, I don't even speak pig latin  
I go fishin' on my lake, with yo' bitch as the bait  
Plus I eat many MC's, but I don't gain no weight  
The numba one chief rocka, clean out yo' rap lockers  
I'm as stiff as a board, y'all more shook than maracas  
But my trix ain't for kids, if you dig'um you'll get  
smacked  
I'll clock ya I'll spring forward, you fall back

Every album that I drop has got more than ten bangers  
That's cause I'm a shot caller, y'all fools is Crank  
Yankers  
Ain't a damn thing changed but the ice on my chain  
To get chicks from Portland, Oregon to Portland, Maine  
Now I roll up torpedoes, get blunted with rastas  
For a hefty fee, I'm on your record like Bob Costas  
I own so many jerseys I'm a throwback mess  
I hit the cleaners and tell 'em I want a full court press

So mamma toast your glass while I'm countin' my cash  
'Cause every single is a smash, I'm hot as a camel's  
ass  
The competition never just wanna admit that they lost  
And that they last about as long as my part in the wash  
From yo' car to a crap game, no one rolls wit'chu  
One of Mini Me's shoes got more sole than you  
So by the time you figure out why your record ain't  
spinnin'  
I'm in the strip club smokin', with President Clinton

So stand clear of the long sideburns and goatee  
They may the mold of the penis enlarger off me  
I'll be in another room when I hit from the back  
Not to mention my refridgerator's taller than Shaq  
So yippie kay yay, yippie yie yie yo  
If you can't swim, don't smoke my hydro  
I've been lookin for a woman just to put my stamp on  
But a lot of y'all are mo' stuck up than tampons

So wash all ya sins away and stop playin'  
If God's line is busy you might have to two way him  
Then catch me in your backyard, playin' croquet  
And when I'm drunk tell them kids, drugs are bad,  
mmm'kay?  
Or watch me swing my chain at the Roscoe's off Pico  
Got seven cars, get all my rims at Chrome Depot  
And people think I'm bad, they say "Oh he's so Evil!"  
'Cause I go on blind dates, with actual blind people

But my album's out the store, yours be on the shelf  
I heard you masturbate a lot, so y'all keep to yourself  
'Cause these women want a man that stay up and stay  
strong  
Like the NBA, you gotta play hard or go home  
All that shit that y'all talkin', y'all can pop it to them  
'Cause Ludacris'll beat you down with a prosthetic limb  
I put my foot so deep in yo' ass that you can smell it  
And yo' breath will turn to Foot Locker water repellent

I'm the man, I got money far as the eyes can see  
And I'm in a group, I split dough with me, me and me  
So much money in my jewelry that I'm damn near sorry  
So I'ma trade my earrings in, and get a Ferrari  
I buy cars with straight cash, have meetings with  
Donald Trump  
Y'all meet with Honda, no payments for 12 months  
Take a look at yo' life, and no wonder you so sad  
Y'all put up with more shit than a colostomy bag, fool!

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