

Fono

"It Wasn't Us"

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[Intro - Ludacris]

WOO! Ah, Disturbin Tha Peace in this muh'fucker
mayynne
Just getting started
Ludacris, I-20, with the Neptunes
Go a lil' somethin like this.

[Chorus - Ludacris] + (Girl)

They wanna know why, I hit like that
Spit like that, shit like that
Maybe cause I, get like that
Kick like that, rip like that
They wanna know why, I rhyme like that
Shine like that, glime like that
Cause the world is, mine like that
(Yours like that?) Mine like that

[Verse 1 - Ludacris]

Maaan you could get your whole crew
Even niggaz that owe you, and paid you shit!
You could drink some cold brews
And throw on them bold shoes, and jump in the whip!
You could come and find us, and be right behind us
And insert the clips
You hear something go CLAK CLAK CLAK!!
Somebody went down! But it wasn't us
You could sell about 2 mill', get hooked wit a good deal
And start stacking dough
You could mo-biles, ride 20 inch big wheels
And collect some hoes
You could even start eating good, and smoking good
But you pressing your luck
And you say what? somebody went bankrupt?!
But it wasn't us

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Ludacris]

You could be going on worldwide tours
And see your face on every magazine
Or you could flip through channel after channel

And see yourself on the TV screen
You could pay for expensive videos
And have a whole lotta big booty hoes
But when that shit start coming to a close
Damn! but it wasn't us
You could use your backup plan and even call up your
backup man
And start thinking quick!
You could call up the backup hoes
And even call us to backup hoes, and tell 'em "suck a
dick!"
Then you tell 'em just to get on these
Or you tell 'em just to pay their fees, or to pay them
dues
And if you catching them STDs!
Damn! then it wasn't us

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Infamous 2-0]

You could bring your whole squad and your bodyguard
Fuck it dog, you could bring ya block
But I got me a AK, and a couple of them SK's
So you all get shot
You could sell them hard, hard, that evil
And every nigga wanna smoke on the 'dro
And when the Fed's come and kick ya do', pick up ya
hoe
I'm like "Whoa, it wasn't us"
You could even flip a whole brick, wit ya whole click
So everybody riding out on the Spree's
But you got you a problem dude, I got the robbin' crews
So everybody gotta get on they knees
You could even make a chained dog, do the main brawl
Even let her stay inside of ya crib
But the bitch got no choice, she love my voice
Now I put it way inside of her grills
You could even make a phone call, to ya road dogs
Here come the nigga that's fear in the south
Then you drive to a new tune, called the Neptunes
Well Pharrell would be hearing ya out
You could even try to blame me, cause ya whole crew
framed me
But I'm still gon' bust
If the Fed's try to name me, how ya hate me
And uh, then it wasn't us

[Chorus x2]

