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## I-20 ''It Wasn't Us''

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Woo, ah, Disturbin' Tha Peace in this muh'fucker, mayne Just getting started Ludacris, I-20, with the Neptunes Go a lil' somethin' like this

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, climb like that 'Cause the world is, mine like that (Yours like that?)
Mine like that

Man 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 mobiles, 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

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Mine like that

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 STD's
Damn, then it wasn't us

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They wanna know why, I rhyme like that Shine like that, climb like that 'Cause the world is, mine like that (Yours like that?)
Mine like that

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

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