

## Cee Lo Green "Childz Play"

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### "Childz Play"

(feat. Ludacris)

*[Cee-Lo]*

Come on  
Chop chop  
Mmm hmm  
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 nigga  
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, lookey I, and come meet  
The young Cee, the one treats everything the sun seek  
I'm hollering, can't help, 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 then my right wrist  
Cock back, block track, the beat bleed, speak read  
Men eat weed, bead 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 about the same  
game  
None left, shame shame, plain game, insaine  
When I rap things change, me and God, same thing  
Money's here, money fold, I'm young, money old  
Maybe look, cross hanging down to my tummy toes  
I know it, I'm a stop, I'm trying just like life

Yes I can sing, and I can rap  
And I can act, and I can dance  
And I can dress, sign of the best  
So is my guest, man I'm impressed  
Hurry hurry hurry hurry, come and see

This is just like child's 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 bum, bust like a gun  
Hurry hurry hurry hurry, come and see  
This is just like child's play to me, ah ha

*[Ludacris]*

Who the only little nigga that you know with bout fifty  
flows  
Do about fifty shows in a week but creep on the track  
with my tippy toes  
Shhh, shut the fuck up, I'm trying to work  
Ah forget it, I'm going berzerk  
Cause I stack my change, and I'm back to claim  
My reign on top, so pack your thangs  
I rack your brain like crack cocaine  
My fame won't stop or I'll jack your chain  
Give it up, ding ding ding, thanks, the price was right  
That gray goose got me loose, but my eyes are tight  
It's the truth, give me a light like I'm dynamite  
Alright, alright, we goin 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, cause you wanna open that door  
today  
Your hair sorta gray, it's that sorta day  
Flowing 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 fucking with Cee-Lo and Ludacris

*[Cee-Lo]*

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Haha  
Okay, there you have it little kids  
Wasn't that fun?  
Yeah  
Saturday morning, Cee-Lo Green and my man Ludacris  
Doing this thing, ATL style  
This is child's play  
Seriously though  
I can rap bout any you guys with my tongue tied  
Ha ha ha  
Don't make me get serious on your ass  
You wouldn't like me when I'm serious  
I could have said anything I want to

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