

Ludacris "B.O.T.S Radio"

Visit "[B.O.T.S Radio](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Oh yeah, Welcome back to the
Battle of the sexes radio,
Where it is 12:45 in the
A.m n disturbing the pieces
Are in studio guests,

Our hotline is lit the fuck up
With people with relationship issues,
Caller number one yall I'm air,

Yeah Man, yal tell me if I'm crazy
Because this girl in here trippin,
You know what I'm sayin,
I'm a real man, I take care of my
Home, I take care of my kids,
Pay all my bills, I mean I ain't
Gone lie, I may check a little
Female from time to time on
The side, you know what I'm talkin bout,
But what man don't, so how can I break
This down to her,

Ludacris how do you feel about
This particular situation

Get your money right Ladies
Learn to sign your own checks,
But don't call me after mid night
Unless we havin sex,
Don't ever assume nothin
A man gon be a man,

A groupy gone be a groupy
A fan gown be a fan,
These tricks gon keep on trickin
So hustlers gon keep hustlin,
Long as there's new coochie
Then dogs gone keep fuckin,

So don't be all up in my phone,
Replyin to womens pages,
I thought your mama told you,

You should never talk to strangers,
Don't ever ask no questions
That you really don't want the answers to

Stop poppin off at the mouth
Like Neno Brown I'll have to cancel you,
Handle you, stop the ride, leave you on
The avenue, half of you, always seem to want
Some nigga to pampa you, and I don't do for him
But not for me, I'll probably baffle you,

And if he wants to act a fool, I'll show em
What the gat will do, run along go find
Somebody to snitch or go chit-chatter to,
Then your name will follow with A
What ever happened to...

On Radio:
Exact-del, that's just what she need-ele...
Damn Right player AIHT, thank you
For callin, next caller,

Yeah I hear you
But, let's talk about the fake ass brothers
With the 24's but can't pay the note
On they lease, and my nigga with this
High style chains and I can't get him
To pay his damn child support, that's
Why we makin mo money and ownin our own property,
And ride just as nice, so now, I guess if we want to, we
can bare ya too now

Interestin, Shauna you wanna
Stick on this one?

Shauna:
Get your mind right nigga's
Get a bitch that can keep up with you,
I'm tired of thinking of myself why
In the hell did I ever fuck with you, I'm stuck with you
Sick of your childish games and all the stuff you do
I probably mentioned your name, but
True to the game, I've had enough of you,
I've seen your type before doin the 4's
All over the floor, he's flushin his chain's,
He's flushing his dough, he drinkin the
Fifths, then drinkin them all, but what you don't
Know this nigga broke, he can't even
Afford to smokin, and back in the hood
All the hustlers and G's, know he's
A joke, that's why I treat a nigga,

Just when he eat it I tell him beat
It nigga. real bitches, true to the game,
That's how you G a nigga,

DTP stayin the zone, like we on PCP,
Chrome on the SS Shawn, I bought it recently,
Ya'll niggas ain't on my
Level, I do it so hood, Pine apple
In berry we feeling so good, like niggas so
What, I got my own stack, that's why
I leave'em two hundred and never
Call back,

That's right Shawwna pussy rule the world

On Radio:
Yes it does, next caller,
What's up

Man what's up this is Marv, I wanna
Know do you got someone that talk to
This triflin ass women, like me,
I'm a good man but all these
Good men get treated like shit

Our friends callin at 3:30 in the morning
Marcus don't wanna talk about no numbers,
Marcus wanna talk about that ass,
And I ain't havin it, ya got somebody
That can talk to these women because they
Need to be taught,

I-20 you better talk to'em

Get your money right Ladies
Tell the man to get gone,
But don't you show up to my
Crib with your period on,
This is lesson one baby,
Listen, how should I begin, um,

Ain't no such thing as a plutonic
Friend, your lying to yourself if
You don't think you want more,
So don't you call me insecure
When he show up at ya door,
You all claim to have substances,
Self respect and some class,
But half naked in the club,
And steady shaking your ass,
Screamin I ain't done enough,

To touch you under your skirt,
But who the hell are you to
Tell me what my money is worth,

I run the streets and you
Trippin I don't make you feel safe,
I stay at home and you
Complaining that I think we need space
I'm not saying that it's fair
But it's the way that it is,
Ain't no nigga tryna marry you
With four or five kids,

It may sound a little harsh
But it's straight from the heart,
A nigga didn't write the scripts
So I'm just doin my part,
Yeah,

On Radio:
Preach my brother preach,
I hope the woman out there heard that,
And you better believe they did
It's millions of people listening,
That's our show for this evening
Goodnite ladies and gentle man,
I got to get a piece of ass my damn self
AIHT, check at same time, same place
Tomorrow, Battle of the sexes radio
Signing off, good night!

Visit [Ludacris](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.