

## Ludacris

### "Coming To America"

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Coming To America

Ludacris

(Word Of Mouf)

The royal penis is clean your highness

Thank you, king shit

Yeah motherfuckers! Welcome to the United States of America.

Time to roll out the red carpet on y'all bitch asses.

Hailin from the filthy, dirty South, where the Kings lay.

Ludacris; Disturbin' Tha Peace family. Recognize royalty

when you hear it. The throne has been taken, so kiss this

nigga's earring. Luda throw some grapes on these bitches!

[Ludacris]

These bitches throwin rose petals at my feet mayn!

They wanna spoil me, treatin me like royalty;

what I'm 'sposed to do? It's such a sweet thang

Work that track, whip 'em like Kunta

That's why they stay down, they loyal citizens of Zamunda

By way of A-T-L; if you disagree

don't even look at me ho don't pass go just go straight  
to jail

With no probation or bail, but this ain't Monopoly

It's Jolly Green Giants cause we smoke so much  
broccoli

Uh-oh, Spaghetti-O's! Luda's oodles of noodles

And testin me is like pitbulls put up to poodles

My rap career goes back further than yo' father hairline

It's Ludacris - I pack more nuts than Delta Airlines

I'm fly, even when I get high I work cash

And even got my coats bumped up to first class

I'm boss to all employees - and I'm here to teach the  
principle

Cause I've been saved by mo' bells than Lark Vorhees

Man fuck that nigga 'Cris man, for real man. I'm tired of

this shit man. Man I try to rap for the nigga, I try to get

a nigga tracks; he ain't hearin my shit. Man for real.

Man my four-year-old son can rap better than that  
nigga;

man that nigga garbage. Man I got talent too, the nigga  
ain't

hearin me. Man iii-iiiiis this shit on? 'Cris, c'mon 'Cris.

'Cris, f'real man. FUCK YOU NIGGA, MAN FUCK YOU!

[Ludacris]

Fuck you too! What you wanna do, scrawny nigga

But I got a arsenal of automatics down to twenty-twos

Know how to use 'em, fight dirty as SHIT

I throw a grenade and all-in-one bury a CLIQUE

You see y'all got it all wrong like women in tuxedos  
And comin up shorter than five Danny DeVitos  
I'm on a cool ranch, get laid more than Fritos  
With five strippers, four wives and three amigos  
I go scuba divin in Bays at Montego  
I find gold links and snatch 'em like I'm Deebo  
But I'm the light-skinteted version of Mandingo  
I've seen more Beatles and Jagged Edges than Ringo  
I used to run numbers in line they caled me BINGO  
Cause I'm big, you a little star, you just twinkle  
Old asses like sharpeis, y'all all wrinkled  
And I stay with more BULLETS than yo' Billboard singles  
Ho that is just too much! You just gotta give applause  
he is definitely all f'real - yaseel'msayin? Ha ha I be  
fuckin with him all the time, yahhmean? I'm sayin, I  
used  
to just (?) now home come through he want filters a  
purple,  
he want quarters a purple now. I want y'all to trip with it  
man, I woulda sold him a Coupe (?) we coulda played  
with,  
yaseewhatl'msayin?

[Ludacris]

Yeah, can I get a little hit of that, little nigga with a  
bigga sack

See piece of the bigger trap look at that God be rollin  
on that

Where they kick it at? And a lot of people just don't  
know

Shady Park you heard just don't go

Quick to flip the bird up po'-po'

Makin the way for that rodeo, that rodeo show!

Gotta hit 'em with a reload, I gotta put 'em with the people

I gotta make a nigga stop, drop, roll - oh no where the beat go?

Bring that, shit back, didn't wanna hear that, clik-clak

Tons of fun with guns

Fuck all the lil' chit-chat get back get that get that

Who knows, who goes there? Motherfuckers it's Poppa Bear

Stop and stare; pourin out a lil' gasoline and then drop a flare

Come on, FIRE! And you know I can't stop 'til I re-TIRE!

Oh no, we stay swoll, rollin on Vogue TIRES!

Right down the avenue, passin you rapidly stackin

In the back of the Cadillac and packin emergency action

Camera, LIGHT LIGHTS, throwin a punch and then FIGHT FIGHT

Packin a lunch and then BITE BITE, A-T-L stay TIGHT TIGHT

I'm just tryin to save ya shorty. I'ma let you know

it's real down heah. When you ride down that two-eighty-five,

and you go past Kincaid, get ready to go past that Cambleton Road

fo' you get it cut free shorty just shave; cause dat where dem

real niggaz at. I ain't lyin when you in Decatur and you  
flossin

down Clintwood, Cambleton Road or (?) Boulder to  
shave!

Cause dat where dem real niggaz at. When you're goin  
down that

ol' Nat Hill and you pass dat second waffle house 'fore  
you get

to the rich niggaz daaang, cause dat where dem real  
niggaz at!

Matter of fact, just shave when ya get to Georgia  
nigga.

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