

Ludacris

"Cry Babies (Oh No) Ft. Scarface"

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Oh no, I caught him with a blow to the chest
Oh no, my hollow put a hole in his vest
Oh no, I'm 'bout to send two to his dome
Oh no, cry babies go home

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I got people scared as fuck like when condoms break
Or how your heart deals with eatin' eighty pounds of
steak
So put your belly on a plate and watch your weight
You frostin' like a flake and Ludacris feels great

Who want come face me, face come want who?
And women give me face until they're face turns blue
They can't breathe, dick to mouth resuscitation
A tight squeeze witch stops the length to conversations

I play stations, duck cops and lose agents
I'm doctor love, I close curtains and fuck patients
When I kick and rip and flip an indispensable rhyme
My black ass is so hungry I'll take a bite out of crime

And it'll hurt if I swallow, but even more if I choke
Neighbors called the fire station off the blunt that I
smoke
You see I crush cowards, funerals I'll send flowers
And I'm on the overpass flick pennies at rush hour

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You see I'm ambidextrous, I slap ass with both hands
Delete your first steps, but I'll save the last dance
I just bought some new guns my mama said "It ain't
worth it"
But I'm at the shooting range just 'cause practice
makes perfect

Bullseye, I stunt growth and stop lives
And you run with niggas that's more chicken than pot
pies
I'm shakin' your tale feathers
I got big balls, I'm a Sac King like Chris Webber

Luda' will take you back to duck hunt and double
dribble
When niggas sold quarters and dimes and smoked
nickels
My cars got big TV's and satellites
I got a wheel of fortune 'cause I flipped O's like Vanna
White

And the survey says? Kill a muthafucka now
Could it be off with his head? Or shoot a muthafucka
down
Ground round, ground chuck your ground beef
Bullets gather round then I shoot rounds around teeth

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I kick niggas in they're ass reboot 'em like laptops
And they wouldn't even box if I gave 'em a flat top
You punks pucker and pout, bicker and babble
Now they all lost for words like I beat 'em in scrabble

You see I'm from a small town called "Fresh out a cop's
ass"
Where Mr. Head-potatoes are skinned they get mashed
I smell puss from fifty yards, y'all not playin' with full
decks
As if I jacked out ya jacks and left fifty cards

Catch me in Vegas spinnin' the green
I re-up with more chips than a vending machine

Then you can catch me in Rome mackin' some brauds
and sticking 'em
And you'll be at home picking your bougars and
flicking 'em

A drug dealer's dream, so fresh and I'm so clean
I'm a grown ass man and you're sweeter than sixteen
So go and kick rocks peons you're just rookies
Headed down stairs to get you some milk and cookies

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