

# Ludacris "Cry Baby"

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Chorus

Ooooh noooo  
I caught him with a blow to the chest  
Ooooh noooo  
My hollow put a hole in his vest  
Ooooh noooo  
Im bout to send two to his dome  
Cry babies go hooome

I got people scared as fuck like when condoms break  
Or how your heart deals with eatin 80 pounds a steak  
So put your belly on the plate and watch your weight  
You frosted like a flake and Ludacris feels GRRRREAT!  
who one come face me face come one who  
and women give me face til they face turn blue  
they can't breathe dick to mouth recitation  
a tight squeeze but it stops the lengthy conversations  
I play stations, jump cops and lose agents  
I'm doctor love, I close curtains and fuck patients  
When I kick and rip and flip indespinsable rhymes  
My black ass is so hungry, I'll take a bite outta crime  
And it'll hurt if I swallow, but even more if i choke  
neighbors call 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 in rush hour

you see im ambidextrious, i slap ass with both hands  
delete your first \_\_\_ but i'll save the last dance  
i just bought some new guns my momma said it aint  
worth it,  
but im at the shooting range just cause practice makes  
perfect  
bulls-eye i stunt growth and stop lives  
and you run with niggaz that's more chicken than pot  
pie \*chicken noises\*  
im shaking your tail feathers, i got big balls, ima sack  
king  
like chris webber  
luda take ya back to duck hunt and double dribble  
when niggaz sold quarters and dimes and smoked  
nickles

my cars got big tvs and satellittes  
i got a wheel of fortune cause i flip o's like vanna white  
and the survey says.. kill a motherfucker now, could it  
be off with his head?  
or shoot of motherfucker now, ground round  
ground chuck and ground beef  
bullets gather round and shoot rounds around teeth??

Chorus

i kick niggaz in they ass, we boot em like laptops  
and they wouldn't even box if I gave them 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 off a cop's  
ass  
where mister head potatoes a skin to get mashed  
i smell puss from fifty yards  
yall not playing with full decks as if i jacked out the  
jacks and left fifty cards  
catch me in vegas, spinning the green  
i'll ?re? up with more chips than a vending machine  
then you can  
catch me in rome macking some broads and stickin em  
and you'll be at home picking yo boogers and flickin  
em  
a drug dealers dream, im so fresh and im so clean  
im a grown ass man and yall sweeter than sixteen  
so go and kick rocks beyond, you're just rookies  
headin downstairs to get you some milk and cookies

Chorus

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