

## Ludacris "Everybody Hates Chris"

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Sing along with me  
Say fuck you Luda, fuck you Luda  
Say fuck you Luda, fuck you Luda  
Say fuck you Luda, fuck you Luda  
Yeah, I guess that's why everybody hates Chris

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Okay now this is for the Gs and this is for the hustlers  
This is for the diamonds and the watch all clustered  
Spread 'em like mustard, canary yellow  
Now women in my face like hello

Yeah, I'm sort of a big deal  
These Giovanni rims are sort of a big wheel  
This five course dinner is sort of a big meal  
This Bentley GT can make Luda disappear  
Faster than David Copperfield mothafucka

I'm talkin' five star tellies and penthouse suites  
Yeah, I'm just a playboy between penthouse sheets  
Hit the club and go and party with some penthouse  
freaks  
Party like Britney, Lindsay and Paris together

Get in line and buyin' bottles that's taller than Chris  
Webber  
And makin' haters sneeze from diamonds and sick  
leathers  
'Cause my ice gives 'em cold as if they under the  
weather  
But my women keep me warmer than a polo sweater,  
they better

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Now I stay fresh to death draped in gangsta fits  
Over twelve million sold I drop gangsta hits  
Live in mansions and drive around in gangsta whips  
You swear I'm 'bout to get into some gangsta shit

Oh no, here comes trouble, my vision is skewed  
I can only see in doubles, two models, two bottles  
That'll pop like bubbles and when I get home  
The girls tops lift off like airspace shuttles  
And I guess that's why everybody hates Chris

Sixty seconds till blast off  
My car got a face lift and took its mask off  
Tint so dark it look like I took the glass off  
The body was white for eight weeks  
Before I finally decided to take its cast off

Now it's blacker than a bottom less pit  
You talk shit you'll end up with bottom less lip  
I hit a nigga so hard, I'll make him swallow his spit  
Then I be with Bobby V on that anonymous shit

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I go for broke like TLC  
The hottest nigga on the mic, yeah I believe that's me  
Now all the ladies wanna give a lil TLC  
'Cause Luda was set for life after three LPs, yep

Still countin', still climbin' the charts  
And rappers still talkin' shit like they was rhymin' in  
farts  
I cross the finish line twice, they still tryin' to start  
But my infrared beam will make 'em shine in the dark

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