

Ludacris "Everybody Hates Cris"

Visit "[Everybody Hates Cris](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro - Chris Rock]

2010, that's right, we in the future
Atlanta, Georgia, millions of albums sold
Millions of monies rolled
I see why everybody hates Chris, you light skinned
bitch

[Ludacris]

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

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

[Verse 1 - Ludacris]

Okay now, this is for the G's, and this is for the hustlers
This is for the diamonds and the watch all clustered
Spread them 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 dissappear
Faster than David Copperfield motherfucker
I'm talking five star tellis, and penthouse suites
Yeah, I'm just a playboy between penthouse sheets
Hit the club and go and party with some penthouse
freaks

Party harder than Britney, Lindsay, and Paris together
Get in line and buying bottles that's taller than Chris
Webber
And making haters sneeze from diamonds and sick
leathers
Because my ice gives them cold like they as if they
under the weather
But my women keep me warmer than a Polo sweater

[Chorus]

Yeah, I guess that's why everybody hates Chris

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

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

[Verse 2 - Ludacris]

Now I stay fresh to death draped in gangster fits
Over twelve million sold I drop gangster hits
Live in mansions and drive around in gangster whips
You swear I'm about to get into some gangster 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
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 its blacker than a bottomless 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 wit Bobby V. on that anonymous shit

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Ludacris]

I go for broke like TLC

The hottest nigga on the mic

Yeah, I believe that's me

Now all the ladies want to give a little TLC

Because Luda was set for life after three LP's

Yep

Still counting, still climbing the charts

And rappers still talking shit like they was rhyming in

farts

I cross the finish line twice

They still trying to start

But my infrared beam will make them shine in the dark

[Chorus]

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.