

Ludacris

"F5 Furiously Dangerous"

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We're so furiously dangerous

[Verse 1: Ludacris]

Death by lyrical injection

I kill you rappers

A lot of green with a yellow complexion

Women call me the Green Bay packer

I pack the zero's

Meaning mucho deniro

So paid, rappers is waitin' on trades and they all get

Knicked like Melo

Hello, LUDA!

Tell theses other boys double up

'Cause I got some work all on my waist but I call it a

tummy tuck

My every records jumpin', or playin' double dutch

I shit on rappers every verse just got the bubble guts

[Verse 2: Joe Budden]

Let me tell this to the people not understandin' my
moxy

Animal, watch me

if you think it's tangible, stop me

But then I hit 'em with a flow, that they can't even copy

See, we don't play that

Where I'm from it's like fantasy hockey

Sup with the dog, thugs want a war

Bad jean, what you want to trade slugs with 'em for

While you cuffin' em more, I'm stuffin' the jaw

Illegal for you to reworking Kevin Love on the board,
dog?

You and your skills ? on my squad

I put you on a crash course in a smart car

Going speeding not relying on the brake pad

The car you still drive on the race track

So you lying bout your feelings and the Maybach?

A ghost tail for the Phantoms, face facts?

We ruin hip hop, slaughterhouse and payback

In the shape of a tatt, you done faded to black

GO!

[Hook: Claret Jai]

[Verse 3 - Royce da 5'9"]

I went from eating top ramen to being top rhymer
Check full of commas
No regrets except for the drama
I remember a time when my only perfection was my
momma
My mind in the wrong direction
Now it's time ya bow down in ?
Writ in my honour cause bitch I'm bonker, plural
In a whip with my Ivanka, pompous? girl
She on E, feeling on me, singing on key
While I'm bumping We Are The World
Got a sniff from Britney, no he didn't did he
"We run this town"
No he didn't did he
I feel like tinting the glass,

You take a sip with me
She from the city of Jackson
I call her Mississippi, that was pretty witty
Demand like a black man tryna get re-elected
He aint get it, did he?

[Hook: Claret Jai]

[Joell Ortiz]

? to the pedal
Pedal to the floor
Just whippin' it through the ghetto
Metal in the door, case I gotta throw some lead into ya,
boy
Referee mind state, I'm settling the score
I don't know what ya'll hating for
Wait, wait, know what, matter fact
I don't know what you're waiting for
I aint finna say nothing, turn the bass up more til the
speakers pop
I get a kick outta that, like a sneakers spot
See I was a little kid with his thumbs in his ears
and his tongue in his ear going na-na-na-nah-naaar
Just when you think it stop na-na-na-nah-naaar
Everything I speak is hot
But bont be mad at least everything you speak isâ€¦
I can't think of nothing nice to say, you're not nice okay

[Crooked I]

Rapper, hustler, entrepreneur
My shit fly like I'm launching manure
Lord of the underground, God of the saw
On Hennessy black, ? to the jaw

Yeah I'm off the block
This aint work, call me "I'm off the block"
I'm a syllable, Hannibal, killer cannibal
With a mechanical manual to deliver the flammable
ammo
Lyrical and I'm off the top
Rep that West till I walk with Pac
We the 2.0 Boys, quick fricken Joe boys
New gold Rolls Royce, fall off the lot
Cock me, the only way you can stop me
I'm top seed, I pop green at my speed
So watch me, if you haven't seen the phenomom
I speak fast as Lamborghini's in Ramadan

[Hook]

[Outro]

I suggest you shut it down
Pack your 'ish and turn around
Because tonight, we run this town
So let your feet, still swiftly hit the ground

[Ludacris]

We too dangerous for the World

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