

## Ludacris

### "Hell Of A Night"

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It's about to be a hell of a night  
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Rolling on the highway, nothing for me to do but smoke  
as if it's a Friday

Break it down, spread it out, nigga roll up  
Let's see what they about, call them hoes up  
Ludacris, man these bitches want my last name  
Sip slow but I'm driving all on the fast lane  
Get about out of my way man, move bitch  
And quit the yapping if you ever wanna do shit  
I'm all about it, get your mind right  
Been making money since before I was in the lime light  
Grind right, bitch, what's up?  
Top down but I feel like getting fucked up  
I get high but the base low, a real nigga, what's a  
woman wanna say for?  
When you sink it for a bottle better sink it right  
'Cause it's about to be a hell of a night

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It's about to be a hell of a night

I'm fucked up, I'm fucked up  
I'm fucked up, I'm fucked up  
I'm high as hell, I'm high as hell  
I'm high as hell  
It's about to be a hell of a night

Club packed and when a nigga in they drink all  
Just looking for a reason to get their freak on  
'Cause we up in the VIP and it's raw, dog  
To keep raggedy ass hell's off  
Then about to have a smoke off  
Rich nigga but I'm tryina get broker  
Turn it up as I make the beat break down  
Your ass up, face down, yeah

That's still the best way to get it  
Down the middle, that's the best way to split it  
I'm talking money, disturbing the peace, wracked all  
One too many American black cards stacked up  
Backed up at this song, don't get beat down to the  
song  
I see these hate ass niggas wanna fight  
Well, it's about to be a hell of a night

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I'm high as hell, I'm high as hell  
I'm high as hell  
It's about to be a hell of a night

I'm always looking for trouble to get into  
Tell your girlfriends' friends to bring friends, too  
What you drinking? I got it, I pour it all up  
So say my partners, they throw it all up  
I don't want a m?nage, so bitch, let go  
I'm tryina get three women, play connect four  
Congratulations, you made it into the top five  
Your mouth helped me push the Bentley into Mac 5  
She got me speeding in the red zone  
Or as Luda wants to call it, it's the head zone  
Hands up, I'm bread with it, now bread's up  
So make a peace sign, baby, put your legs up  
Is he really that good to you?  
Do you like it when I nigga talk hood to you?  
Do you like a little scratch, a little bite?  
Well, it's about to be a hell of a night

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