

Ludacris "Hip Hop Quotables"

Visit "[Hip Hop Quotables](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Ludacris:]

Hi, my name's Ludacris and I'm high as giraffes (yeah)
And I'm close to the edge so your parents can come
push me

I curse so much just to get on they nerves
I got kids acting a fool from the traps to the birbs
My filthy mouf it wont fight cavities or beat plaque
So I shot the tooth fairy (aahhh) and took my old teeth
back

I'll take a shit on the equator, the size of a crater
And make Government officials breath harder than
Darth Vader

Its the chicken & the beer that make Luda keep rapping
But no pork on my fork I don't even speak pig Latin
I go fishing on my lake wit some bitches to bake
Plus I eat many MC's but I don't gain no weight
The number 1 chief rocker clean out your rap lockers
I'm as stiff as a board your more shook than maracas
But my tricks ain't for kids if you dig em' you'll get
smacked

I'll clock yah, I'll spring forward you far back (whoop)
Every album that I drop has got more than ten bangers
(yeah)

Thats cause I'm a shot caller ya'll fools are crank
yankers (bells)

Ain't a damn thing changed but the ice on my chain
I get chicks from Portland Oregon to Portland Mayne
Now I role up torpedoes, get blunted wit rastas
For a hefty fee I'm on your record like Bob Castas
(yeah)

I own so many jerseys, I'm a throw-back mess
I hit the cleaners an tell em' "I want a full court press"
(owe)

So mama toast yah glass while I'm counting my cash
Cause every single is a smash, I'm hot as a camels ass
(ha)

The competition never just wanna admit that they lost
And that they last about as long as my part in The Wash
From your car to crap game no one rolls with you
One of MiniMe's shoes got more soul than you (OK)
So by the time you figure out why your record ain't
spinning

I'm in the strip club smoking, wit President Clinton
(cough cough cough)

So stay of the long side-burns and gold teeth (teeth)
They make the mold of the penis enlarger off me (me)
I'll be in another when I hit from the back (back)
Not to mention my refrigerators taller than Shaq (yeah)
So yippie ka ye yippie ya ya yo (yo), if you can't swim
don't smoke my hydro (dro)
I've been looking for a woman just to put my stamp on
But a lotta ya'll are more stuck up than tampons (whoo)
So wash all you sins away and stop playing (yeah)
If God's line is busy you might have to two way him (uh
hmm)
And catch me in your back yard playing crokay
And I'm drunk I'm telling kids "drugs are bad umm-
kay"
Or watch me swing my chains at the Roscoes off Pico
Got seven cars get on my rims at chrome depo
And people think I'm bad they say "ooh he's so evil"
Cause I go on blind dates with actual blind people
(owe)
But my albums out the store, yours be on the shelf (uh
hmm)
I heard you masturbate a lot so ya'll keep to yourself
Cause these women want a man to stay up and stay
strong
Like the NBA, you gotta play hard or go home
All that shit that ya'll talking ya'll can pop it to them
Cause Ludacris will beat you down with a prosthetic
limb
I'll put my foot so deep in your ass that you can smell it
And your breath'll turn to Footlocker water repelant
I'm the man I got money far as the eyes can see
And I'm in a group I split do wit me me and me
So much money in my jewelry that I'm damn near sorry
So ima trade my earrings in, and get a Ferrari (whoo)
I buy cars wit straight cash, have meetings with Donald
Trump
Yall meet wit Honda, no payments for 12 months (uh
huh)
Take a look at your life and no wonder your so sad
Ya'll put up wit more shit than a colostomy bag
Ha ha ha

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