

Ludacris

"Loungin'"

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[VERSE 1: Breeze]

Loungin, a lazy sort of topic
To do nothin at all is the goal, you know, the object
You just relax and your body gets weak
And sometimes your mind can't find the time to even
think
Still in bed, had my pillows all set up
I'm glad I had a remote because I didn't wanna get up
A knock at the door, oh no, a problem's evolved
Nah, I wasn't gettin up if it was skins involved
Flicked the channel on 4 to chill and watch the Cosby's
A ring from the phone, who could it be? Oh, the posse
Picked up the phone and all I heard was bass poundin
Asked the kid what he was doin and I replied,
"Loungin"
"Put on your clothes, tonight we're gonna ring it"
Nah, not tonight, my man, I can't swing it
Hung up the phone, no way my life was gonna be
ruined
No need to ask what's happenin cause you know what
I'm doin

[VERSE 2: Breeze]

Here's a perfect example of loungin
For those who don't understand, well, I'll change it all
around and
Put it in a way so you won't forget
And for all you fight fans, boxing is the subject
The fight of the year, at least that's what we all thought
Went to Atlantic City and a ticket I bought
Watched all the other boring fights, now here's the
main event
And it better be good cause all my money is spent
The fight was Tyson and the Spinks Jinx, an old brother
From the opening bell he was running for cover
Shaky to start and none of his punches landed
Tyson hit the fool and he almost got branded
Changed his approach, looked like he started to get
busy
But he started to get dizzy, I'm wonderin is he
Have hope, nope, op, here came a shot to body

He fell to one knee but he got up around 3
The Spinks Jinx wasn't nothin but a hoax
You don't believe me, watch the tape where he flew
through the ropes
91 seconds is all the time it needed
For him to get beat, you know, defeated
Yo, the People's Champion is what he claimed
Talkin smack got him cracked and almost maimed
Didn't get up till they cleaned up, he really took a
poundin
Asked my man this when he hit the canvas:
Yo Spinks, what you doin man?
Eh... I'm loungin

[VERSE 3: Breeze]

So now you know what loungin means, so just proceed
to
Do what I do, don't ask why because you need to
Sit back, relax, in fact take a chill
If you don't or you won't don't worry because I still will
Loungin is my hobby like Bo Jackson's is football
My second occupation is what you could call
It, it's not a sport, there's no scores, no point scored
What we have in common I found out we take time-outs
Yo, there ain't no halftime after I say my last rhyme
Handed down to generations, a favorite pasttime
You can't lounge, who the hell you think you're foolin
You need some lounge schoolin and I'ma keep coolin
Who needs to be hype on every record you make
Why don't you chill for a second and give it a break
I'm speakin to whoever, whether it's you or your crew'n
No need to get excited cause you know what I'm doin

Eh... I'm loungin

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