

Ludacris

"Mad Fo"

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feat. Meek Mill, Chris Brown, Swizz Beatz, Pusha T

You know one thing I hate?
It's when a person come up to me or
I hear somebody say 'it must be nice'

You know my answer to that is 'you must me a hater'
Tell me why you mad for
Listen Luda we gotta keep it real, boy
We gonna do it like this baby
Listen here you know what I'm saying

Tell me what they mad for
Come around the hood
See us sitting there looking good
Tell me what they mad for
'Cause you be on the radio
Sounding like you made a million dollars
Tell me what they mad for

Time to start putting grown-ass men on time out
Go to the corner and cry somewhere, man
Old insecure ass nigga
Your heart pump Kool-Aid, man
What you mad at me for?
Is it 'cause I got houses on every coast
Or that I'm on that Forbes list making rich rappers look
broke
While they're blowing that smoke I'm blowing a couple
million
Making a killing, stunting on impostors
Only rapper in the game with a Grammy and an Oscar
7 figure movie deals, 8 figure bank runs
And I'm still feeding the same hood that I came from
Any car that you got I've already drove
Any chick that you hit, my nigga I've already hoed
Say it with your chest like these diamonds on my
tongue
Name on my headphones, label tatted on my arm
Air traffic control say 'Ludacris is insane'
That nigga's daughter's birthday is the tail number on

his plane
Fuck with me but nobody fucking with me
Take in the sight of my cognac, more millions
Real G's chug it with me
If I'm happy there's no reason you should be sad foe
So will somebody, can somebody please

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Is you niggas hating 'cause you mad
Or is you mad 'cause you hating?
Choose one, hater
Now if these niggas hating on me I'mma kill them dead
If I wasn't rapping I'd be probably be in the fifth
In the cell, getting mail, with a million dollar bail
But instead of counting blues, I'mma take this YSL
And this Gucci, and this Louis, Prada 'cause I'm hotter
I used to ball in Philly, with that Nina and get dollars
I peace out in my beamer, check aboard my collar
And when I check my bank account I'm checking for
them commas
I'm like all these niggas haters, all these bitches
fucking
At 24 I went and bought a Ghost like it was nothing
At 25 I bought that Aston Martin, now we stunting
And you nigga still talking all this money, shit you
bluffing
You bluffing, you bluffing, I really think you bluffing
100,000 dollars man, them bottles we just crush 'em
Now tell me why you hating? You hating 'cause you
mad?
Or is you mad because you hating, boy you sad

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Ok, I see why you mad, I'm counting all this money
And I'm popping all these tags
Hopping to it, fucking bunnies
Real nigga, one hundred
You trying to do it, I done it
I spit sick on this rap shit
Make them sick to their stomach
I'm clean man, you hating
Mad 'cause I'm gonna keep it real with a real nigga
I got racks on racks, and a black Maybach
Call it black on black, 'cause I kill niggas
In the club all girls, no niggas don't talk to me
'Cause I ain't really tryina hear niggas
In the coupe it's the truth and the roof go poof,
vamoose
I can make it disappear, nigga
See, this the type of shit that I be saying
Just because I'm balling, that don't mean a nigga
playing
Yeah, haters can blow me like a fan
Flyer than a bitch, I don't think I'mma ever land
But in the meantime, baby what's your plan?
You can call me daddy but I can't be your man
Fiending like the addicts, when I pull it out they panic
Bitch I do damage, you gonna need an ambulance

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Showtime
Put one hand in the air if you know somebody
That's mad at you right now for no reason
Riding around in my jeep, bumping that 2pac
I'm walking around in my hood
Cocked back two Glocks
98 in my status, I came back I'm the baddest
Christian's on my feet, I told you I'm the baddest
All the way in Paris, don't talk you'll get embarrassed
My watch is fucking yeah, you get embarrassed
500 on them racks, pull out them stacks
Lips talking crazy, drop top Maybachs
My life is just Ludacris, sucker you just new to this
430s pulling up, goddamn we do this shit

Chickens and the waffles, chilling in the villa
Bumping Ludaversal, getting that scrilla

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Hey Luda, you know why these haters mad for right?
The truth shall set you free
If you selling all the records and you fucking all the
bitches
And you sit a top of charts and you living out your
wishes
With your chains all smothered and your watches all
glittered
And your ghost and your phantoms all coming home to
visit
Or maybe 'cause your bitches was never really your
bitches
With your baby mama fucking every rapper in the
business
Niggas saying you was better when the drugs was in
your system
Now your crack swag gone ever since you came from
prison
Got you tweeting all stupid, is you skating, is you
dissin'
Found out your Ghost leased and your Phantom just
rented
Won't need it in your name like Pac when he went
missing
Makaveli lives on so I'm riding on you bitches
Hail Mary be the witness, Lord willing I was dealing
Stupid motherfucking five star tatted on his ceiling
Bulls eye, be the motherfucking target for this killing
Ain't y'all the motherfuckers with the millions?

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