

Ludacris

"Mouthing Off"

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(feat. 4-ize)

[Ludacris]

Yeah, hah..

When it all come down to it we ain't have shit!

(Woo! Use your mouth, haha)

Ludacris, 4-Ize, it's like this

[Verse One]

I make niggaz eat dirt and fart dust

Then give you a eighty dollar gift certificate to Pussies

'R Us

I eat the whole pie, and leave nuthin but the crust

So you can feel what it's like, with instinct but no guts

A sac wit no nuts or a mack wit no sluts

Give me a full-body massage, I still can't be touched

They call me Seymour Butts, cause I get mo' ass than

most

They say I'm next and got that butter love, and get too

close

Follow the leader cause I'm meaner than medula

oblongota

My +Tribe's+ on more +Quests+ than +Midnight

Marauders+

It's all piÑ±a coladas, no cops and robbers

Takin trips back and forth from here to the Bahamas

I hump more than llamas, get rolled more than tires

If you say I'm not nice, then youse a motherfuckin liar

Entitled to your Opini-ons, into the next millenium

So many +Major Coinz+ that I thought I had +Amil+lion

4-Ize.. 4-Ize whatcha? 4-Ize

[4-Ize]

Yo, I am goin to blow up the Earth

with my "pew-36 explosive space modulator"

Buddha be praised, you meditator

Drop squad interrogator, 85 percent regulator

The Educator and the Almighty Creator, dedicater

The seperater of fiction, I spark friction

Smoking "Hay" without the +Crucial Conflict+ion

4-Ize prescription; microphone, Jackie Stallone

Psychic prediction, Egytian description
of my psychical, my flesh is weak and it's pitiful
Spiritual is hooked up to the invisibile
umbilical cord of my Lord, Kumbiya Devine Kah
Remove paper of tar from every cigar
I slap authority like Gabor, Zsa Zsa
Half Allah, Half Anti Christ Superstar
Rockin the microphone with a hand like Dr. Claw
While I'm hittin trees - harder than Sonny Bono
Double Dragon, mixed up with an Abobo
I kill villians in slow-mo for talkin crazy in my Dojo
Got nothin to lose, like I'm a boxcar hobo
When I get Ludacris with bridges on the promo
Niggaz wanna clown; I'm +Homey+ and +Bozo+
Cause in the grand prize game my life callin like Jo-Jo
The name sticks like Toto
I keep it realer than alien autopsy photo
You similiar to a Spice Girl goin solo
You lost like BEBE, or a dog named Toto
My statue of liberty is Rebecca Lobo
We +Cop+ +Robo+, virgo
Bust ass like a motherfuckin homo, como estas?
Tony Del Negro
Built to destroy these kid's blocks of Legos
Lego my Eggo cause I say so
Hold the microphone, 4-lze, I stay gifted
Manifested, elevated, I uplifted
The elevator, the esclator
"That's not a knife? That's a knife!"
Crocodile Dundee the Alligator Rustler
Cause I hustle ya, under the +China+
+Big Trouble+, little sewer but still I find ya
Cause I'm stinky
Manifest, throw you down the stairs like a slinky
Yo, my third eye is blinky

[everybody cracks up laughing]

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