

Ludacris "Number One Spot"

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Yeah baby yeah

Back again

(That's right)

Luda

(Feel this)

It gets meaner and meaner each time baby

Feelin' real good too

(Holla at 'em man)

What up Uncle Face?

I'm a bull in this industry man

(Tell 'em)

Some would rather run down and get one cow

I think I'd rather walk down and get 'em all

You know what I'm talkin 'bout right? Look

I'm never goin' nowhere so don't try me

My music sticks in fans veins like an IV

Flows poison like Ivy oh they grimy

Already offers on my 6th album from labels tryin' to sign me

Respected highly hi Mr. O'Reilly

Hope all is well kiss the plaintiff and the wifey

Drove through the window the industry supersized me

Now the girls see me and a river's what they cry me

I'm on the rise so many people despise me

Got party ammunition for those tryin' to surprise me

(Surprise)

It's a celebration and everyone should invite me

Roll with the crew or meet the bottom of our Nikes

Explorer like Dora these swipers can't swipe me

My whole aura's so mean in my white tee

Nobody light-skinned reppin' harder since Ice-T

You disagree take the Tyson approach and bite me

Woa don't slip up or get got

(Why not man?)

I'm comin' for that number one spot

(Alright)
Rappers swearin' they on top
But I'm comin' for they number one spot
(Alright man)

Scheme, scheme, plot, plot
(Say what?)
I'm comin' for that number one spot
Keep it goin' it won't stop
(What you doin' man?)
I'm comin' for that number one spot

Yes indeed Ludacris I'm hotter than Nevada
Ready to break the steerin' column on yo Impala
If I get caught bail out po-po I tell 'em holla

In court I never show up like Austin Powers fa-zha

Father, father and hey I love gold
But can buy anything I want from the records I've sold
Jacuzzi's hot, cristal is so cold
Neighbours catch contacts from the blunts that I've
rolled

A pig in a blanket, a smoke and a pancake
Drop albums non-stop once a year for my fans sake
I crush mics until my hand breaks
Then shag now and shag later till these women can't
stand straight

The Luda-meister got 'em feelin so randy
I'm double XL so I call 'em my 'Eye Candy'
Brush my shoulder and I pop my collar
'Coz I'm worth a million ga-zillion fa-fillion dollars

Woa don't slip up or get got
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(Alright)
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Keep it goin' it won't stop
(What you doin' man?)
I'm comin' for that number one spot

Causin' lyrical disasters it's the master

Make music for mini-me's models and fat bastards
These women tryin' yo get me out my pelle, pelle
They strip off my clothes and tell me "Get in my belly"

Stay on the track hit the ground running like Flo-Jo
Sent back in time and I've never lost my mojo
Ladies and gentlemen ahh boys and girls
Ludacris sit down and take over the whole world

Woa don't slip up or get got
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(Alright)
Rappers swearin' they on top
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