

## Ludacris

### "Pennie"

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(Intro - Mikey & Chuck)

I-I'm callin' tellin' y'all how I did it like Derek Rose.  
It's no sweat. Nigga, hang my coat up in the coat check.  
The pinewood boatdeck shine when the sun hit it.  
Waterproof finish? I ain't even wanna co-co...

I'm callin' tellin' y'all how I did it like Derek Rose.  
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(Verse 1 - Mikey & Chuck)

With no stretchin' or the warm up drills,  
I'm jordan sweatsuit joggin', homie, guess who got  
'em,  
In them black number sevens with the swiss cheese  
bottoms.  
The Damon Stoudemire blazer jersey is a problem.

B-A-S-F flag fives and I called it,  
Like dog, psshh, when these come out,  
Nothin' to it, but to do it.  
Just stirring the pot.

Stop, pop, jumpshot so sporty.  
Yo, I tried being average, it's just not for me.  
I told the lady, pour me anotha cup of the jungle juice,  
See, I need one or two, startin' five, comin' soon.  
Niggas spittin' top five lines on the interlude.

(Chorus - Mikey & Chuck)

Kick it in the city. When we in around town,  
Next door neighbors tellin' us that it's too loud.  
Now, neightbor, can you please just turn that mess  
down?  
This is the sound of throwin' pennies on the ground.

(Verse 2 - Ludacris)

Diturbin' duh peace.  
That's what we do.  
Suprise niggas.

Luda!

Part two my speakers fine like wine.  
Tryin' tell me turn 'em down? You out yo mothafuckin'  
mind.  
Four fifteens, enough to make duh glass break.  
I hit a switch, the car strips and makes it's ass shake.

Bass and treble good. Need a lil' mid on it.  
Yo' flow's trash, tell dese niggas put a lid on it.  
I get a hundred a verse, so put a bid on it.  
Unless you're God or got a Cool Kid on it.

Then I might do it for free,  
Cuz what dese bitches do for dem dey might do it for  
me ha!  
Luda! I'm duh captain of dis spaceship,  
Real hip-hop lives death to dis fake shit.

And we hustle through recessions  
It's debates about duh best  
I'm duh answer, ain't no questions.

I'm rich and dese junkies steady beggin' fo' a round.  
Well dis is duh sound of throwin' pennies on duh  
ground.

(Verse 3 - Bun B)

I got a pocket full uh profit, and a wallet full uh wonda.  
(Wonda)  
A brain full uh braun, and a focus full uh thunda.  
(Pause)  
Duh brown dat be unda, man, dey know me as duh  
king.  
Make ya' head, (head), bells, and yo' cellphones ring.

Feel duh sting as duh 808 bank up out this air. When,  
Faka' as I'm makin' maja' magic like I'm Irwin.  
Johnson and Johnson baby, proly duh freshest.  
Duh trillest in duh game, (game), right here in duh  
flesh, nigga.

Yes. Think you fresh? I gotta tell ya' nigga, no. (No)  
My Jordan's numba nine, and my chain is finga roll.  
(Roll)  
See I got bigga rims, bigga speakas, bigga dough.  
Not to mention when I flow, it's like I let duh trigga go.  
(Whoa)

I'm so sick wit it. Betta pass me duh tamma flu.  
U-G-K for life, disrepect it and I'll be damned, if you.

(Uhh)

We still too trill, so keep on wishin' boy.  
Bun-B, Ludcris and Cool Kids, we gone fishin'.  
Let's go.

(Chorus - Mikey & Chuck)

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