

Ludacris

"Potion"

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What up, ay shawty what it is
What up, ay shawty what it is
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Little buddy what you on, some violent shit
Two steppin' laid back, still wylin' shit
What up, hey baby I got the potion
Take a sip of this and put yo back in motion

Little buddy what you on, some violent shit
Two steppin' laid back, still wylin' shit
What up, hey baby I got the potion
Take a sip of this and put yo back in motion

Man I'm like a needle in a haystack, so face that
Go back to the drawin' board connect dot but cant trace that
Matter fact erase that 'cuz on this base track get your face slapped
And I'm straight so don't chase that

Try somethin' different n shit, so listen n shit
Speakin' about what hip-hop is missin' n shit
I'm about to fill a void
Ludacris born in Illinois, raised in Atlanta
Tote hammers since I was a little boy

Ain't nobody like me, say they wanna bite me
Fight me, step to me now but it ain't like me
People swear they sight me
Just 'cuz hes light skinned with braids in his hair
Don't mean that nigga look like me'

Trick get your mind right, livin' in the lime life
So picture what they'll do for my Jimmy and a Klondike
Bar, bar, hardyhar, tell your momma I'm a Ghetto
Superstar

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Only stand 5 '8, but still a big shot
Plus I got a big cock
Clean every day, stay fresher then whats in a zip-lock
Tell your man to kick rocks, when I make my pit stops

I'm in, then its hard to get me out like I'm a slipnot
Wanna be a leader and not, no not a follower
Only hang with chicks that got more twist then Oliver
Not much of a hollara but I like to borrow her lips
Bringin' out the best in me, specially if shes a swallowa

Freaky deaky yellow man, and I'm sayin' hello man
To all the lovely ladies that like to jiggle like jello man
Bigger booty, small waist, put em' in a small place
And if ain't no ass where I'm at then I'm in the wrong
place

Bail like a bondsman, but keep em dancin'
Got pop potential stay black like Bob Johnson
Who the hell is that in that fancy car
Tell your momma I'm a Ghetto Superstar

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Jump down turn around pick a bale of cotton
Jump down turn around pick a bale a hay
Ohh Lordy pick a pail of cotton
Ohh Lordy pick a pail of hay

Jump down turn around pick a bale of cotton
Jump down turn around pick a bale a hay
Ohh Lordy pick a pail of cotton
Ohh Lordy pick a pail of hay

Still workin' like a slave learnin' tricks of the trade
In a ghetto state of mind say I'm rich and I'm paid
Pickin' records like cotton in the thick of the day

Till I'm spoiled and I'm rotten in a sinister way

Life no different then those all minimum wage
More money but still locked in a similar cage
Either losers of tomorrow, or we winners today
Now just that and there's really nothin' missin' to say
but

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