

## Ludacris

# "Saturday (Ooooh! Ooooh!)"

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I gotta big weed stash, pocket full of cash  
Just seen a big ol' ass  
It's Saturday  
Sticky, icky, icky  
Sticky, icky, icky, icky

System on blast, cops just pass  
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Grease don't pop on the stove no more, moved on up  
Double shot, Hennesey fill my cup  
Luda choke smoke in a big black truck  
Should I shout out, "What the fuck?"  
Act like my rims ain't clean  
How you gon' ack like my neck don't bling?  
Haters get sprayed like afro sheen  
But they don't never really wanna pop them thangs

Cane, cane sugar man, Luda don't go  
And I stop at a light, pull off so slow  
But I'm out for the night, so pass that dro  
So, daddy come home in a Cadillac Brome  
Cadillac Brome? Now don't it sound absurd  
Claim College Park where they flip them birds  
Trick car alarms, then bend them curves  
Chop chop, chunk it up fat man herb

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It's illegal 'bout the plants in my backyard grow, that's  
my bud  
Smoke 'til ya drop out, that's my luck  
Keep a couple rolled and I hit the club in the back door,  
nigga what?  
Act like I don't make cloud, how you gon' act like I don't  
get loud?  
How you gon' act like I don't rock crowds?  
And leave a lot of people with a gap tooth smile  
If I recollect right then you sound like dirt

But, I guess what you really don't know don't hurt  
With a vest, and a pump hear the shot gun  
My folks on the block, man, they got that word, they got  
that word?  
Don't it smell so good, in Southwest where they rap that  
hood  
Protect your chest, they up to no good  
And come through flossin', they wish y'all would

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Worldwide hustlers get that dough  
Work that tip, get rid of evidence, move that brick  
Keep a d eagle with an extra clip  
Think it ain't so, suck a dick  
Act like I just do rap  
How you gon' act like I just ain't strapped?  
How you gon' act like I don't push lacs?  
Black Eldorado, fifth wheel on back

Ichy finger trigger, man, Luda don't squeeze  
With a mac, with a glock I'm a make 'em say please  
In the back, on the block so the cops they freeze  
And I'm so high, think I got a nose bleed,  
You gotta nose bleed? Don't it smell so sweet?  
In decatur, where they pack that heat  
And rob neighbors in the night creep, creep  
I'll see you later, we'll be in them streets

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