

Ludacris "Southern Fried"

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Hey, yeah, I want all you proud sistas to stand up
I want everybody to stand up and be counted tonight
Brothers and Sisters if you know you got your thing
together

I want you to stand on up
Now I got somethin' to tell ya'
I told ya' how to think about it
Now I want to tell how to get the thing together
So come on now and get up to it y'all

The incredible, untouchable nigga spittin' venom
Out his body wit' the dopest flows
And wonder why the line's around the corner
'Cuz the little motherfucker has the dopest shows

So one time for my independant women
And all the single mothers who be gettin' that cake
Two times for my dawgs pullin' triggers
And my niggaz in the kitchen that be flippin' that weight

East coast, west coast, midwest, dirty south
Then we took it all around the world
I got fans in retirement homes, to teenagers
To little bitty boys and girls

Droppin' lyrical bombs up in ya' hood,
Non-stoppin', I'ma hit 'em till the block explode
Hip hop, R and B, Pop-tart, what you want?
I even got a little rock 'n' roll

The most creative, original, got 'em takin' subliminal
'Cuz they cant get what I gots
They want it so bad, four million dollar pad
And enough to retire off two albums, gone, wave ya'
white flags, I'm hot

And everytime I rhyme I'm puttin' rappers in the ground
Wit' lines that got 'em hooked like dope
They gotta make up they mind, because they runnin'
outta time
And I'm about to make 'em choke

Better turn your stereo louder
Listen up and let me preach
Let's get arrested
For Disturbin' the Peace

Man, this Disturbin' Tha Peace shit gettin' on my nerves
Boy I tell you the truth, know what I'm sayin'?
While he doin' shows, I'm in these skreets, know what
I'm sayin'?
While he on TV, I'm in these skreets

And then my broad, my kid walkin' around singin' it
Boy, if they sing another verse, boy I swear
Know what I'm sayin'? I'm on another level though
I gotta car wash, I gotta shop on O' National

I got my own record label, you heard of us
The Posse Family Cartel
You know what I'm sayin', we real
Who this nigga thing he is?

I'ma house hold name, wit' game spittin'
Outta my mouth at all times
I spit it out and about, and spit outta the south
Until they recognize the danger signs

So feel a tingle in yo' s-spine, by the way I talk
And it's pimpin' in my blood, you can tell by the way I
walk
Ooh lawd, more styles than a barber shop, call the cops
People in the way wanna baller block

Little do they know that I'm callin' shots
And I'm not to be fucked with
If you see me comin' 'round the corner
Then duck quick, perpetrators can suck dick

I tried to tell 'em, but they don't wanna listen
I tried to shine 'em, but they don't wanna glisten
While the high hat keeps on tickin'
And the kick drum keep on pumpin', I'm dumpin' on the
closest fools

'Cuz rules were made to be broken
But you can't make broken rules
Hear what I'm sayin' or heard what I said
Hear what they playin', 'cuz thru this music

I'ma still be heard if I'm dead
Call ya' producers, 'cuz I'm hurtin' these beats
I said it once, I'll say it twice

Bitch, Disturbin' Tha Peace, c'mon

Yeah, folk, the King of the kings has spoken
ATL shawty! Hood to hood, block to block
We bouta let our nuts hang!
Disturbin' Tha Peace!
We don't die, we multiply
We makin' Def Jam history
Thanks for gettin' the CD shawty

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