

Ludacris

"Speak Into The Mic"

Visit "[Speak Into The Mic](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro]

Check 1, 2 speak into the microphone
Tell that bitch to speak into the microphone
Now work it work it, cause practice make perfect, OK
Now work it work it, cause practice make perfect, OK
Now work it work it, cause practice make perfect, OK
Now work it work it, cause practice make perfect, OK

[Verse 1: Ludacris]

I love it when she do it, she do it how I like it
See the party at the studio and you just got invited
She the truth up in the booth
I love it when she spits them verses
When she finish with that mic
It make me want to buy some purses
Got so many instrumentals
I hope she never stop it
And this microphone's expensive
So I hope she never drop it
I beat it like a drum, I tap it like some snares
And she almost blew her speakers
But that bitch don't really care
She a top notch freak
I like the way she work it
She be choking on that chicken
And she know just how to jerk it
Put some spice up in your life
So I whispered in her ear
And told her go and grab that mic
You'll be the artist of the year
And I'm like

[Hook]

Check 1, 2
Speak into the microphone
Tell that bitch to speak into the microphone
Check 1, 2
Speak into the microphone
Tell that bitch to speak into the microphone
Now work it, work it cause practice make perfect, OK
Now work it, work it cause practice make perfect, OK

Now work it, work it cause practice make perfect, OK
Now work it, work it cause practice make perfect, OK

[Verse 2: Ludacris]

I need her in my life
She always come in handy
And she got that type of skills
That make you think she won a Grammy
I was almost nominated
I always contemplate it
If she was on the billboard top 100
Then that bitch will dominate it
Cause she grab that mic and go to work
Spit that verse I go berserk
Booth so hot take off your shirt
Grab that drink, roll up the purp
We wasted in the studio
Making a movie yo, with a boogie ho
Just a little gangster paradise we like Coolio
Iâ€™m faded cause I think I just discovered a star
And you my best kept secret they donâ€™t know who
your are
I keep her close and tell her baby donâ€™t be going to
far
Cause She know when to grab that microphone
Whether she be in the booth or the car

[Hook]

[Bridge]

She goinâ€™ make me sign her to a record deal
Hit the store and buy her some Giuseppe heels
She be on that mic so long she out of breath
Put her in the booth and work her half to death
She goinâ€™ make me sign her to a record deal
Hit the store and buy her some Giuseppe heels
She be on that mic so long she out of breath
Put her in the booth and work her half to death

[Hook]

Visit [Ludacris](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.