

Ludacris

"Stuck Up"

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Open up ya books to the page of yes
Ha ha ha

Verse 1: Throw your hands up for that young nigga
from way back
Sportin the "A" hat
Spinnin wheels,
More fortunes than Pat Sajak
Hit the playback
'cause I'm stupid wit it
Track hard like stone
You'd think Medusa did it
Please believe me
It's so easy
That cold Neptune shit is so for reazy
I'm countin G-stacks
So tell 'em ease back
A hundred to spin so cocksucker beat that
Numerous bank rolls
Don't get your face swolled
And tell your hombres I'm comin for they pesos
'cause it's that snatch back
Call us the Splack Pack
Broke your cousin put your mama in a hatch back
And I ain't playin wit ya
I'm just prayin wit ya
Hopin' that the fertilizer ain't layin wit ya
You all gouped up
I caught a grouper
And slide off 'cause the chevrolet swooped up

Chorus:

Fellas
It's a stick up so lift up
Don't get it confused or mixed up
Come out your pockets or get flipped up
Shake 'em down
Shake 'em down
Shake 'em down
Shake 'em
Ladies
It's a stick up so lift up

Don't get it confused or mixed up
Come out your pockets or get flipped up
Shake 'em down
Shake 'em down
Shake 'em down
Shake 'em

Verse 2: Somebody hurry up please and call an ambulance
I caused an avalanche
Wit nuts so big, I walk around wit' hammerpants
Raps will slap a man
Make you do the hammerdance
My base lines thump
Wit more funk than Pakistan
Come from a vast block
I was a have-not
But now I keep at least a hundred in the stash box
I had a cash plot
To get a fat knot
I threw my album in the slot and hit the jackpot
So nigga ching ching
I did the thing thing
Four months later my mama's like bling bling
Just like George and 'Ouse
I was movin' up
And fuck a platinum plaque
I'm doin' 2 and up
Not for the short chains
Ya'll shootin short range
But it was either rap lime light or court thangs
So I just made due
Until it came thru
Throughout the ups and downs
I still stayed true

Chorus:

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Shake 'em down
Shake 'em

Verse 3: All you weak rappers wipe your feet off on my
doormat
And get your flow back
Or try to run and get traced down like LoJack
Down like four flats
You better know that
I take the 4 and put a 0 on your throwback
That's how that thing go
You'll hear that thing blow
So hurry up and do like my dick
Hang low
Got the perpetrators yellin "let the lame go!"
Up on your good foot or I'll shoot you in the same toe

Chorus:
Fellas
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