

Ludacris

"Tell Me What They Mad For"

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Ft. Pusha T

Come around the hood, see us eatin' good lookin'
good

Tell me what they mad for

You should be on the radio, soundin' like I made a
million dollars

Tell me what they mad for

Tell me what they mad for

Girl tell me what they mad for

Tell me what they mad for

If you sellin' all the records and you fuckin' all the
bitches

And you sit atop of charts and you livin' out your wishes
With your chains all smothered and your watches all
glittered

And your ghost and your phantoms all comin' home to
visit

With your baby mama fucking every rapper in the
business

Niggas saying you was better when the drugs was in
your system

Now your crack swag gone ever since you came from
prison

Got you tweeting all stupid, is you skatin', is you dissin'
Found out your ghost leased and your phantom just
rented

Won't leave it in your name like Pac when he went
missing

Makaveli lives on so I'm riding on you bitches

snippet version

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