

## Ludacris

### "That's My Shit (feat. Field Mob, Playaz Circle, Pe)"

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[Chorus: Sean Jay]

This the hardest beat I ever heard  
That's my shit, that's my shit nigga, that's my shit  
You see them 24's on the curb  
That's my shit, that's my shit nigga, that's my shit  
You see them big blunts full of herb  
That's my shit, that's my shit nigga, that's my shit  
Everything I got I worked for  
That's my shit, that's my shit nigga, that's my shit

[Verse 1: Sean Jay]

Sean Jay the type to break a hoe, young chasin major  
dough  
Cut the check with DTP now chickens try and play me  
close  
Ballin in the mall with Chaka, shoppin for the latest  
clothes  
Turn your lady to a bopper, watch how I take your hoe  
Niggaz see I get that money, now they wanna wait to  
blow  
Underground grindin, perfect timing in a crazy flow  
Put Georgia on your mind and now I'm ridin on the  
radio  
Your ass ain't no DJ, my advise stop playin me fore

[Verse 2: Smoke]

I'm ridin in my drop cut, these 24 inch not scrubbin  
In my plastic sack, I got more purple than baby bops  
buddy  
So materialistic, we're chopping early today  
What rolls around my throat, arm wisted in a bouquet  
15's in the back blasting, Peep the candy as I pass em  
Watch the chamillion paint flop like Chingy's last album  
Cocoa Chanelle frames on woodgrain  
Old grain blown thangs on my hip but that's the clips

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Playaz Circle 1]

I'm married to the streets and this beef shit's apart of it  
Jumped out with heat, niggaz didn't want no parts of it

Pull up in the club, looking like they wanna start something  
Fuckin all these niggaz hoes, that ain't ever dawned on me  
Tired of the fussin, bitches blushin, bumrushin  
The car treat me like a star but I ain't done nuttin  
Summer almost over with but I ain't done frontin  
They hate we gettin money, we gon make these niggaz love it

[Playaz Circle 2]

Pay my dues, takin crews, just me and my haitian dudes  
Makin loot, even made the news in my gator shoes  
Three fifty seven glock, nine, a tech twenty two  
Everything I ride in on at least twenty twos  
It's hustler music is what you hear in them drug zones  
They play it in their chevy loud plus it's a club song  
That seven fourty five, that's my whip  
The biggest house in the neighborhood, that's my shit

[Chorus]

[Verse 4: Perfect Harmony]

I get high like cooling, ruling with the toolin  
On a 22, still got that uzi in that hoopty  
Niggaz all flashy, showing off their jewelry  
Til I shoot it through their heart like cupid  
Give it to 'em raw like sushi when I'm back on the groupies  
Young nigga with a gun nigga, Norfclk where I'm from nigga  
Shut up and roll that blunt nigga and I don't even stunt nigga  
Quiet cause I hit them lips, roll up on a nigga with a clip  
now that's my shit

[Verse 5: Ludacris]

I may be rich but never satisfied, making hoes camera shy  
Comin down topping blades, call me The Last Samurai  
I'll cut cha, gun butt cha, Knuck ya then buck ya  
It calls for Hammer Time if you think we can't touch ya  
Cause we too legit to quit, nigga run up on your click  
nigga  
Not action heroes but we all making six figures  
So put your choice to it, women get moist to it  
A songs worth a million once I lend my fucking voice to it

[Chorus]

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