

# Ludacris "The Potion"

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What up aye shawty what it is  
*[Repeat 3x]*

*[Chorus]*

Lil Buddy whatcha want some violent shit 2 stepping  
laid back still wilding shit what up  
Aye baby I got the potion Take a sip of this and put yo  
back in motion  
*[Repeat 2x]*

*[Verse 1]*

Man I'm like a needle in a haystack so face that going  
back to the drawing board connect dots  
But can't trace that Matta fact erase that cause I'm this  
late track getcha face slapped and I'm  
Straight so don't taste that try something different and  
shit I'm listening and shit speaking about  
What hip-hop missing and shit I'm bout to fill a void  
Ludacris born in Illinois raised in Atlanta  
Taught hamma since I was a little boy ain't nobody like  
me so they wanna fight me fight me step  
To me now but it ain't like me people swear they sike  
me just cause he's light-skinned with braids in  
His hair don't mean that nigga look like me trick getcha  
mind right living in a limelight so  
Picture what they'll do for my jimmy and a Klondike Bar  
Bar hardy hard tell yo mama imma ghetto  
Superstar

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 2]*

Only 75 I make but still a bigshot plus I gotta big clean  
everyday stay fresher than whats in  
A ziploc tell yo man to kick rocks when I make my pit  
stops I'm in then its hard to get me out

Like imma slip not Born to be a leader and not no not a  
follower only hang wit chicks that got mo  
Twist than Oliver And imma tell my hollower would I like  
to borrow her lips bringing out the best  
In me specially if she's a swallower freaky-deaky yellow

man, and I'm sayin' hello man to all the lovely ladies  
that like to  
Jiggle like jello man bigger booty small waist put me in  
a small place and if it ain't no ass  
Where I'm at then I'm in the wrong place bells like a  
bondsman but keep 'em dancing got pop [?] stay black  
like Bob Johnson who da hell is that in that fancy car tell  
yo mama imma ghetto superstar

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 3]*

Jump down turn around  
Pick a bell of cotton  
Jump down turn around  
Pick a bell of hay  
Oh Lordy pick a bell of cotton  
Oh Lordy Pick a bell of hay

*[Repeat 1x]*

Still working like a slave  
Learning tricks in da trade in da ghetto state of mind  
till I'm rich and I'm paid picking records  
Like cotton in the thick of the day  
Till I'm spoiled and I'm rotten and they send us away  
life no different that ozar minimum wage  
Mo money but still locked in a similar cage either losers  
of tomorrow or we winners today, Now just that and  
theres  
Really nothing missing to say but

*[Chorus]*

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