

## Ludacris "U Got A Problem"

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*[Intro]*

- Yeah come see this nigga  
come see this ol' light-skinned motherfucker  
I seen him and I'm addicted  
Disturbin Tha Piece is the click  
Please tell these fake-ass niggaz who you are

*[Ludacris]*

I be dat nigga named Luda'  
Alert Alert! It's the ATLLien intruder  
College Park waterboy, spit in the c-cooler  
I +Jam+ till they +Def+, they call me Slick Dick Da Ruler  
Women indeed, keep ya eyes closed  
Keep yo' eyes closed, 'bow blows, come on out dem  
clothes hos  
Low pros, low bows, watch out for the po-po  
And I chose, to be dat numba one contender  
Southern offender, fuckin up ya whole agenda  
When I walk you try to run, when I run you try to hide  
You skate at the snap of my fingers call me +Golden  
Glide+  
Its you and I, Do or Die, who am I?  
I got a pocket full of +Family Stone+, cats think I'm  
+Sly+  
Ohh why try? You one of dem niggaz that like to cheat  
death  
And I'm one of dem niggaz  
that rip out Excursions til there's no seats left  
You shit out wheat chex, and fart out deep breaths  
While we toss darts at the bottom of y'all v-necks

*[Skit]*

- Who, that nigga 'Cris?  
Aw dat nigga is aight  
Dat nigga can't fuck wit me though!  
Let me get on the mic  
Nigga, who the fuck are you nigga?

*[Ludacris]*

I be dat nigga Bronze Bridges  
Playaz wanna ball but go on strike cause of my pitches  
They think I want they be-itches

But I don't want no pigeons yet pigeons can scrub my dishes  
And y'all don't want no scrubs til y'all pull out y'all extensions  
Y'all in school detention that'll neva come out  
Man I'll cut yo achilles tendon and put a sock in yo' mouth  
Cause we da shit in the South, they know what I'm talkin bout  
You see we Jack and we Daniels, y'all Earl and Ralph  
4-lze twirl it out, lick it dry and tend it to flames  
Not even Joshua can come to +War+ wit dese  
+Games+  
These bitch niggaz is lame and come down wit da reigns  
You all wet behind the ears but its a drought in ya brain  
and that's the simple and plain mayne, three w dot shhhh  
(Man that dude Luder's got some hotter than hot shhh)  
Well sh-sh-sh-shut the fuck up  
Before you get cu-cu-cut-cut the fuck up

*[Skit]*

- Hold on man, hold on lil buddy  
Y'all talkin bout shorty man?  
Shorty up at da radio station?  
Shorty be poppin man?  
Let the name be known who y'all talkin bout

*[Ludacris]*

I be dat nigga da +Lova Lova+  
I'm nastier than thinkin about yo' parents sex each other  
No glove, no love, betta tell yo' dick to run for cover  
So when lightnin strikes, you can be safe on a few rubbers  
if you know what I mean!  
Not everybody's Mr and Mrs. Clean  
Some get burnt like Freddie Kruger, sweat dreams  
Girls "backin dey ass up" now they +400 Degreez+, ha  
Hot girl, tryin to give to niggaz up on the block girl  
Have you screamin "STOP GIRL!"  
I rock worlds with my nine inch Louisville slugga  
Still wonder why they call me Lova Lova?  
Self-explanitorium, ass-valedictorian  
I bring 'em "Back to the Future" like a '85 Delorean  
The Luda drug emporium, ON the counter prescriptions  
You like my diction and my doctor/nurse convention  
I place the stethoscope quite close to yo tittie  
and have yo butt checks Red-man like Uncle Quilly

*[Ludacris]*

See me, see me ha ha ha

CEO, D.T.P.

Infamous 2-0, Fate Forsta

4-ize-zy, Shondrez-zy on da beat

Playa Circle to ya boy, College Park nigga

Virgo nigga, what wha?

ahh ahh ahh....

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