

Ludacris

"Ultimate Satisfaction - Field Mob, Ludacris"

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(feat. Field Mob)

[Intro:]

[Voice]

Satisfaction, satisfaction, satisfaction

[Ludacris]

Satisfaction

[Chorus: Voice]

Yeah, blow me a shotgun

B-b-blow me a shotgun

B-b-blow me a shotgun

It gives me (satisfaction)

[Verse 1: Ludacris]

Can you handle it

808 bang in the back with the woofer like boom boom
boom boom

With my foot on the pedal and my hand on my strap

Got the engine like vroom vroom vroom vroom

What's up, you ain't never heard a nigga rap like-like
this before

I got an addictive flow that'll give you (satisfaction)

I'ma make you satisfied, even if it kills me

Even if it takes the slower minds, a little bit of time to
feel me

Recollect the 15 million I sold, or the 30 times I went
gold

And if you take 2 puffs of this dro, it'll give you
(satisfaction)

I've sold the most and noone's close, but I'm not
meaning to brag

It's different strokes for different folks, like Angelina
and Brad

Some keep the heat in the stash, put 30 keys in their
Jag

And if cops ain't peepin your tag then you're gonna feel
some (satisfaction)

Pumpin' out albums like Reverend Run is pumpin out

children, here's another one
So catch me on more 24's than Kiefer Sutherland
I'm bound to be the greatest, I'm determined to win
Until then I can't get no (satisfaction)

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Smoke]

I'm the one that went to the gunfight with a knife, and
won
Left with his pistol and left him dead, the guy he tried
to run
Just because my verse 2nd don't mean I am not the one
When I'm done I'm guaranteed to give you
(satisfaction)
I might not be the best in the world, but the best the
world ever seen
I'm all been in Georgia's daughter Conde ding-a-ling
king
And when I'm digging deep in the spleen, I'ma make
the cream and she scream
Baby get me hard like a Snickers bar I give her
(satisfaction)
Yessir there ain't no other way so motherfuck what you
say
Y'all had this spot, we took you off the top like a toupee
Them coke's been kick and pushed in this fiasco like
Lupe
Back that ass up like Juve, cause the south we givin
them (satisfaction)
Ever since I signed with Luda and them, my chances of
losing are slim
Y'all talk that smack but copycat and do a movie like
him
Yessir my mob got that goodie, as if my group had a
kid
We gonna continue to give them a double dose of
(satisfaction)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Shawn Jay]

Yea Fleetwood drop the bomb, when I rhyme it's TNT
That's why my money long as the line at the DMV
When they askin who was that that was snappin I'm that
answer
you like Snickers bring no nuts no (satisfaction)
I hustle and flow, I done been by my cheese since I was
knee high
Weed what you need, hit me I'ma drop off peaches like
I'm T.I.

Earvin Johnson gimme that rock and magic cap of
Shawn Jay
Dope sold money for (satisfaction)
I been the nigga they can't fuck with, hot but the flow
cold
Flip rocks by the boatload O.G. no see see me jiffed off
getcha no doze
Zip-loc full of dro tote big glocks on the hip cocked try
to play the big shot
Get popped with the four four
Don't be the reason they mopped in the floor for pay
me, that's my (satisfaction)
Food for thought let me get that gwop, man I need this
cream
Where my cake give me my candles, I got sweet
sixteens
Now the kid with the cocaine flow got DTP on his
necklace
Now Luda tell them what you think about your
investment (satisfacton)

[Chorus - 2X]

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