

## Ludacris "Undisputed"

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Back up on dat ass, back to put rappers on one knee  
Like they 'bout to run a 100 meter dash  
Bow down to greatness, before I get pissed and  
Run up in the stands like the Indiana Pacers

Covered all my bases, straight, no chasers  
Diamonds on my chain look like my neck's full of  
glaciers  
Titanic flow, Titanic dough, women on my nuts like  
"Where da Titanic go?"

I been scourin' da earth, makin' my fans  
Catch da holy ghost at my shows like ya grandma at  
church  
And the fat lady singin', it's ova for you rappers  
Can't none of y'all bust, you're just sacs full of semen

And I got da women screamin', they could catch my  
balls  
On any given Sunday like my name's Willy Beaman  
Or LL Cool, so if ya boyfriend thinks your loyal to his  
ass  
Then he's a motherfuckin' fool

Got jewels on my pinky, jewels on my wrist  
Iconic status and his name is Ludacris  
Bitch please, you messin' wit some real O.G's  
Wit million dolla whips dat I ship from overseas

Got a pocket full of G'z, and the inconvenient truth  
Is that the ozone is bad cuz I been smokin' all da trees  
The globe is warmin' up when we fire up the blunt  
And put it in the air like Evil Knievel stunts

What you want from me? I got pistols for da haters  
Ya fam will be in black like they was playin' for da  
Raiders  
And ya music isn't favored, and DJ's they neva bring it  
back  
Like when you go and borrow somethin' from ya  
neighbors

Like a cup full of sugar, a rope full of salt  
The name of my car insurance is yo fuckin' fault  
And if you sittin' on chrome, I'll call up my boys  
And have you stripped of ya medals like Marion Jones,  
nigga

(Champ you got it, keep on movin'  
They ain't got nuttin' on ya, watch for the sneak dissin'  
These boys'll smile in your face and stab you right in  
the back  
Breathe, take some water, this is money in the bank)

(They defeatin' themselves champ, you know what you  
can do  
You Luda, you lookin' good, let's go!  
C'mon baby, hard work and dedication  
You know what it is man, keep fightin'!)

Back up on da scene, back to put a nail in these  
rappers' coffins  
I got the hammer in my jeans  
Call me Mr. Fixit, barrel stay hotter than  
A fresh batch of home-made buttermilk biscuits

A-tasket, a-tasket, a custom-made casket  
Luda leaves the trouters stretched out like gymnastics  
And acrobatics I'm superstar status  
The mouth of the South like gangsta grillz you bastards

The international traveler, and I may not be much to  
you  
But I'm the shit out in Africa  
So put ya fist up, even the statue of liberty lit a flame  
For the way that I lit my wrist up

You can't compete wit me, I got 'em stuck  
Like I made a thousand rappers put shackles on they  
feet wit me  
And then I broke free, I'll let 'em loose when Bobby  
Brown  
And Whitney Houston become drug-free

I'm the baddest mother shut it like Shaft was  
Leavin' rappers wit headaches like bad drugs  
They shoulda warned ya, you got defeated by the heat  
but, eh  
We'll just say we Alonzo Mourn'd ya

So call the coroner, I'll show up to yo funeral wit some  
gators  
Like I'm fresh outta Florida

Call me the swamp thing, y'all headed in the wrong  
direction  
Like you hit the subway and caught the wrong train

So don't fuck wit it, I'm sendin' lyrical bullets right at ya  
dome  
Fuck niggaz betta duck wit it, or else you stuck wit it  
You'll get stalked so bad you'll leava da scene  
Thinkin' eight Young Buck's did it

But not in Cashville, you lost yo feelin'  
Like comin' down off X chasin' effects of yo last pill  
You fuckin' Daffy Dill, you's a Daffy Duck  
And I'm the undefeated champ, y'all niggas suck!

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