

Ludacris

"V-Day"

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It's the motherfucking LA Leakers
Leaks of the industry
The Los Angeles Leakers

They call me money making Luda, flipping bread like a
spatula

Every verse I spit is nothing less than spectacular
Check my binocular, attacking rappers from their necks
up

Your money feeling down, go to the doctor, get your
check up

West up, for this lyrical whooping I'm about to unwind
With dumb rhymes that will finish your whole career off
in one line

I got signed in 2000, been killing ever since
Just a sport thousand dollar, YSL's with leper prince
And I'll put a foot in your ass for talking reckless or
saying I'm not the best

It's get screwed like you in Texas, I check 'em right off
the checklist

I tell 'em go tell they mama

It's like I'm Vinnie Chase and these rappers is Johnny
Drama

My answer rises thick, I take 'em back to the basics
They wouldn't make the cut, I see clearer if they got
lasic

Like it's Mission Impossible and they operation
shutdown

Still hold the title in the South so rappers what now?

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