

Ludacris "Who Not Me"

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Small World, Small World, Small World, Small World
No way, no how, get 'em like blaow, blaow, blaow
kapaow
Yeah, you ever hear somebody sayin' something
And you think they talkin? 'bout you, you not quite sho'

You know I'm sayin'? But it ain't no way they talking
'bout you
Introducing the new members of disturbing tha peace,
small world
From Norfolk, Dolla Boi from Playaz Circle, here we go,
what?

Who the fuck you talking to?
Not me, couldn't be me, naw not me
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Three, two, one, what's begun is the start but bitch we
be saying
We, we just getting started it since one, y'all been
monitoring
Pondering 'bout it, how 'bout I pull it out and kapaow?
I'll heat 'em up out his mouth with it, big Small World

Norfolik is the gang, extended clip in the jeans
Put 'em in a box like Bisquick, I'm a laker wit clips
Get 'em in the lake wit clips, truth is ya a clipper with
clips
Ain't cha bitch, I'm bout my loot and dollars, I'll shot
you

For looting dollars but you lootless and dollarless, fuck
it
I shot for Luda and Dolla, I crash parties, blast with
proposed toast
I'm a have a problem like scrap blat with me short of

hoes

One for ya damn lips or there be mixture of blood and
dandruff

If you don't get my damn drift, creep to ya grave and
leak DT piss

This is yo highness at his less tempered, keep it
pimpin' and watch

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I been having a bad day, the same ol' shit, we don't
give a fuck

About who you is, the same ol' clique, and the same ol'
biz

The same ol flip , wit the same ol whip, the same 4-4,
with

The same ol' clip, half the bullets gone, the otha half
you can get

Bitch, R.I.P. Rick James, I'm rich bitch, you talkin' to
much

Nigga, you a snitch bitch and we don't do it like that

We do three quarter drops and we bring a brick back,
black

Don't act get ya whole trap splat, ack, unload 'em,
reload 'em

We back black and when dem gats letting off, red dots
loud noises

Like planes taking off, Dolla Boi, I got the game in a
cross

Make me bang at cha boss, for dem things coming
soft, nigga

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Oh, oh, oh, oh, now if a bad bitch wants dick, then it's
dick

I give her, Ludacris nigga, I stand and deliver, neva
back down

Won't shake nor shiver, fuck with me and get found
In the Chattahoochee River, this seven inch shank will
put a stop

To his ticker, but shorties to the body make him drop
much quicker

Yeah, I appear to be a nice lil' nigga, fuck with anything
I love

I'm a stone cold killa, eating off of 'sace, versace
Sleeping on Chinchilla, eight figga nigga, I'm a multi
milla

See me in the street, it can't get no realer, giving back
to my hood

With a pocket full of scrilla, my neighbors say', "My
house can't

Get no bigga", I do good ass bidness with a bad ass
temper, please

Tell ya bitch, stop playing with my zipper or I'll stick her,
stick her

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