

Ludacris "You Got A Problem?"

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Yeah come see this nigga
Come see this ol' light-skinned mothafucka
I seen him and i'm addicted
Disturbin tha peace is the click
Please tell these fake ass niggas who you are

[Ludacris]

I be dat nigga named luda'
Alert alert it's the atlien intruder
College park waterboy, spittin in tha c-cooler
I jam till they deaf, they call me slick dick da ruler
Women indeed, keep ya eyes closed
'bow blows, come out dem clothes hoe
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 skated the snap of my finger
Call me golden gley
Its you and i, do or die, who am i?
I got a pocket full of family stones, cats think i'm sly
Oh why try, you one of dem niggaz that like to cheat
death
And i'm one of dem niggaz that rip up excursions
Til there is 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?
Dat nigga cris?
Oh dat nigga is aight
Dat nigga can't fuck wit me thou
Let me get on da mic
Nigga, who da fuck are you nigga

[Ludacris]

I be dat nigga bronze bridges
Playaz wanna ball or go on strike cause of my pitches
They think i want they bitches

But i don't want no pigeons
Yet pigeons can scrub my dishes
And ya'll don't want no scrubs till ya'll pull out ya'll
extensions
Ya'll in school detention that'll neva come out
Man i'll catch 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-ize twirl it out, lick it dry and tend it to flames
Not even joshua can come to +war+ wit dis +games+
These bitch niggaz is lame and come down wit da
reigns
You all wet behind da ears but its a drought in ya brain
And dats tha simple and plain man
Three w dot shhhh
(man dat dude luder's got some hotter than hot shhh)
Well sh-sh-sh-shut da fuck up
Before you get cu-cu-cut-cut da fuck up

-hold on man
Hold on lil buddy
Ya'll talkin bout shorty man
Shorty up at da radio station man?
Shorty be poppin man?
Man, let the name be known
Who ya'll talkin bout

[ludacris]
I be dat nigga dat 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 lightening strikes, you can be safe on a few
rubbers
If you know what i mean
Not everybody is mr and mrs. clean
Some get burnt like freddie kruger, sweat dreams
Girls backin dey ass up now they 400 degrees ha
Hot girl, tryin to give to niggaz up on da block girl
Have you screamin "stop girl"
I rock worlds with my 9 inch louieville slugga
Still wonder why they call me lova lova
Self explainatruim
Ass valedictorian
I bring 'em back to da future like a '85 delorium
Da luda drug emporium
On da counter prescription
You like my diction
And my doctor nurse convention

I put da stethoscope quite close to yo tittie
Have yo butt checks red-man like uncle quilly

[Ludacris] *talking
See me, see me
Ha ha ha
C e o
D t p
Infamous 2-0
Fate forsta
4-ize-zy
Shondrez-zy on da beat
Playa circle to ya boy
Icollege park nigga
Virgo nigga, what wha
Ahh ahh ahh....

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