

Ludacris Feat. 4-Ize "Mouthing Off"

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When it all come down to it we ain't have shit
Use your mouth, haha
Ludacris, 4-Ize, it's like this

I make niggaz eat dirt and fart dust
Then give you a eighty dollar gift certificate to Pussies
'R Us
I eat the whole pie, and leave nuthin' but the crust
So you can feel what it's like, with instinct but no guts

A sac wit no nuts or a mack wit no sluts
Give me a full-body massage, I still can't be touched
They call me Seymour Butts, 'cause I get mo' ass than
most
They say I'm next and got that butter love, and get too
close

Follow the leader 'cause I'm meaner than medula
oblongota
My tribe's on more quests than midnight marauders
It's all piÃ±a coladas, no cops and robbers
Takin trips back and forth from here to the Bahamas

I hump more than llamas, get rolled more than tires
If you say I'm not nice, then youse a motherfuckin' liar
Entitled to your opinions, into the next millenium
So many major coins that I thought I had a million

4-Ize, 4-Ize whatcha? 4-Ize

Yo, I am goin to blow up the Earth
With my 'Pew-36 explosive space modulator'
Buddha be praised, you meditator
Drop squad interrogator, 85 percent regulator

The Educator and the Almighty creator, dedicater
The seperater of fiction, I spark friction
Smoking hay without the crucial confliction
4-Ize prescription, microphone, Jackie Stallone

Psychic prediction, Egytian description
Of my psychical, my flesh is weak and it's pitiful

Spiritual is hooked up to the invisible
Umbilical cord of my Lord, Kumbiya Devine Kah

Remove paper of tar from every cigar
I slap authority like Gabor, Zsa Zsa
Half Allah, Half Anti Christ Superstar
Rockin the microphone with a hand like Dr. Claw

While I'm hittin' trees harder than Sonny Bono
Double dragon, mixed up with an abobo
I kill villians in slow mo' for talkin' crazy in my dojo
Got nothin' to lose, like I'm a boxcar hobo

When I get Ludacris with bridges on the promo
Niggaz wanna clown, I'm homey and Bozo
'Cause in the grand prize game my life callin' like Jojo
The name sticks like Toto

I keep it realer than alien autopsy photo
You similiar to a Spice Girl goin' solo
You lost like bebe, or a dog named Toto
My statue of liberty is Rebecca Lobo

We cop robo, virgo
Bust ass like a motherfuckin' homo, como estas?
Tony Del Negro built to destroy these kid's blocks of
Legos
Lego my eggo 'cause I say so

Hold the microphone, 4-lze, I stay gifted
Manifested, elevated, I uplifted
The elevator, the esclator
That's not a knife? That's a knife

Crocodile dundee the alligator rustler
'Cause I hustle ya, under the China
Big trouble, little sewer but still I find ya
'Cause I'm stinky manifest, throw you down the stairs
like a slinky
Yo, my third eye is blinky

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