

N.E.R.D. "It Wasn't Us Ft. Ludacris"

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Ludacris: Woo! Ah! Disturbing tha peace in this mu'fucka,man. Just gettin started.Ludacris,I-20,with the Neptunes. It goes a little somethin' like this
(Chorus X1) They wanna know why I hit like that,spit like that,shit like that,maybe cause I get like that,kick like that,rip like that,they wanna know why I rhyme like that,shine like that,climb like that,cause the world is mine like that,(yours like that?)Mine Like That!

Man, you could get yo whole crew,even niggas that owe you,and ain't paid u shit,you could drink some cold brews,and throw on them 0-2's and jump in the whip,you can come and find us,and be right behind us,and insert the clips,you hear somethin' go "clap,clap,clap," somebody went down,but it wasn't us,you could sell about 2 mil,and get hooked wit a good deal,and start stackin dough,you could get yo mobiles ,ride 20 inch big wheels,and collect some ho's,you could even start eatin good,and smokin good,but you pressin yo luck,and you say what,somebody went bankrupt? But it wasn't us

Chorus X1

You could be goin on world wide tours,and see your face on every magazine,or you could flip through channel after channel,and see yourself on the t.v screen,you could pay for expensive videos,and have a whole lot of big booty ho's,but when that shit start comin to a close,damn! But it wasn't us. You could use your backup plan,and even call up your backup man,and start thinkin quick,you can call up the backup ho's,and even call up the backup foes,and tell em' suck a dick, then you tell them just to get on these,or you tell them just to pay their fees,or to pay them dues,and if you catchin' them S.T.D's,Damn! But it wasn't us

Chorus X1

I-20:You could bring your whole squad,and your bodyguard,fuck it dog,you can bring your block,but I got me a A.K,and a couple little S,K's,so you walk in

shox,you can sell that hard,hard,them E pills,and every
nigga wanna smoke on the Dro,but when the feds
come and kick your door,pick up your ho,i'm like whoa!
And it wasn't us,you could even flip a whole crib,get
your whole cliq,til everybody ridin' on them sprees,but
you got you a problem dude,I got the robbin crew,so
everybody gotta get on they knees,you could even
make a chain,dog,get the main broad,even let her stay
inside of your crib,but the bitch got no choice,she love
my voice,now I put it way inside of her ribs,you could
even make a phonecall to your road dogs,cuz the
nigga that you feelin' is soft,so you drive to a new tune
called the Neptunes,but Pharell wasn't hearin you
out,you could even try to blame me,get yo whole crew
to frame me,but i'm still gonna bust,if the feds try to
name me,hey it ain't me,and,uuh,and it wasn't us!

Chorus-X2

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