

Daft Punk

"Hey Ladies"

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[Redman] Yo yo..

{Chorus 2X: Redman and Lady Luck}

[R] HEY LADIEEEEEES!!

[L] Luck's the name

[L] Stay a-bove the game, for ones bust them thangs

[R] HEY LADIEEEEEES!!

[L] Yo, you niggaz can't stop me

[L] This chick is cocky with the big body papi bought me

[Lady Luck]

Nigga I be, that chick that'll brawl with a dude

Strut around nose up with a attitude

Flaunt jewels, haunt crews, Luck is bad news

Pull 'em out a tool, show ya what a MAC'll do

Aim for your North Face coat

Or put three up in your small face and a couple up in
your throat

Far from a joke, AND it's that time of the month

My niggaz came to the party drunk, gettin it crunk

They say it's, type foul how I look at life now

Slumped in the drop with a loaded ri-fle

Type wild, lifestyle, dizzy off Cris-tal

Talk with a lisp now, walk with a limp now

MUST be a pit now, I'm always with my man

Grand in my hand just signed to Def Jam

Along with Nia Long lookin for "The Best Man"

Lay up in the wet sands when not in the 'luxe Land

Nigga uhh

[Redman] Yo yo..

{Chorus}

[Lady Luck]

You heard the flow's lava

and little momma spit it hotter than the enchilada

Foot to the floor, whip the Jag like a stunt driver

{*SCREEE!*}

The glock right beside her

And Shannon Scholar follow and we came to lock the

block up
You heard "blaka blaka" coward get your coke and
rocks up
Somebody call the cops up, need vice squad to stop up
Doin a buck-thirty zone in a big poppa
How I look; fallin in love and then Luck get knocked up?
I need a brolic nigga (uhh) hydraulic nigga (uhh)
Swervin from the feds, ridin coke pilin nigga
I'm never silent nigga, Luck get kinda violent nigga
The type to snatch you out your car and take your
wallet nigga
(Get outta there!) I roll with cuz-ons, fam get your thug
on
(Why not?) Type to beat a nigga down if he mug wrong
Every time, Luck mix coke in every line
And stop askin nigga yeah I write my own rhymes

[Redman] Yo yo..

{Chorus}

[Lady Luck]

Nigga I be, that chick that have you eatin through an IV
{*beep, beep, FLATLINE*} You cowards try me I'll let
the slugs fly free
Where the rocks be? Where the jocks be?
You grab a glock and let it pop if you gon' stop me
I'm probably hot, the Goddess in here
Better spit your hardest this year, I'm starvin this year
Regardless who here, Luck gon' murder the flow
You broke-ass niggaz act like you allergic to dough
Never get none nigga let your lip run
And watch my clique come, cock back and spit one
(blaow!)
Move smoother than the juices when my clit cum (uhh)
And every time I rock, watch my pockets thick-en
Y'all ride dick on any cat that can buy the P-rada
and scatter my motto why bother when Luck about
dollars
Female rap Tony Montana bubble like saunas
Bring the armor make your block look like a tiny Pearl
Harbor
You wants no drama

[Redman] Yo yo..

{Chorus}

{Chorus} - 1/2X

[Redman]

HEY LADIEEEES!! Yo wild
Wild the fuck out (wild the fuck out)
Dumb the fuck out (dumb the fuck out)
HEY LADIEEEES!! Yo wild
Wild the fuck out (wild the fuck out)
Dumb the fuck out (dumb the fuck out)
HEY LADIEEEES!! Yo wild
Wild the fuck out (wild the fuck out)
Dumb the fuck out (dumb the fuck out)
HEY LADIEEEES!! Yo wild
Wild the fuck out (wild the fuck out)
Dumb the fuck out (dumb the fuck out)

[Lady Luck]
Luck's the name
Stay a-bove the game, for ones bust them thangs
Yo, you niggaz can't stop me
This chick is cocky with the big body papi bought me

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