

## Greg Street "Beat Box"

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f/ Ludacris

[\* People talking in the background \*]

[Ludacris talking]

Yeah, they never seen that shit comin'

Greg Street and Ludacris, Georgia to Texas

All over y'all ass

Dirty South nigga, check it

[Ludacris]

Now I'm an honest ho and all my hoes is honest

Luda make you brace yourself like orthodontist

I'm hooked on chronic and Smirnoff twist

But know ass in spandex is a turn-off bitch

It's not right like chapped lips if you givin' some mouth

Niggas want me on a song so I give em' the South

Thirty a verse, cars just for sixteen bars

And that's before I did this, so it probably went up

Eighty thousand dollar bonds, I ain't givin' a fuck

Cause that's change in my pocket, 45 I cock it

Click before I spit then it's time to scam

Bought a Cutlass on dubs, colored candy yams

And that's bowling ball paint so I roll the lane

Keep a poker face bitch and I fold the game

On a come up, get done up and it's time to creep

Freestyle motherfucker, nightmare on Greg Street

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