

DMX F/ Sean Paul, Mr Vegas "Cry Babies"

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[Chorus: Ludacris - repeat 2X]

(Oh No!) I caught him with a blow to the chest
(Oh No!) My hollow put a hole in his vest
(Oh No!) I'm bout to send two to his dome
(Oh No!) Cry babies go home!

[Verse One: Ludacris]

I got people scared as FUCK like when condoms break
Or how your heart deals with eatin' eighty pounds of
steak
So put your belly on a plate and watch your weight
You frostin' like a flake and Ludacris feels grrreat!
Who want come face me, face come want who?
And women give me face until they're face turns blue
They can't breathe, dick to mouth recessation
A tight squeeze witch stops the length to conversations
I Playstations, duck cops and lose agents
I'm Doctor Love, I close curtains and fuck patients
When I kick and rip and flip an indespensable rhyme
My black ass is so hungry I'll take a bite out of crime
And it'll hurt if I swallow, but even more if I choke
Neighbors called the fire station off the blunt that I
smoke
You see I crush cowards, funerals I'll send flowers
And I'm on the overpass flick pennies at rush hour

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Ludacris]

You see I'm ambidextrous I slap ass with both hands
Delete your first steps, but I'll save the last dance
I just bought some new guns my mama said "it ain't
worth it"
But I'm at the shooting range just 'cause practice
makes perferct
Bullseye, I stunt growth and stop lives
You run with niggas that's more chicken then pot pies
Bok bok bok I'm shakin your tale feathers
I got big balls, I'm a SAC King like Chris Webber
Luda' will take you back to duck hunt and double
dribble

When niggas sold quarters and dimes and smoked
nickels
My cars got big TVs and satellites
I got a Wheel of Fortune 'cause I flipped O's like Vanna
White
And the servey says? (Kill a mutha fucka now)
Could it be off with his head? (Or shoot a mutha fucka
down)
Ground round, ground chuck your ground beef
Bullets gather round then I shoot rounds around teeth

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Ludacris]

I kick niggas in they're ass reboot 'em like laptops
And they wouldn't even box if I gave 'em a flat top
You punks pucker and pout, bicker and babble
Now they all lost for words like I beat 'em in Scrabble
You see I'm from a small town called "Fresh out a cop's
ass"
Where Mr. Head-Potatoes are skinned they get mashed
I smell puss from fifty yards
Y'all not playin with full decks as if I jacked out ya Jacks
and left fifty cards
Catch me in Vegas spinnin' the green
I re-up with more chips than a vending machine
Then you can catch me in Rome, mackin' some broads
and stickin' 'em
And you'll be at home picking your bougars and
flicking 'em
A drug dealer's dream, so fresh and I'm so clean
I'm a grown ass man and you're sweeter than sixteen
So go and kick rocks peons you're just rookies
Headed down stairs to get you some milk and cookies

[Chorus] - 2X

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