

## **DMX F/ Sean Paul, Mr Vegas**

### **"Number One Spot"**

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[Ludacris - imitating Austin Powers]  
Yeahhhh baby, heh heh, yeahh!

[Ludacris]  
Back again (that's right) Luda! Ha ha ha ha (Feel this)  
It gets meaner and meaner each time baby  
Feelin real good too (holla at 'em man) What up Uncle  
'Face! (Yeah)  
I'm a bull in this industry man (tell 'em)  
Some would rather run down and get one cow (nah)  
I think I'd rather walk down and get 'em all  
You know what I'm talkin 'bout right? Look

[Verse 1]  
I'm never goin nowhere so don't try me  
My music sticks in fans veins like an IV  
Flows poison like Ivy, oh they grimy  
Already offers on my 6th album from labels tryin to  
sign me  
Respected highly, HIIII MR. O'REILLY  
Hope all is well, kiss the plaintiff and the wifey  
Drove through the window, the industry super sized me  
Now the girls see me and a river's what they cry me  
I'm on the rise, so many people despise me  
Got party ammunition for those tryin to surprise me  
(surprise!)  
It's a celebration and everyone should invite me  
Roll with the crew or meet the bottom of our Nikes  
(blaow!)  
Explorer like Dora these swipers can't swipe me  
My whole aura's so MEAN in my white tee  
Nobody light-skinned reppin harder since Ice-T  
You disagree, take the Tyson approach and bite me!

[Chorus]  
Whoa! Don't slip up or get got! (Why not man?)  
I'm comin for that number one spot! (Alright)  
Rappers swearin they on top! (Nuh uh, uh uh)  
But I'm comin' for they number one spot! (Alright man)  
Scheme scheme, plot plot (say WHAT?)  
I'm comin for that number one spot! (Woo, hey)

Keep it goin it won't stop! (What you doin man?)  
I'm comin for that number one spot!

[Verse 2]

Yes indeed, Ludacris I'm hotter than Nevada  
Ready to break the steerin column on yo' Impala  
If I get caught, bail out, po'-po' I tell 'em holla  
In court I never show up, like Austin Powers fa-zha  
Father, father, and hey I love gold  
But can buy anything I want from the records I've sold  
Jacuzzi's hot, Cristal is so cold  
Neighbors catch contacts, from the blunts that I've  
rolled  
A pig in a blanket, a smoke and a pancake  
Drop albums non-stop once a year for my fans sake  
I crush mics until my hand breaks  
Then shag now and shag later 'til these women can't  
stand straight  
The Luda-meister got 'em feelin so randy  
I'm +XXL+ so I call 'em my +Eye Candy+  
Brush my shoulder and I, pop my collar  
Cause I'm worth a million ga-zillion fa-fillion dollars

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Causin lyrical disasters, it's the master  
Make music for Mini-Me's, models and Fat Bastards  
These women tryin yo get me out my Pelle Pelle  
They strip off my clothes and tell me, "Get in my belly!"  
Stay on the track, hit the ground runnin like Flo-Jo  
Sent back in time and I've never lost my mojo  
Ladies and gentlemen ahh, boys and girls  
Ludacris sent down to take over the whole world!

[Chorus]

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