

## **Ludacris F/ Twista, Jagged Edge**

### **"Grand Theft Audio"**

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[Fabolous]

Yeah, uh huh, uh, uh

Ghetto! Oh yeah

Please believe it, believe it please

Uh, Desert Storm, okay, that's right, uh

Street Family, yeah

They call me G-H-E-T-T-O

[DJ Envy - overlapping Fabolous intro]

New Fabolous, Paul Cain, Joe Buddens

This shit's called Grand Theft Audio

C'mon maan!

[Fabolous]

The kid's usually armed

Especially since I put canary jewels in the charm and a mule on my arm (Yeah!)

And find who you fools wanna harm

Make sure ya kids wear a vest underneath they school uniform (C'mon)

The pound slugs look like combos

A couple in the face will make celebrities look like John Doe's (Who dat?)

I'll show ya'll what the X7 look like almost (Yeah)

Private jet interiors that look like condos

Ya security look like Arnold

But he never had so many stitches in his head, they look like cornrows (Uh ugh)

Two long Desert Eag's, four on the chest

It feel like you got no shirt in the Tuscon desert heat

Crib got large screen cinema, garage look similar

To looking in a Dupont registry

I'm assuming you cats spread rumors like that

'Cause you never seen ya moms speak wit a aluminum bat

Ghetto

[Joe Budden]

OK thugs, call the troops, tell them load they slugs (Buddens)

In the closet is the long nose and O.J. gloves

I don't care what type burner ya using  
Gangsta it out, let's put the heat down, do some  
furniture moving  
Look, tried and acquitted  
Rap suckers, all ya lives I lived it, remember I'm the guy  
that did it  
Who drives the 6's? Dogs, you can't ball out  
No matter how much you customize ya Civics  
Block work, glock work, give him CPR  
(For what?) For trying to play his A-dat in a VCR  
Keep on following Scarface, I'm plotting a car chase  
Stop! It's Jumpoff wit Desperado's guitar case  
I ain't gotta call on hounds (Why?)  
When ya guns is like the last Lennox Lewis fight, short  
on rounds  
I'm used to dra-ma, ride wit the tool and hammer  
All you young rap dudes is bammers

[Paul Cain]

Don't let me out of my cage, the world ain't ready for  
Cain  
The black talons and the calico confetti ya brain  
I rock Lacosta, the kid wit the roaster is back  
No top, sitting on 20's opposed to them black  
Hang rappers from helicopters, Sosa of rap  
I don't talk, I pull toasters, approach ya, and clap  
I still hustle coca and crack  
Just got in the game and already platinum posters and  
plaques  
I don't write, I speak what I feel  
And pop off po's dog, I don't need a reason to kill  
I'm like 2 weeks from a deal, like 2 g's from a mil  
Right hand, few feet from the steel  
They wonder how I flow so strong  
'Cause I live what I spit, my smallest hammer is a 44  
long  
I spit pain rap, when Cain clap, duck for cover  
Hot hanger, torch ya girl, and pluck ya mother  
Always ready to clash wit titans  
And the princesses in my watch look like a flash of  
lightning  
Same box I got for the gun you stash ya ice in  
Make niggas sell they soul and cash they life in  
Motherfucker!

[DJ Envy]

People's choice  
Don't forget Desert Storm  
My man Kah, Paul Cain, Fabolous, Joe Buddens  
Fat shout  
Varcity clothing line

My man James A.D  
Desert Storm mixtape Volume 1 Blok Party  
You know!

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