

U Got a Problem?

Ludacris

Chorus: Y'all got a problem come see me

Verse 1: I be that Nigga named Luda

Alert, Alert

It's the At alien intruder

Collage Park water boy spit in the ca cooler

I Jam till they Def

They call me Slick Dick the rula

Women indeed

Keep your eyes closed

Bold flows

C'mon out them clothes hoes

Low pros low blows

Watch out for them Po Po's

And I chose to be that number 1 contender

Southern offender

Fucking up your whole agenda

When I walk you try to run

When I run you try to hide

You skate at the snap of my finger

Call me golden glide

It's you and I

Do or die

Who am I

I got a pocket full of family stones

Cats think I'm sly

Why try

You one of those niggas that like to cheat death

And I'm one of them niggas that rip out

Exersions until there are no seats left

You shit and wheat chex

And fart out deep breaths

While we toss darts at the bottom of y'all V-necks

(Who Cris aw that niggas aight that nigga cant fuck wit me though

let me get on tha mic who tha fuck are you)

Verse 2: I be that nigga Bronze Bridges

Playas wanna ball but go on strike

Cause of my pitches

They think I want they bitches

But I don't want no pigeons

Yet pigeons can scrub my dishes

And y'all don't want no scrubs

Until y'all pullout ya extensions

Y'all in school detention and never come out
Man I'll cut your Achilles tendon and put a sock in yo mouth
Cause we the shit in the south
Fate know what I'm talking about
Ya see we Jack and we Daniel
Y'all Earl and Ralph
Four eyes twirl it out
Lick it dry it send it to flames
Not even Joshua can come to war wit these games
These bitch niggas is lame
And coming down wit the rain
You all wet behind the ears but its
A drought in your brain.
And that's just simply and plain main
Three W dot shh
Man that dude Luda got some hot shh
Man shut the fuck up
Before you get cut the fuck up
(Hold on man hold on lil buddy ya'll talkin bout shawty man
shawty up on tha radio stations shawty be poppin man man
let his name be known who ya'll talkin about)
Verse 3: I be that nigga that lova lova
I'm nastier than thinking about your parents
Sex each other
No glove no love
Better tell your dick to run for cover
So when lightning strikes
You'll be safe wit a few rubbers
If you know what I mean
Not everybody's Mr. and Mrs. Clean
Some get burned like Freddie Cruggers
Sweat dreams
Girls backing they ass up
Now they 400 Degrees ha
Hot girl
Tryin to give it to niggas up on the block girl
Have you screaming stop girl
I rock worlds
Wit my nine-inch Louisville slugger
Still wonder why they call me Lover Lover
Self explainectorian
Ass valedictorian
I bring them back to the future like a 85 Delorian
The Luda drug Emporian
On the counter descriptions
You like my Diction
And my doctor nurse conventions
Place the stethoscope real close to your tittie
And have your butt cheeks Redman

Like Uncle Quilly
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