

Cee Lo Feat. Ludacris, Childz Play

Come on, chop, chop!
Yeah, man
I'm just gonna play with y'all on this
Hidey ho
Well hello, howdy do? How are you? That's good
Who me? Still hot, I still got, you got me?
I'm here, I'm there, 'cause I'm wrong, 'cause I'm right
I can spit on anything, got plenty game, authentic
My pen's sick, forensic, defends it, he wins it
Again and a, again and a, again and a, again and a
I'm the one, come see, lookey I, and come meet
The young Cee, the one treats, everything the sun seek
I'm hollering, can't help, ooh! I'm hungry
I cake rap, bake rap, sack rap, trap rap
Same shoes, same shirt, the same work, the same jerk
Claim hurt, the game hurt, my name work, it ain't work
I'm fast, time fast, I'm first, I'm last
Psychic, I knew you would like it, like this
I write this, priceless, more than my right wrist
I cock back, block track, the beat bleed, speak read
Don't eat weed, feed seed, I speed read, you need me
To give it to you, like you want it, I own it when I'm on it
Maintain the same thing, nigga rap 'bout the same game
None left, shame shame, plain game, insane
When I rap things change, me and God, same thing
Money's here, money fold, I'm young, my money old
Maybe look, cross hangin' down to my tummy toes
I know it, I'ma stop, I'm tryin', just like lyin'
Yes, I can sing and I can rap and I can act and I can dance
And I can dress and I'm the best so is my guest, man, I'm impressed
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry, come and see
This is just like childz play to me, ah ha
Little melody and a little drum all I really need to have a little fun
Hush little one, let's get it done, dress like a fun, bust like a gun
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry, come and see
This is just like childz play to me, ah ha
Who the only little nigga that you know
With about fifty flows, do about fifty shows in a week
But creep on the track with my tippy toes?
Shh, shut the fuck up, I'm tryin' to work
Ah forget it, I'm goin' berserk!