

# Ludacris, Block Lockdown&nbsp;

(feat. Funkmaster Flex)

[Funkmaster Flex]

Yeah Dirty South baby - Ludacris  
Shout to Shaka Zulu, my man Shawn Taylor  
.. it's goin down

[DTP]

Yeah, Funk Flex, Volume Fo'  
Disturbin The Peace, Def Jam South  
'Cris (yeah) you ready?

[Ludacris]

Oh it's my turn? Aiight..  
I got permission to put ya mamma in a headlock (what?)  
She tried to jook me in a figure-fo' leg lock (ohh)  
She said she like the way I stick and make the bed rock  
or how I lick and leave her twisted like a dreadlock, and it's on  
So stop the sweatin like a wristband  
And get some balance like a bike without the kickstand  
I think I changed the definition of a hit man  
Cuz I could really give a fuck about that bitch man, c'mon!  
We puttin holes in your residence  
And lose anybody for the right president  
We thugged out street niggaz with intelligence  
So all that bullshit you yappin is irrelevant  
Oh yeah, I represent the Dirty Southside  
I'm a dentist makin women open they mouth wide  
You be in jail still runnin it on the outside  
Thank not then won't ya open up ya mouth riiiiight, but who cares?

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

I got my corner on lockdown  
About to hold this whole block down  
Ludacris tell um how the South sound  
UUH BUDDAH-LAA AH, UH UH UH BUDDAH-LAA  
UHH BUDDAH-LAA AH uh oh uh oh uh oh

[Verse 2]

Comin to Shady Park is like a peep show  
It's some respectable ladies and there some freak hoes  
I know killers that go to church up in they street clothes  
You'll end up missin more than Shaq when shootin free throws  
They packin and bout to open up the dope spot  
My neighborhood is stoppin cars like a roadblock  
They movin' weight like Atlanta was movin boat rock  
And catchin ums like seeun Muslims eatin pork chops - never happen  
And meanwhile I been thinkin man  
Niggaz been slangin tapes like they slangin 'caine  
Cuz in the hood its gettin ugly like orangutang  
So if you tryin to stop the hustle get the dangalang  
Okay, we tryin to make our own White House  
Paint it black and start yellin our fuckin pipes out  
You try to tackle some players and you'll get psyched out  
They can't fuck with us niggaz you think they dyked out, so don't play

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Disturbin The Peace, we do that funky shit  
Hey, what can I say? We got a monkey clique  
See Dre'll throw on them shades, and make that funky shit  
And keep y'all women away if they got funky clit  
Understand, we got that dough and it get rolled up

You pay the price and still we got the block sold up  
Aint nothin nice a full house don't make you fold up  
You full of heist and try to jet and I'm like -  
hold up, god damn - I need to say it on a megaphone  
And tell your sister get the fuck up off the telephone  
These fools is tickin me off like fifty metronome  
I'm takin all of ya money just call me Pebbletone!  
Alright? I got the pistol and the safe key  
You betta tell your bitch to follow you to safety  
How dare you wanna be heroes and chase me  
It's Ludacris wont leave no evidence to trace me, you know why?

[Chorus]

Funky shit oh  
Do that funky shit oh  
Do that funky shit oh  
Do that funky shit uh  
Do that funky shit uh  
Do that funky shit