

# Ludacris, Get Out The Way

(feat. I-20, Mystikal)

[whistling]

[Chorus 2x: Ludacris]

Move bitch, get out the way  
Get out the way bitch, get out the way  
Move bitch, get out the way  
Get out the way bitch, get out the way

[Ludacris]

OH NO! The fight's out  
I'ma 'bout to punch yo...lights out  
Get the FUCK back, guard ya grill  
There's somethin' wrong, we can't stay still  
I've been drankin' and bustin' two  
and I been thankin' of bustin' you  
Upside ya motherfuckin' forehead  
And if your friends jump in, "Ohhh right", they'll be mo' dead  
Causin' confusion, Disturbin Tha Peace  
Since not into lution', we run in the streets  
So bye-bye to all you groupies and goldiggers  
Is there a bumper on your ass? NO NIGGA!  
I'm doin' a hundred on the highway  
So if you do the speed limit, get the FUCK outta my way  
I'm D.U.I., hardly ever caught sober  
and you about to get ran the FUCK over

[Chorus]

[Mystikal over second chorus]

BITCH! Watch out, watch out, watch out  
BITCH! Watch out, watch out, watch out, move

Here I come, there I go  
UH OH! Don't jump bitch, move  
You see them headlights? You hear that fuckin' crowd?  
Start that goddamn show, I'm comin' through  
Hit the stage and knock the curtains down  
I fuck the crowd up - that's what I do  
Young and successful - a sex symbol  
The bitches want me to fuck - true true  
Hold up wait up, shorty  
"Oh wazzzupp, get my dick sucked, what are yoouu doin'?"  
besides minding my fuckin' bussiness  
Tryin' to get my payment for child support soon  
Give me that truck and take that rental back  
Who bought these fuckin' T.V.'s and jewelry bitch, tell me that?  
No, I ain't bitter, I don't give a fuck  
But i'ma tell you like this bitch  
You better not walk in front of my tour bus

[Chorus]

[I-20 over second chorus]

Bring it, get 'em

Too bad I'm on the right track  
Beef, got the right mack  
Hit the trunk, grab the pump pump, I'll be right back  
We buyin' bars out, showin' scars out  
We heard there's hoes out, so we brought the cars out  
Grab the peels cuz we robbin' tonight

Beat the shit outta security, for stoppin the fight  
I got a fifth of the remy, fuck the Belve and 'cris  
I'm sellin' shit up in the club like I work in the bitch  
Fuck the dress codes, it's street clothes, we all street niggaz  
We on the dance floor, throwin' bows, beatin' up niggaz  
I'm from the D.E.C., tryin' to disrespect D.T.P.  
And watch the bottles start flyin' from the V.I.P.  
Fuck this rap shit, we clap bitch, two in your body  
Grab ya four, start a fight dog, ruin the party  
So move bitch, get out the way hoe  
All you faggot motherfuckers make way for 2-0  
So...

[Chorus]

[whistling]