

Ludacris, Mouthing Off

(feat. 4-ize)

[Ludacris]

Yeah, hah..

When it all come down to it we ain't have shit!

(Woo! Use your mouth, haha)

Ludacris, 4-Ize, it's like this

[Verse One]

I make niggaz eat dirt and fart dust

Then give you a eighty dollar gift certificate to Pussies 'R Us

I eat the whole pie, and leave nuthin but the crust

So you can feel what it's like, with instinct but no guts

A sac wit no nuts or a mack wit no sluts

Give me a full-body massage, I still can't be touched

They call me Seymour Butts, cause I get mo' ass than most

They say I'm next and got that butter love, and get too close

Follow the leader cause I'm meaner than medula oblongota

My +Tribe's+ on more +Quests+ than +Midnight Marauders+

It's all pia coladas, no cops and robbers

Takin trips back and forth from here to the Bahamas

I hump more than llamas, get rolled more than tires

If you say I'm not nice, then youse a motherfuckin liar

Entitled to your Opini-ons, into the next millenium

So many +Major Coinz+ that I thought I had +Amil+lion

4-Ize.. 4-Ize whatcha? 4-Ize

[4-Ize]

Yo, I am goin to blow up the Earth

with my "pew-36 explosive space modulator"

Buddha be praised, you meditator

Drop squad interrogator, 85 percent regulator

The Educator and the Almighty Creator, dedicater

The seperater of fiction, I spark friction

Smoking "Hay" without the +Crucial Conflict+ion

4-Ize prescription; microphone, Jackie Stallone

Psychic prediction, Egytian description

of my psychical, my flesh is weak and it's pitiful

Spiritual is hooked up to the invisible

umbilical cord of my Lord, Kumbiya Devine Kah

Remove paper of tar from every cigar

I slap authority like Gabor, Zsa Zsa

Half Allah, Half Anti Christ Superstar

Rockin the microphone with a hand like Dr. Claw

While I'm hittin trees - harder than Sonny Bono

Double Dragon, mixed up with an Abobo

I kill villians in slow-mo for talkin crazy in my Dojo

Got nothin to lose, like I'm a boxcar hobo

When I get Ludacris with bridges on the promo

Niggaz wanna clown; I'm +Homey+ and +Bozo+

Cause in the grand prize game my life callin like Jo-Jo

The name sticks like Toto

I keep it realer than alien autopsy photo

You similiar to a Spice Girl goin solo

You lost like BEBE, or a dog named Toto

My statue of liberty is Rebecca Lobo

We +Cop+ +Robo+, virgo

Bust ass like a motherfuckin homo, como estas?

Tony Del Negro

Built to destroy these kid's blocks of Legos

Lego my Eggo cause I say so

Hold the microphone, 4-Ize, I stay gifted

Manifested, elevated, I uplifted

The elevator, the esclator
"That's not a knife? That's a knife!"
Crocodile Dundee the Alligator Rustler
Cause I hustle ya, under the +China+
+Big Trouble+, little sewer but still I find ya
Cause I'm stinky
Manifest, throw you down the stairs like a slinky
Yo, my third eye is blinky

[everybody cracks up laughing]