

Ludacris, My Business

(hook)

Get out my business my business
Stay the f**k up out my business
Cause these niggas all up in my shit (2x)
And it's my business my business
Stay the f**k up out my business
Cause it's mine o mine

(verse 1)

Now how did you get that platinum chain wit them diamonds in it
Where you get that matching benz wit the windows tinted
Who them girls you be wit when you be riding through
And I ain't got nothing to prove
You chose to lose
I chose to cruise
And sip boose fool
Tell me who's your weed man and how do you smoke so good
Yous a superstar boy so why you til up in the hood
Now what in the world is in that bag
What you got in that bag
A couple of cans of whoop ass
You did a good ass job of just eyeing me spying

(hook)

(connecting hook)

That's for me to know bitch
Not for you to find out

That's for me to know bitch
Not for you to find out (2x)
That's for me to know bitch
Not for you to find out
Not for you to find out
And not for you to find out

(verse 2)

Is that your wife
You girlfriend
Or is that your main bitch
How much money do y'all be makin
And are you really that rich
Are those rumors really true about the size of your dick
Man I done heard plenty of chicks
You ask around plenty of tricks
Passed around pound for pound
You always hiding out
So where the hell do you live
How many cars do you have
Are better yet how many cribs
What in the world is in that room
Why can't I go in that room
Because that spells doom
Get it doom
Get it doom doom

(hook)

(connecting hook)

