

Cee-Lo Green, Childz Play (With Ludacris)

(Cee-Lo)

Come on
Chop chop
Mmm hmm
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 nigga
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, 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
Cock back, block track, the beat bleed, speak read
Men eat weed, bead 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 about the same game
None left, shame shame, plain game, insaine
When I rap things change, me and God, same thing
Money's here, money fold, I'm young, money old
Maybe look, cross hanging down to my tummy toes
I know it, I'm a stop, I'm trying just like life

Yes I can sing, and I can rap
And I can act, and I can dance
And I can dress, sign of the best
So is my guest, man I'm impressed
Hurry hurry hurry hurry, come and see
This is just like child's 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 bum, bust like a gun
Hurry hurry hurry hurry, come and see
This is just like child's play to me, ah ha

(Ludacris)

Who the only little nigga that you know with bout fifty flows
Do about fifty shows in a week but creep on the track with my tippy toes
Shhh, shut the f**k up, I'm trying to work
Ah forget it, I'm going berzerk
Cause I stack my change, and I'm back to claim
My reign on top, so pack your thangs
I rack your brain like crack cocaine
My fame won't stop or I'll jack your chain

Give it up, ding ding ding, thanks, the price was right
That gray goose got me loose, but my eyes are tight
It's the truth, give me a light like I'm dynamite
Alright, alright, we goin ride tonight
I'm so dangerous that I gotta bang with this
You could be famous or remain nameless
Better just drop down to your knees, call upon the lord and pray

Better luck next time, cause you wanna open that door today
Your hair sorta gray, it's that sorta day
Flowing so hard over this track and I got more to say
I ain't new to this, I'm so true to this
See what you get f**king with Cee-Lo and Ludacris

(Cee-Lo)

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Haha

Okay, there you have it little kids
Wasn't that fun?

Yeah

Saturday morning, Cee-Lo Green and my man Ludacris
Doing this thing, ATL style
This is child's play
Seriously though
I can rap bout any you guys with my tongue tied
Ha ha ha
Don't make me get serious on your ass
You wouldn't like me when I'm serious
I could have said anything I want to