

# Ludacris, Cry Babies (Oh No)

[Chorus: Ludacris - repeat 2X]

(Oh No!) I caught him with a blow to the chest  
(Oh No!) My hollow put a hole in his vest  
(Oh No!) I'm bout to send two to his dome  
(Oh No!) Cry babies go home!

[Verse One: Ludacris]

I got people scared as FUCK like when condoms break  
Or how your heart deals with eatin' eighty pounds of steak  
So put your belly on a plate and watch your weight  
You frostin' like a flake and Ludacris feels grrreat!  
Who want come face me, face come want who?  
And women give me face until they're face turns blue  
They can't breathe, dick to mouth recessation  
A tight squeeze witch stops the length to conversations  
I Playstations, duck cops and lose agents  
I'm Doctor Love, I close curtains and fuck patients  
When I kick and rip and flip an indespensable rhyme  
My black ass is so hungry I'll take a bite out of crime  
And it'll hurt if I swallow, but even more if I choke  
Neighbors called the fire station off the blunt that I smoke  
You see I crush cowards, funerals I'll send flowers  
And I'm on the overpass flick pennies at rush hour

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Ludacris]

You see I'm ambidextrous I slap ass with both hands  
Delete your first steps, but I'll save the last dance  
I just bought some new guns my mama said "it ain't worth it"  
But I'm at the shooting range just 'cause practice makes perfect  
Bullseye, I stunt growth and stop lives  
You run with niggas that's more chicken than pot pies  
Bok bok bok I'm shakin your tale feathers  
I got big balls, I'm a SAC King like Chris Webber  
Luda' will take you back to duck hunt and double dribble  
When niggas sold quarters and dimes and smoked nickels  
My cars got big TVs and satellites  
I got a Wheel of Fortune 'cause I flipped O's like Vanna White  
And the servey says? (Kill a mutha fucka now)  
Could it be off with his head? (Or shoot a mutha fucka down)  
Ground round, ground chuck your ground beef  
Bullets gather round then I shoot rounds around teeth

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Ludacris]

I kick niggas in they're ass reboot 'em like laptops  
And they wouldn't even box if I gave 'em a flat top  
You punks pucker and pout, bicker and babble  
Now they all lost for words like I beat 'em in Scrabble  
You see I'm from a small town called "Fresh out a cop's ass"  
Where Mr. Head-Potatoes are skinned they get mashed  
I smell puss from fifty yards  
Y'all not playin with full decks as if I jacked out ya Jacks and left fifty cards  
Catch me in Vegas spinnin' the green  
I re-up with more chips than a vending machine  
Then you can catch me in Rome making some brauds and sticking 'em  
And you'll be at home picking your bougars and flicking 'em  
A drug dealer's dream, so fresh and I'm so clean  
I'm a grown ass man and you're sweeter than sixteen  
So go and kick rocks peons you're just rookies  
Headed down stairs to get you some milk and cookies

[Chorus - 2X]