

Ludacris feat. Field Mob, Ultimate Satisfaction

[Intro:]

[Voice]

Satisfaction, satisfaction, satisfaction

[Ludacris]

Satisfaction

[Chorus: Voice]

Yeah, blow me a shotgun

B-b-blow me a shotgun

B-b-blow me a shotgun

It gives me (satisfaction)

[Verse 1: Ludacris]

Can you handle it

808 bang in the back with the woofer like boom boom boom boom

With my foot on the pedal and my hand on my strap

Got the engine like vroom vroom vroom vroom

What's up, you ain't never heard a nigga rap like-like this before

I got an addictive flow that'll give you (satisfaction)

I'ma make you satisfied, even if it kills me

Even if it takes the slower minds, a little bit of time to feel me

Recollect the 15 million I sold, or the 30 times I went gold

And if you take 2 puffs of this dro, it'll give you (satisfaction)

I've sold the most and noone's close, but I'm not meaning to brag

It's different strokes for different folks, like Angelina and Brad

Some keep the heat in the stash, put 30 keys in their Jag

And if cops ain't peepin your tag then you're gonna feel some (satisfaction)

Pumpin' out albums like Reverend Run is pumpin out children, here's another one

So catch me on more 24's than Kiefer Sutherland

I'm bound to be the greatest, I'm determined to win

Until then I can't get no (satisfaction)

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Smoke]

I'm the one that went to the gunfight with a knife, and won

Left with his pistol and left him dead, the guy he tried to run

Just because my verse 2nd don't mean I am not the one

When I'm done I'm guaranteed to give you (satisfaction)

I might not be the best in the world, but the best the world ever seen

I'm all been in Georgia's daughter Conde ding-a-ling king

And when I'm digging deep in the spleen, I'ma make the cream and she scream

Baby get me hard like a Snickers bar I give her (satisfaction)

Yessir there ain't not other way so motherfuck what you say

Y'all had this spot, we took you off the top like a toupee

Them coke's been kick and pushed in this fiasco like Lupe

Back that ass up like Juve, cause the south we givin them (satisfaction)

Ever since I signed with Luda and them, my chances of losing are slim

Y'all talk that smack but copycat and do a movie like him

Yessir my mob got that goodie, as if my group had a kid

We gonna continue to give them a double dose of (satisfaction)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Shawn Jay]

Yea Fleetwood drop the bomb, when I rhyme it's TNT

That's why my money long as the line at the DMV

When they askin who was that that was snappin I'm that answer dude

Like Snickers bring no nuts no (satisfaction)

I hustle and flow, I done been by my cheese since I was knee high

Weed what you need, hit me I'ma drop off peaches like I'm T.I.

Earvin Johnson gimme that rock and magic cap of Shawn Jay

Dope sold money for (satisfaction)

I been the nigga they can't fuck with, hot but the flow cold

Flip rocks by the boatload O.G. no see see me get tipped off getcha no dough

Zip-loc full of dro tow big glocks on the hip cocked try to play the big shots

Get popped with the four four

Don't be the reason they mopped in the floor for payin me, that (satisfaction)

Fool for a dollar let me get that pop, man I need this cream

Where my cake give me my candles, I got sweet sixteen

Now the kid with the cocaine flow got DTP on his necklace
Now Luda tell them what you think about your invest (satisfactor)
[Chorus - 2X]