Ludacris, Killer

Peace to Thirstin Howl, A.L. and Wordsworth My mother smoked crack, I had a premature birth I'm just a nerd cursed, wit badly disturbed nerves Who wanna be the one to step up and get served first? Ninety-nine percent of aliens prefer earth So I'm here to rule the planet, startin wit your turf I hid a secret message inside of a wordsearch Wit smeard letters, runnin together in blurred spurts I hang wit male chauvinist pigs and perverts Who point water pistols at women and squirt shirts Been a bad boy since diapers and Gerber's My first words were " Bleep bleep" and " Curse curse" Never had ish, and I still don't deserve dirt My breath still stinks and I'm on my third Certs Yankin out my stitches, hollering " Nurse nurse! " &guot; You said this shot would numb it, trick it just hurts worse! &guot; Grew up in a dump next door to a burnt church But gunshots drowned out crickets and bird chirps And it's like that, and it's like that. It's a wave a electrical static I came on her face and left her melodramatic