

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!";
"You said this shot would numb it, trick it just hurts worse!";
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