

Ludacris, Potion

What up aye shawty what it is
[repeat 3x]

[CHORUS]

Lil Buddy whatcha want some violent shit 2 steppin laid back still wildin shit what up
aye baby I got the potion Take a sip of this and put yo back in motion
[repeat 1x]

[VERSE 1]

Man I'm like a needle in a haystack so face that goin back to the drawing board connect dots
but can't trace that Matta fact erase that cause I'm this late track getcha face slapped and I'm
straight so don't taste that try somthin different and shit I'm listenin and shit speakin about
what hip-hop missin and shit I'm bout to feel aboard Ludacris born in illinois raised in Atlanta
taught hamma since I was a little boy ain't nobody like me so they wanna fight me fight me step
to me now but it ain't like me people swear they sike me just cause he like skippy wit braids in
his hair don't mean that bitch look like me trick getcha mind right livin in a limelight so
picture what they'll do for my jimmy and a kondike Bar Bar hardy hard tell yo mama imma ghetto
superstar

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 2]

Only 75 I make but still a bigshot plus i gotta big cock clean everyday stay fresher than whats in
a ziploc tell yo man to kick rocks when I make my pit stops I'm in then its hard to get me out
like imma slip not Born to be a leader and not no not a follower only hang wit chicks that got mo
twist than Oliver And imma tell my hollower would i like to borrow her lips bringing out the best
in me specially if she's a swallower freaky-deaky yellow man to all the lovely ladys that like to

jiggle like jello man bigger booty small waist put'me in a small place and if it ain't no ass
where im at then I'm in the wrong place bells like a bondsman but keep'em dancin like Bob
Johnson who da hell is that in that fancy car tell yo mama imma ghetto superstar

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]

Jump down turn around
Pick a bell of cotton
Jump down turn around
Pick a bell of hay
Oh Lordy pick a bell of cotton
Oh Lordy Pick a bell of hay
[repeat 2x]

Still workin like a slave

Learnin tricks in da trade in da ghetto state of mind till im rich and I'm paid pickin records
Like cotton in the thick of the day
Till I'm spoiled and I'm rotten and they send us away life no different that ozar minimum wage
no money but still locked in a similar cage either losers of tomorrow Now just that and theres
really nothin missin to say but

[CHORUS]