

# Ludacris, Stuck Up

Open up ya books to the page of yes  
ha ha ha

Verse 1: Throw your hands up for that young nigga from way back  
Sportin the "A" hat  
Spinnin wheels,  
More fortunes than Pat Sajak  
Hit the playback  
'cause I'm stupid wit it  
Track hard like stone  
You'd think Medusa did it  
Please believe me  
It's so easy  
That cold Neptune shit is so for reazzy  
I'm countin G-stacks  
So tell 'em ease back  
A hundred to spin so cocksucker beat that  
Numerous bank rolls  
Don't get your face swolled  
And tell your hombres I'm comin for they pesos  
'cause it's that snatch back  
Call us the Splack Pack  
Broke your cousin put your mama in a hatch back  
And I ain't playin wit ya  
I'm just prayin wit ya  
Hopin' that the fertilizer ain't layin wit ya  
You all gouped up  
I caught a grouper  
And slide off 'cause the chevrolet swooped up

Chorus:

Fellas  
It's a stick up so lift up  
Don't get it confused or mixed up  
Come out your pockets or get flipped up  
Shake 'em down  
Shake 'em down  
Shake 'em down  
Shake 'em  
Ladies  
It's a stick up so lift up  
Don't get it confused or mixed up  
Come out your pockets or get flipped up  
Shake 'em down  
Shake 'em down  
Shake 'em down  
Shake 'em

Verse 2: Somebody hurry up please and call an ambulance

I caused an avalanche  
Wit nuts so big, I walk around wit' hammerpants  
Raps will slap a man  
Make you do the hammerdance  
My base lines thump  
Wit more funk than Pakistan  
Come from a vast block  
I was a have-not  
But now I keep at least a hundred in the stash box  
I had a cash plot  
To get a fat knot  
I threw my album in the slot and hit the jackpot  
So nigga ching ching  
I did the thing thing  
Four months later my mama's like bling bling

Just like George and 'Ouse  
I was movin' up  
And f\*\*k a platinum plaque  
I'm doin' 2 and up  
Not for the short chains  
Ya'll shootin short range  
But it was either rap lime light or court thangs  
So I Just made due  
Until it came thru  
Throughout the ups and downs  
I still stayed true

Chorus:

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Verse 3: All you weak rappers wipe your feet off on my doormat  
And get your flow back  
Or try to run and get traced down like LoJack  
Down like four flats  
You better know that  
I take the 4 and put a 0 on your throwback  
That's how that thing go  
You'll hear that thing blow  
So hurry up and do like my dick  
Hang low  
Got the perpetrators yellin "let the lame go!"  
Up on your good foot or I'll shoot you in the same toe

Chorus:

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