# Ludacris, What Means The World To You (Remix

[Ludacris]
Track Mas-ter-rrrah!
What means the world to me? Snappin bras, menage-a-trois
What means the world to me? Smokin hash, slappin ass
What means the world to me? Breakin laws, racin cars
What means the world to me? Makin bail, A-T-L

[Cam'Ron]
Uhh, uhh
What mean the world to me?
When I bang hoes, sky blue Range Rov's
Stop comin to my crib with your period
Serious bitch, and you act like I ain't know
I like my dishes deep, I like when I twist a freak
I like when her man find out when the court came mouse
Laugh when he went for me; I tell him
Women are trife - yeah I been in your wife
but do me a favor, dog
Don't call here again in your life, I'm killer
Atlanta I bubbled, in Memphis I hustled
In Kansas I juggle, New York, all my muscle we tussle
Listen you would too, if you knew
what this game would do to you
Been in this shit, two years Boo
Look at all the bullshit I been through
So called beef with you know who (who?)
But I got max gats
Nine nine's times nine, blow, blow, OW! (owww)

[Ludacris]
Let me tell 'em what'll mean the world
Ludacris and a couple a girls
You find a brotha runnin up in the girls
I get 'em drunk, chugga-luggin the girls
Ding-a-ling face huggin the girls
I get late - think I'm up with the girls?
Skeet, skeet, gone; it's all about that party
Bacardi - motions, rub lotion, all over your body
What means the world to me?
A little head preferably, so I express this verbally
And I don't care, I just want somebody to braid my hair
Cause I keeps it nappy, I'm happy, and I got my word and ball
That's all I need in this world, plus a little bit of alcohol
A box of Phillies and tig ol' bitties in fifty cities
I set it out after shows and the club is comin with me
I'm black and proud, I'm black and loud, I'm black and high
And it really mean the world to me
if I live my life, stay black and die

[??]
Uhh, c'mon, yo, yo
What mean the world to me?
Gettin money fuckin girls for free
On the corner hustlin from twelve to three
Cook coke, make twelve from three, uhh
Bottle up, it'll sell for three
Two for five, sound well to me
My coke so good have them fiends outside
on line from twelve to three (uh-huh)
And everything'll stop in the winter
when I cop in the winter
Come to your block in a drop in the winter
Chinchilla top in the top of the drop in the winter
Gotta make it hot in the winter, uhh

Post on your block with the glock (?? ??)

[*chorus*]
[Cam] What mean the world to you?
[Luda] Breakin laws, racin cars (HO!)
[Cam] What mean the world to you?
[Trina] My house, my rocks, and my Bentley drop (OW!)
[Cam] What mean the world to you?
[Trina] Shoppin sprees in a Prada shop (HO!)
[Cam] What mean the world to you?
[Cam] Ladies? (HO!)
[Trina] Fellas (OW!)
(HO!) (OW!) (HO!) (OW!) (HO!) (OW!)

[Pimp C]
Uhh, what mean the world to Pimp?
My paper, steak and shrimp
My bitches on the track
For they daddy, bringin it back
Pussy is still the best thing going
I got a hoe like Jesse Owens
I used to sell dope, ride dirty, cocaine scorin
Sellin D wasn't for me, I gotta keep the prostitutes hoe'n
Comin through, sittin low, in the C-F-I double-oh
Platinum with the twenty inches
Instrument to get the bitches
Comin down, prancin 'round
Gettin my dick sucked in every town
Sweet Jones, fuck the clone
Rippin wood, in the Brougham
Bitch I got some game to sell
and only money make my dick swell
Hold up.. beitch, Sweet Jones

[Bun B]
Man, now what mean the world to me?
Well, to me man, the world is mean
Cause a - mean world is the only world
that a mean man like me just care for seein
Now ever-green I smoke, forever clean I croak
The average Bun B Texas loc'
The savage choked out, smoked out up in the mezzanine
Now I'm just a fiend, hooked for the mic
Bless the scene, look for the dyke
I get a letter and know that we better
Hit the hotel, do what I like
What's that? Find a fresh one take it in
Strip it, flip it, break it in
My pimp game is rock solid
There's no way for you to bring fakin in
Now we makin men, outta boys, or makin boys wormy
Cause we bust bigger guns, got bigger nuts
And when they go off they make a lotta noise
And I can't think of no prouder joys
than money, big cheese and a girl or two sheeit
That's what the world mean to me mayn
Tell me what the world mean to you, huh
That's what the world mean to me mayn
Tell me what the world mean to you, huh

[Trina]
I know y'all wonder, who the female stunner, in the G-G-Hunter
Ridin 'round town in a hot pink Hummer, hot like summer
With the diamond bangles
like Charlie's Angels, you can't knock my hustle

And I need my bread up front playboy, cause I can't trust ya
I'm just like a phone bill, if you don't pay me, ain't no conversation
And money mean the world to me, that's why this bitch here paper chasin
When it comes to the figures
I'm way way worse than them hustlin niggaz
With the ki's to the coke, for the mansion
the Bentley and the keys to the boat
I take that dick real, real, real deep to the throat
I'm from the M-I-A, that's where I dwell, niggaz can't you tell
I'm bad as hell, even my pussy smell like Chanel.

[*chorus*]
[Cam] What means the world to me?
[Luda] Breakin laws, racin cars (HO!)
[Pimp] What mean the world to Pimp?
[Trina] Marble floors, platinum beds
[Cam] What means the world to you?
[Trina] Stacks of bread on my Gucci spread
[Cam] What means the world to you?
[Cam] Ladies? (HO!)
[Trina] Fellas (OW!)