

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! (owwww)

[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!)