

Ludacris, Wish You Would

(feat. T.I.)

[Talking: Ludacris]

Surprise nigga, It was bound to happen sooner or later

History has been made

ATL YEEEEEEAAAAAA

[Chorus: Ludacris & T.I.]

Cause I got it, All these haters wanna grill me

But fuck that, I'm bout my money if it kills me

And I'm up to no good

Ayyy I wish a muhfucka would

Dis da A-town, Cum into my hood

Ayyy I wish a muhfucka would

Houston Dallas, Cum into to they hood

Ayyy I wish a muhfucka would

[Verse 1: Ludacris]

I keep a fresh pair of ones on my feet and double deuces on the chevy

Three's company, The double 4's on my belly

5 hot amp speakers shake like jelly,

So many wires in my trunk look like a bowl of spaghetti

Assault and batteries but my trunk stay eveready

Assault and battery, If you scared you never ready

And yea I went green da 26's on da high bridge,

Smoke so much green I can't open up my eyelids

Wake up in London, Go to sleep on Atlanta time

Still my paint got more candy then ya valentine

For 5 mil I bought a lakefront crib

Da Bentley car cover lookin like a laced front wig

Of corse dey hatin cause dey still ridin da martor train

W named da yacht but put the plane in my daughter name

Now dats Karma, So call me daddy war bucks

Cause if you got money I got more bucks

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Ludacris]

I'm a freak like a scorio, Custom hood scoops make the hood look like pinnochio

I'm rich bitch I should drop cash, Da inside of da 'Lac look like a woodshop class

And these women give me love like it's tennis time

So many shoe dat my closet look like Finish Line

So many acres dat my crib look like Bermuda

So many diamonds da safe look like Kay jewelers

Dat spider bout to drop my team said Luda get it

Now 50 thou says I'm the first nigga with it

Da first round draft pic, Later for you embasals

The car is all black like it got traded to the timberwolves

And I keep a lil bit of that green up in the lining

But as the weather change my weed adjust to different climates

Green in the summer time, Orange in the spring,

Now it's black with dat purp, I call my whip da Sac King

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: T.I.]

I'm fly enough to fly away, Trouble I don't shy away

From it I annihilate, Suckas in they driveway

In church on Sunday mornin prayin bout what happened friday

But dem da consequences, For comin at pimpin' sideways

Now a days, Guess it pays to change

In cahoots with corporations makin major change

With magnificent watches, And amazing chains

Plush pad in Atlanta and L.A's da same

I ball till I'm bored with selections and assortments of all the motors worth a small fortune

Of coure it's the '72 Chevelle hard top, '69 drop, 60 karrot piece you could bet it pay ya lease

Dude wanna talk new school, Tell em' go ahead

Drop head double off Maybech and corner sales

Swagg got as, cash stacked to thee hairline

Fuck another car, It's time to try and buy an airline