

# U Got a Problem?

## Ludacris

Chorus: Y'all got a problem come see me

Verse 1: I be that Nigga named Luda

Alert, Alert

It's the At alien intruder

Collage Park water boy spit in the ca cooler

I Jam till they Def

They call me Slick Dick the rula

Women indeed

Keep your eyes closed

Bold flows

C'mon out them clothes hoes

Low pros low blows

Watch out for them Po Po's

And I chose to be that number 1 contender

Southern offender

Fucking up your whole agenda

When I walk you try to run

When I run you try to hide

You skate at the snap of my finger

Call me golden glide

It's you and I

Do or die

Who am I

I got a pocket full of family stones

Cats think I'm sly

Why try

You one of those niggas that like to cheat death

And I'm one of them niggas that rip out

Exersions until there are no seats left

You shit and wheat chex

And fart out deep breaths

While we toss darts at the bottom of y'all V-necks

(Who Cris aw that niggas aight that nigga cant fuck wit me though

let me get on tha mic who tha fuck are you)

Verse 2: I be that nigga Bronze Bridges

Playas wanna ball but go on strike

Cause of my pitches

They think I want they bitches

But I don't want no pigeons

Yet pigeons can scrub my dishes

And y'all don't want no scrubs

Until y'all pullout ya extensions

Y'all in school detention and never come out  
Man I'll cut your Achilles tendon and put a sock in yo mouth  
Cause we the shit in the south  
Fate know what I'm talking about  
Ya see we Jack and we Daniel  
Y'all Earl and Ralph  
Four eyes twirl it out  
Lick it dry it send it to flames  
Not even Joshua can come to war wit these games  
These bitch niggas is lame  
And coming down wit the rain  
You all wet behind the ears but its  
A drought in your brain.  
And that's just simply and plain main  
Three W dot shh  
Man that dude Luda got some hot shh  
Man shut the fuck up  
Before you get cut the fuck up  
(Hold on man hold on lil buddy ya'll talkin bout shawty man  
shawty up on tha radio stations shawty be poppin man man  
let his name be known who ya'll talkin about)  
Verse 3: I be that nigga that lova lova  
I'm nastier than thinking about your parents  
Sex each other  
No glove no love  
Better tell your dick to run for cover  
So when lightning strikes  
You'll be safe wit a few rubbers  
If you know what I mean  
Not everybody's Mr. and Mrs. Clean  
Some get burned like Freddie Cruggers  
Sweat dreams  
Girls backing they ass up  
Now they 400 Degrees ha  
Hot girl  
Tryin to give it to niggas up on the block girl  
Have you screaming stop girl  
I rock worlds  
Wit my nine-inch Louisville slugger  
Still wonder why they call me Lover Lover  
Self explainectorian  
Ass valedictorian  
I bring them back to the future like a 85 Delorian  
The Luda drug Emporian  
On the counter descriptions  
You like my Diction  
And my doctor nurse conventions  
Place the stethoscope real close to your tittie  
And have your butt cheeks Redman

Like Uncle Quilly  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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