

# B.O.T.S. Radio

## Ludacris

[Radio DJ]

Battle of the sexes radio,  
Where it is 12:45 in the  
A.m n disturbing the pieces  
Are in studio guests,  
Our hotline is lit the fuck up  
With people with relationship issues,  
Caller number one yall I'm air,

Yeah Man, yall tell me if I'm crazy  
Because this girl in here trippin,  
You know what I'm sayin,  
I'm a real man, I take care of my  
Home, I take care of my kids,  
Pay all my bills, I mean I ain't  
Gone lie, I may check a little  
Female from time to time on  
The side, you know what I'm talkin bout,  
But what man don't, so how can I break  
This down to her,  
Ludacris how do you feel about  
This particular situation

[Ludacris]

Get your money right Ladies  
Learn to sign your own checks,  
But don't call me after midnight unless we havin sex,  
Don't ever assume nothin no man gone be a man,  
A groupie gone be a groupie, a fan gown be a fan,  
These tricks gown keep on trickin  
Those hustlers gown keep hustlin,  
As long as there's new couchy, dogs gone keep fuckin,  
So don't be all up in my phone, replyin to womens pagers,  
I thought your mama taught you, you should never talk to strangers!  
Don't you ever ask no question that you really don't want the answer to,  
So stop poppin off at the mouth, like Neno Brown ill have to cancel you,  
Handle you, stop the ride, leave you on the avenue,  
half of you, always wantin some nigga to pampa you and that'l do for him  
But not for me, I'll probably baffle you,  
And if he wants to act a fool, Il show em what the gat will do,  
run along go find somebody to snitch on or go chit-chatter to,  
Then your name will follow with A

What ever happened to...

[Radio DJ]

Exact-del, that's just what she need-ele...  
Damn Right player AIHT, thank you  
For callin, next caller,

Yeah I hear you

But, let's talk about the fake ass brothers  
With the 24's but can not pay the note  
On they lease, and my nigga with this  
High style chains and I can't get him  
To pay his damn child support, that's  
Why we makin mo money and ownin our own property,  
And right just as nice, so now, I guess if we want to, we can bare ya too now

Interestin, Shauna you wanna  
Stick on this one?

[Shawwna]

Get your money right nigga's  
Get a bitch that can keep up with you,  
I'm tired of thinking to myself why in the hell did I ever fuck wid you!  
Don't stup wid you, sick of your childish games and all the stuff you do,  
I properly mentioned your name, but true to the game, I've had enough of you,  
I've seen your type before, doin the 4's all over the floor,  
he's flashin his chain's, he's flashing his dough, he drinkin the  
Fifths, then drinkin them all,  
but what you don't know this nigga fraud  
he can't even afford to smoke,  
back in the hood all the hustlers and g's, no he's a joke,  
that's why I treat a nigga, just when he eat it I tell him 'beat  
It nigga' real bitches, true to the game,  
That's how you G a nigga,  
DTP stayin the zone, like we on PCP,  
Chrome on the SS Shawn, I blow the PCP  
Yall niggas ain't on my level, i do it so hood,  
Pine apple an berry weed we feeling so good,  
lightning is Sup-doo, I get my own stack,  
that's why I leave them 200 i never call back,

Thats right shawwna pussy rule the world!

[Radio DJ]

Yes it does, next caller,  
What's up

Man what's up this is Marv, I wanna  
Know the log that some body talk to

This triflin ass women like me,  
I'm a good man but all these  
Good men get treated like shit  
Our friends callin at 3:30 in the morning  
Marcus dont wanna talk about no numbers,  
Marcus wanna talk about that ass,  
And I ain't havin it, ya got someone  
To talk to these women, because they  
Need to be told, eye twenty you better  
Talk to em,

[I-20]

Get your money right Ladies tell the man to get gone,  
But don't you show up to my crib with your period on,  
This is lesson one baby, Listen, how should I begin, em,  
Ain't no such thing as a plutonic friend,  
your lying to yourself if you don't think you want more,  
so don't you call me insecure when he show up at your door,  
you all claim to have substance, self respect and some class,  
But half naked in the club, and steady shaking your ass,  
Screamin I ain't done enough to touch you under your skirt,  
But who the hell are you to tell me what my money is worth,  
I'm on the streets and you trippin "I don't make you feel safe"  
I stay at home and you complaining that you "think we need space"  
I'm that sayin that its fair but thats the way that it is,  
Ain't no nigga tryna marry you with four or five kids,  
It may sound a little harsh but it's straight from the heart,  
A nigga didn't write the scripts so I'm just doin my part,  
Yeah,

[Radio DJ]

Preach my brother preach,  
I be woman that heard that,  
And you better believe they did  
And some millions of people listening,  
That's our show for this year,  
Good ladies and gentle man,  
I got to get a piece of ass my damn self  
AIHT, check at same time, same place  
Tomorrow, Battle of the sexes radio  
Signing off, good night!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>