

# Ludacris, Rodeo

[Intro: Method Man]

Yeah... yeah (come on ride in my rodeo, come on ride in my rodeo)  
This one of another one of them nasty M-E-F joints, come on, come on  
Come on (come on ride in my rodeo, come on ride in my rodeo)

[Method Man]

To all the chicks with they asses thick  
Out the whole click, she the baddest bitch  
Dose-doh, round your partner, switch  
Clan in Da Front, we be starting shit  
No don't trip, dog, spark 'em, quick  
Holla when a real nigga talkin', trick  
We got grip, but we ain't spendin' shit  
You and your friends, stop pretendin' trip

[Ludacris]

Let a nigga get nut pushed, better yet let a nigga get some head  
I work 'em, work 'em or feed 'em, burp 'em, then jerk 'em, instead  
I get my nuts pushed, on the bottom to the top of your gums  
I feel your slurpin', slurpin, I'm skeetin' and squirtin' your tongue  
And I got about 5 grand, but I won't be spendin' a dime  
See cuz overspendin's a crime and I can't be spendin' my time  
If you get your guts pushed, could be of cuz Luda and Meth  
Could be of cuz we do it best, could be of cuz we screw 'em to death

[Chorus: Method Man (Ludacris)]

Come up out of them dirty clothes (bend on over and touch them toes)  
Uh-oh, we-oh, we-oh! (Come on and ride this rodeo)  
(Meth & Luda we lock and load) Round your partner, now dose-doh  
Uh-oh, we-oh, we-oh! (Come on and ride this rodeo)

[Ludacris]

I wonder where about five bottles of gin, models that wanna swallow  
And wobble, gobble again, tell a couple of friends  
I slap that ass, bitch, take a look and see what you got in  
Cuz I've been schemin' and plottin', to have you breathin' and stoppin'

[Method Man]

What we talkin' bout? Pussy poppin', car hoppin' women  
See 'em watchin', clockin', pigeons  
Flockin' Luda they jockin', lightin' buddha, and boots is rockin'  
Nameless hoes, take 'em brainless with painted toes  
Famous, she code, twerkin' pussy, hurtin', workin' that pose

[Ludacris]

They wanna raise that pussy tab, price and position  
Enticin' these women, given the proper juice  
Life that they livin', hope that they double deuce  
Shifted ass cheeks, last week and Ludacris is backseat  
Afraid so, ask son, taste them

[Method Man]

Now watch me, dog 'em, freak 'em  
Out every weekend, she puttin' APB's on my dick  
I keep on bettin' and breathin', where's my pants, I'm leavin'  
I'm speakin' facts, mamies creepin' and they cheatin'  
They even sleepin' with mats, some be eatin' that cat  
I'm teasin', indecent expose, Method be tweakin'  
Keep pussies leakin' through pantyhoes, marijuana smell on my clothes  
This evening, these bunnies got me on swell, I bust and reload  
Honey, break out the 'dro and give me some mo', on the rodeo

[Chorus w/ Luda & Meth switching lines]