

# Come and See Me (feat. Big K.R.I.T.)

## Ludacris

6 fifteens, candy coated riding clean  
Every time I pull out a new whip I cause a scene  
Rolling through my hood, I told 'em pimpin' ain't that easy  
So whatever you need, little buddy, come and see me  
(Come and see me) Come and see me  
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Whatever you need, little buddy, come and see me  
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Whatever you need, little buddy, come and see me  
I'm talking Monte Carlos, Crown Vics, Cadillacs and Regals  
If I get pulled over, everything I got's illegal  
But I ain't got no worries I got Jesus riding shotgun  
Knowing that I need a meal ticket and I can't stop until I got one  
Shit, I'm whippin' cutty bubble bucket busty, bitches love to ride too  
Hanging out the window  
front and central like a late-night Wendy's drive through  
Tweeters, speakers, jeekers fiendin', diamond in the back my nigga  
I got two white girls, think I oughta have a curl in return of the mack, my nigga  
It's the return of the 'Lac  
Riding on so many horses they think I'm playing polo  
Candy paint drippin' like a Jheri curl, nigga, I'mma let my soul glo  
Fleet, flickin', screaming, bitches, pitchin', counter, past fate  
And all of the women get jealous cause of the way my car can make its ass shake  
Last to base, in the face  
The law's right beside me, my window tint, dawg  
My rims are too large  
As soon as I hit the back road bet the law can't find me  
Ridin', candy paint with two poles in the trunk  
Popped up twice with two hoes in the trunk  
Disturb your peace with fifteens that thump  
Duck my slab get sawed off with the pump  
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Whatever you need, little buddy, come and see me  
I got two floors in my trunk, club lights in  
my trunk

I charge at the door them hoes hit the floor, we have club nights in my trunk  
Cause it's an earthquake when I park, I keep a UFO in my yard  
My wheels so big when I swing my whip I can high five God, Lord  
I could skydive off of the top of the roof, rims taller than King Kong  
Riding around looking for an ass that I could sit my drink on  
My seats warm, my drink cold, my paint dry, but her mouth wet  
Suffocate that ho till that bitch look like Smurfette  
007 pressin' more buttons, I got all these gadgets, ho  
I got all these alpine, it could turn a square chick ratchet, ho  
Neon lights shine neon bright that I could direct all this traffic, ho  
Young and wise my 9 to 5 would be a vortex if I crash it, ho  
Like a head on collision with a red bone mouth colder than Michigan  
Reach in that glove box and I got more rubbers than Michelin  
I'm feeling like Yao Ming in the whip (why?) I need more leg room  
So I hit a switch and the whole back seat turned into a god damn bedroom  
6 fifteens, candy coated riding clean  
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So whatever you need, little buddy, come and see me  
(Come and see me) Come and see me  
(Come and see me) Come and see me  
Whatever you need, little buddy, come and see me  
(Come and see me) Come and see me  
(Come and see me) Come and see me  
Whatever you need, little buddy, come and see me  
Okay now, ho, pour out that drinking watch  
me fire up that blunt  
Anybody getting outta line don't make me pop my fuckin' trunk  
Don't make you pop your fuckin' trunk?  
Don't make me pop my fuckin' trunk  
Anybody getting outta line don't make me pop my fuckin' trunk  
Okay, now bow down when you see me, don't be trippin' on the thump  
Anybody getting outta line don't make me pop my fuckin' trunk  
Don't make you pop your fuckin' trunk?  
Don't make me pop my fuckin' trunk  
Anybody getting outta line don't make me pop my fuckin' trunk  
Hold up

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

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