

Saturday (Oooh! Ooooh!) [feat. Sleepy Brown]

Ludacris

I gotta big weed stash, pocket full of cash
Just seen a big ol' ass
It's Saturday
Sticky, icky, icky
Sticky, icky, icky, icky System on blast, cops just pass
Just seen a big ol' ass
It's Saturday
Sticky, icky, icky
Sticky, icky, icky, icky
Grease don't pop on the stove no more, moved on up
Double shot, Hennesey fill my cup
Luda choke smoke in a big black truck
Should I shout out, "What the fuck?"
Act like my rims ain't clean
How you gon' ack like my neck don't bling?
Haters get sprayed like afro sheen
But they don't never really wanna pop them thangs Cane, cane sugar man, Luda don't go
And I stop at a light, pull off so slow
But I'm out for the night, so pass that dro
So, daddy come home in a Cadillac Brome
Cadillac Brome? Now don't it sound absurd
Claim College Park where they flip them birds
Trick car alarms, then bend them curves
Chop chop, chunk it up fat man herb
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Sticky, icky, icky, icky It's illegal 'bout the plants in my backyard grow, that's my bud
Smoke 'til ya drop out, that's my luck
Keep a couple rolled and I hit the club in the back door, nigga what?
Act like I don't make cloud, how you gon' act like I don't get loud?
How you gon' act like I don't rock crowds?
And leave a lot of people with a gap tooth smile
If I recollect right then you sound like dirt But, I guess what you really don't know don't hurt
With a vest, and a pump hear the shot gun
My folks on the block, man, they got that word, they got that word?
Don't it smell so good, in Southwest where they rap that hood

Protect your chest, they up to no good
And come through flossin', they wish y'all wouldI gotta big weed stash, pocket full of cash
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Sticky, icky, icky
Sticky, icky, icky, ickyWorldwide hustlers get that dough
Work that tip, get rid of evidence, move that brick
Keep a d eagle with an extra clip
Think it ain't so, suck a dick
Act like I just do rap
How you gon' act like I just ain't strapped?
How you gon' act like I don't push lacs?
Black Eldorado, fifth wheel on backIchy finger trigger, man, Luda don't squeeze
With a mac, with a glock I'm a make 'em say please
In the back, on the block so the cops they freeze
And I'm so high, think I got a nose bleed,
You gotta nose bleed? Don't it smell so sweet?
In decatur, where they pack that heat
And rob neighbors in the night creep, creep
I'll see you later, we'll be in them streetsI gotta big weed stash, pocket full of cash
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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