

Ludacris, Catch Up

(Chorus)

All this drinking gon catch up
And all this smoking gon catch up
But some niggaz just really don't give a fuck
But some niggaz just really don't give a fuck
And all this drinking gon catch up
And all this smoking gon catch up
But some bitches just really don't give a fuck
But some bitches just really don't give a fuck

(Ludacris)

Now let me be quite Frank
Cause I'm that crazy nigga Luda
Always got a drink
And I'm steady smoking buddah
I do the
Evil that'll bend you when I get you
I'mma sit you down
Then take it to the mental and essential and clown
Every chance I get
Bitch I'm hit
Not by no bullet or no pellet
But the smoke from the can a beer shit
I might just be too high
Then I put my middle finger up when I'm ridin' by
And say hi to plenty liquors and I know it's a sin
And if ya tell me stop drinking I'll just do it again
So when I get old I'mma rock, roll, shake, and shiver
With some blacked out lungs and a fucked up liver

Chorus

(Infamous 2-0)

Ey yo I do this for bluntheads and whinos
Steward Ave. Homes
Niggaz from G-Ro committed to slanging blo
Dublin' dough 24-7
Fuck po-po's I'm blowin' dro out the Ac Legend
Runnin wit 2 strike felons
And I pack 4-4's like Hank Aaron
Then'll smoke a L
Bust shells
And dare ya to tell
Walk up in the club
Pretty thug
Fucked up off head shots
Sippin' Courvossier watchin' hoes drop it like it's
hot
Shaking tits and twats
Placing big face 20's and cock
Loading clips and glocks
Knowing we got the haters hot
The ballin' don't stop
Just drop more G's on drink and drugs
Live it up young nigga cause it's gon' catch up

Chorus

(F.A.T.E.)

Now wit the help of Hen and Coke
I grab my pen and pad and wrote
Something that I knew was dope
And represent for my kinfolk
Pimp a hoe until she broke
Wit mo lines than chopped coke
Ey yo it's 2-0 I'm Eastside's King
But I'm a writer with a twist of Amaretta
My shit even come out better
Grab a blunt put it together

What a nigga really need
Run up in the club and blow a motherfucker til he
bleed
Could it be an Icehouse put his lights out
Or the club get closed out
If it's hoes out I show out
Call Tyheed get Dro'd out
There's no doubt I love my life
Love the light
Love to write
Love the mic
So take a drag
Grab a bag and match up
Hennessey and bad weed
Believe me it catch up
Chorus
(F.A.T.E.)
Git it right
Ludacris, F.A.T.E. Fullster, Infamous 2-0, ATL
We are the dirty south's dirtiest. Disturbing the peace.

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