

Ludacris feat. Young Jeezy, Grew Up A Screw Up

[Notorious B.I.G. sample:] "I grew up a fuckin screw-up
Got introduced to the game, to the game then fuckin blew up"
[Intro: Ludacris speaking over B.I.G. sample repeated]
Yeah! Dedicated to all my hustlers that's a product of they environment
Whether gettin money legally or ILLEGALLY
We gotta do what we gotta do to survive man!
Yeah! Grew up a screw up baby
Got introduced to the game, I ain't took a breath yet
Let's go!

[Ludacris]
Ever since I was an embryo, waitin to shape up and ship out
Somethin in my brain said, "Wake up and kick out!"
Roberta and Wayne stayed up and flipped out
Cause when I came I was draped up and dripped out
Snip the umbilical, spit the government chip out
Peace out, A-Town gone and then I dipped out
And oh my gosh, the Osh Kosh was picked out
I slipped in, even my baby stroller was tricked out
Somebody get him, the lil' nigga's out of control
Put a lil' bit of rum in my bottle I'll dream about diamonds and gold
Gold gold, to grow from an infant to toddler was effervescent
The essence of adolescence got my body feelin fresh'n
fresh'n fresh'n, and it was a blessin to rhyme and start reppin
I was the best in my section with flows hard than erections
Still the best but now I'm grown with more range than a tec's
And I'm a heavyweight you niggaz is lighter than my complexion
[Chorus: Notorious B.I.G. sample variations repeat 4X]

[Young Jeezy]
Ayyyy
Y'all already know what it is
I'ma tell you nigga
C.T., know what it is, 'bout 17-5
Homey fronted me a sip, shit I made it a bird
That's seventeen and a half, all I need is the word
Say the, ice is cool but them pots is hot
You better cook slow but that money come fast
I got what you need I hope you brought all the cash
You know the kid pimpin all over the world
A hundred carats got me all over your girl
YEAHHHHHHHHHHH, five freaks and my Gucci duffle bag
A corporate thug, I run with a Playaz Circle
I got a Field Mob that'll +Disturb+ your +Peace+
Blowin Sean Jay, all we do is smoke
Finish countin my bread and I was gettin some head
Whassup?

[Chorus]

[Ludacris]
I'ma be all the way real with this, look
When I came into the game they ain't do nuttin but doubt me
Now the whole game's changed and it ain't nuttin without me
Pickin up my sloppy seconds as they reach for the crown
Only reason you on that song is cause I turned that down
I went from Hot Wheels to big wheels, Hyundais to Bentleys
And five course meals, no more Popeye's and Blimpie's
From alright to handsome, from one room to mansions
From hangin on the block to throwin parties in the Hamptons
From, broke as a joke to rich as a bitch, I bought a
plane and a boat and six other whips, no MARTA
From dice on the curb to stackin up chips, but harder
From birds on my nerves to chicks on my DICK! Guard your
women dawg I went from ashy to classy
Went from a, kiss on the cheek to doin the nasty
Reach your hand up in the air and you can play with the stars
It's not the hand that you're dealt but how you're playin your cards

Boyyy!
[Chorus]