

Ludacris, Large Amounts

[Chorus 4X]

In this life one thing counts
In the bank, large amounts
[Luda speaks in the background]

[Verse One]

Now everybody wants a piece of my pocket
And it don't help when I'm screaming on these records that I'm rich
Calling people from my number now I block it
Cuz there's nothing worse then getting haunted by a stockin' ass bitch (oh yeah)
Cuz good game I'm talkin' and yet you're so true some women will have you feeling blue like cris
I lay my feet upon the path and now I'm walkin'
I spread my wealth out or someone close will have me layin' in a ditch
I have my friends steal from me
Snatch my credit card and my wallet hit the town and leave outstanding bills for me
They say I got the cash for it and I can't recall one single member of my family that never
asked for it
They've been kicking down doors and bustin' out flows
They can't get me on the phone so they surprise me at my show
And everybody needs a loan plus they say they won't blow it
All I hear "common cuss you know I'm good for it" (man)

[Chorus 4X]

[Verse Two]

Now don't get me wrong cuz being rich is such a beautiful thing
But more money, more problems people drive me insane
Now giving no handouts no more so take advantage and flee
My goal's to set my friends up to make some paper like me
Put them in position and make their wishes come...true
So they can have multiple accounts gain interest over night
Given a million dollars, what you gone...do?
Wrap your life for your kids-kids or would you spend it over night?
Now see me I do both I got unlimited funds
My daughters life was set before her stankin' butt turned one
And it don't help that I got 4 or 5 retirement funds
So if I choose before I'm 30 I can lay in the sun
My dividends can show and prove the real meaning of fun
That's why I live by the sword but you can die by my gun
The IRS `ll never sweat me or even put up a fight
Cuz I'm sure I pay more in taxes then you made in your life
Because...

[Chorus 4X]

[Verse Three]

Now women these days don't want a man without a nice pay check
So we splurge even though our lives ain't in right place yet
Buying jewellery and some cars just to impress these whores
Meanwhile your child's poor like "daddy why you left me for?"
Yeah but it all comes back that's why I named my daughter Karma (yup)
Who teaching me the lesson of life and making me smarter
I sweep her off her feet cuz I'm her knight in shining armour
And I have your fucking head if anybody tries to harm her
Got to teach her about the game that most of us niggaz are spitin'
About these scandalous ass women that get money thru gifts
They suck a cold hard wood for some cold hard cash
Or ride a brother good to put a foot up on the gas
So that brand new ride pick up our friends
While you're slippin` she slides
Drop top Benz gold diggers inside
Crazy what the world will do for money
Thinking that everything will be alright
Cuz...

[Chorus repeat till end]