

# Eyebrows Down (Featuring Tity Boi & Dolla Boy)

## Ludacris

It ain't clean in these streets, it's mean in these streets  
Glocks up, hats down, fiends in these streets  
So please pay attention when you're coming around  
'Cause the block got it's eyebrows down, ya heard me? It ain't clean in these streets, it's mean in these streets  
Glocks up, hats down, fiends in these streets  
So please pay attention when you're coming around  
'Cause the block got it's eyebrows down, ya heard me? I'm still back for the first damn time  
So grab a hold of your seats while I open your mind  
And take you back to when I dropped down from heaven  
And I came out my moms and had a mic as my fucking weapon  
When I was three I was just a little G  
But if you looked in my eyes you'd see the future of a real MC  
And at the age of nine I wrote my first rhyme  
Soon rapping became one of my favorite pastimes  
Every where that I went spitting and babbling  
Showing my ass, growing up then started traveling  
From one city to the next, Luda landed in the ATL  
Where the pimps and the players dwell  
I made a tape, did shows and got exposure  
And kept learning as my black ass got older  
No matter what I just kept at my trade  
I made mistakes but stayed sharper then a Ginsu blade  
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I would of won but disqualified for jumping off stage  
But I ain't care, cause this game has started to open it's arms  
When I was at Banneker High School pulling fire alarms  
So I could get a crowd around me, make a name for my block  
People told me "keep flowing," they ain't want me to stop  
Was back when Big Nose John was my human beat box  
We'd skip school, hit open campus and watch out for street cops  
Now I'm known around the town as that nigga that raps  
From the hills that made high to them G roll traps  
And I was still making demo's, perfecting the craft  
And some said I wouldn't make it, they would giggle and laugh

So I picked up a couple books by Donald Goins  
Bout the business of this shit, how to flip a few coins  
Before the age of eighteen, I was destined to make it  
My bank account read Disturbing The Peace, incorporated  
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Age eighteen, I'm strugglin', just to survive  
But got a gig workin' for change at 97.5  
Now I'm rapping on the radio, increasing their numbers  
Still Ludacris but alias was Cris Luva Luva  
Late nights I'm in they studio and using they tools  
Me and Puma smoking weed and breaking all of their rules  
And I was krunk, all the big wigs was hearing my songs  
But nobody did shit and they was taking too long  
So three years went past, and I saved enough cash  
To make my own record label and put myself on blast  
The album was independent, it was just for the streets  
I sold a one thousand copies in my first fuckin' week  
Then went on to sell fifty, put the cash in my hand  
All the record companies bite me, but I chose Def Jam  
And the main reason that I made it and I love the A-town  
Was 'cause the block had its eye brows down, ya heard me?  
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Songwriters

CHRISTOPHER BRIDGES, CHRISTOPHER BRIAN BRIDGES, T. COOK

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