

I Luv It (Remix) (feat. Jim Jones)

Young Jeezy

Ride till I die
Lord knows I stay high, and I love it
And I love it
Let's go! We count hundreds on the table, twenties on the floor
Fresh outta work, and on the way with some more
And I love it (yeah!)
And I love it
I got gangstas in the crowd, bad bitches at my show
Yeah, it's parked outside, and it's sittin' on fo's
And I love it (yeah!)
And I love it Once again, it's on
I'm back in the muh' fuckin' booth
These niggas still lying
I'm the muh' fuckin' truth (yeah!)
I don't believe 'em
I need to see some muh' fuckin' proof
I ain't want the four door
I copped the muh' fuckin' coupe (haha!)
They tryin' be me
I'm just tryin' be G
And everything comes to da light, you'll see
These niggas in the dark
Baby, I just shine (shine!)
I do it from the heart, homie
They just rhyme (yeah!)
Check your watch, nigga, it's my time (hey!)
Mind made up
I was on my grind (that's right!)
So pay attention, yeah; you on my time
In that case, time waits for no man
Do it again; I done that before, man (yeah!)
M.O.E., you ain't part of the program
Or maybe you niggas ain't listening
Open your eyes
I'm a blessing in disguise We count hundreds on the table, twenties on the floor
Fresh outta work, and on the way with some more
And I love it (yeah!)
And I love it
I got gangstas in the crowd, bad bitches at my show

Yeah, it's parked outside, and it's sittin' on fo's
And I love it (yeah!)
And I love it Yeah, I blew up, but they ain't like that
They switched up on me, and I ain't like that
Sold my first brick, yeah
I came right back
Fast forward the tape, nigga, look at me now
And I never turn back, so mutha fuck that
Nike's on the ground got my head to the sky
Smoked all day
Lord knows I stay high
Stay on top
Lord knows I'm gon' try
And live for the moment
Lord knows I'm gon' die
And when I get to hell
Lord knows I'm gon' fry
Woke up this morning, so I'm still alive
Thirty-six O's
I sold them all for five We count hundreds on the table, twenties on the floor
Fresh outta work, and on the way with some more
And I love it (yeah!)
And I love it
I got gangstas in the crowd, bad bitches at my show
Yeah, it's parked outside, and it's sittin' on fo's
And I love it (yeah!)
And I love it Been around the world, it's the same ol' caine
Been around the world, it's the same ol' thang
All the real niggas either dead or in jail
And if you're looking for me, homie, I'm in the A-T-L
You gotta play it how it go
You can't cheat on life (yeah!)
Ya better drink a Red Bull
You can't sleep on life
I ain't tryin' a do you
I'm tryin' do me
Last album did two
I'm just tryin' do three
Fresh out the pot, yeah
The work was hard
Ride with the top down, so I'm closer to God
My P.O. telling me I need a nine to five
But I already got a job, and that's stayin' alive We count hundreds on the table, twenties on the floor
Fresh outta work, and on the way with some more
And I love it (yeah!)

And I love it
I got gangstas in the crowd, bad bitches at my show
Yeah, it's parked outside, and it's sittin' on fo's
And I love it (yeah!)
And I love it Ride till I die
Lord knows I stay high, and I love it
And I love it
Let's go!

Songwriters

Jenkins, Jay / Davis, Aldrin Published by

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