Red Light District

MyPark

IntroYeh, ohh!
Check me out, lookIt goes love, hate, pleasure and pain
Fo' albums in the can and I'm STILL in the game (what up?)
And last album, they don't like me to tell this
Debuted at #1 and sold more records than Elvis (shut up!)
That's what they tellin me, switch up your melody
Through with misdemeanors, they tryin to give rappers felonies
So they can lock us up one at a time
But true writers stay FREE in e'ry one of our lines
And if you not feelin I'm the cream of the crop
I'll KNOCK rappers off your list 'til I get to the top!
Still you lookin at a man that's financially stable
Only nigga gettin checks cut from four different labels
That Pillsbury dough, women poke my guts
Still I walk around the streets like I'm broke as FUCK
So if you see me in your town and I appear to be moody
It's cause I'm thinkin 'bout plans that's bigger than Serena booty
Me and Shaka still starvin and lookin for meals
And HEADS UP! Ludacris is almost out of his deal
I'm over ten million sold, every album is CRACK
And for now I'm bout to carry Def Jam on my BACK
Mad rappers I hear you talkin way down at the bottom
Though I make big money, still handle small problems
The ramblin at the mouth, I don't PLAY THAT SHIT
I'm the best and I ain't really got SAY THAT SHIT!

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