

# 1st & 10

## Ludacris

Click, click, click, click  
Yeah, click, click  
DTP nigga  
I started with ten mack tens, ten clips and ten pens  
Got ten times richer in the span of ten years  
Bitch I'm ten times two on a scale of one to ten  
I'll battle ten crews with the strength of ten men  
At nine, I was into crime, sex, and drugs  
Pushin' an '89 Box Chevy sittin' on dubs  
Nine thugs all ski masks, black suited with gloves  
Break the imprinted chest with at least nine slugs  
Man I ate eight clips with eight chicks watching eight flicks  
You's 8-6 if you ate pussy with fake lips  
I figure eight when my mind goes in circles  
Did I Do That or was it Mystikal and Urkel?  
On to seven AK-47, so what?  
I got seven hoes stoppin' by at seven to fuck  
Then put seven in your chest seven days a week  
And add a foot for good measure you'll be seven feet deep  
It goes 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4  
3, 2 murder, 1 lyrics at your door  
These DTP niggas come ready for war  
So don't start the fucking game if you won't settle the score  
I got six hoes distributing on six blocks  
It's blistering from cops tryna stop these rocks from distributing  
Six gun shots left, one pint of Vodka before this pimp will hit  
It's street justice, now it's six hole in your casket  
Give me a high five and I'll put that nine lower than your esophagus  
Then smack you so hard that you have to come with 2Pacalypse  
Five stars, twenty rims, five cars  
I'd add more but I had to subtract one from five bars  
I got four forty-fours on a rip on the floor  
  
For you niggas talkin' shit, I'm finish, so you what for  
I did four months in the bing instead of a Hearst  
Now it's DTP for life, dog for better or worse  
I fuck three best friends, ran on all three the same game  
In these streets I'm a murderer, I got three alias names  
I'm three times insane, three shots will cave your brain

On three fire and ready, cock back and aim  
It goes 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4  
3, 2 murder, 1 lyrics at your door  
These DTP niggas come ready for war  
So don't start the fucking game if you won't settle the score  
I'm packing two twenty-twos and twice the ammunition  
But at Friday the 13th, what's up now superstition?  
I'm a two timer with a couple of twins, double jeopardy  
With a pair of two deuces in the two seater Benz  
I got one motto get dough till your gone  
I got one main lady the rest of y'all is hoes  
I'm Numero Uno with one more before I go  
If you think I ain't the one bitch you too slow  
And all you zero ass niggas ain't nothin' to me  
Because I chop up O's, move dro', and chop keys  
0-6 is my clique along with PC  
Pretty Rick, Calil, V-Slim and Shondrez  
It goes 1 to 10 and 10 to 1  
Ludacris, Fake Feeze and that nigga I-Twain  
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