Eyebrows Down

Ludacris

Yeah
Gotta feel me on this one
Ain't none of this shit happen overnight
We talking about a long time coming motherfucker
It ain't clean on these streets
It's mean on these streets
Blocks up, hats down
Fiends on these streets
So please pay attention when you comin' around
Because the block got it's eyebrows down, ya heard me
It ain't clean on these streets
It's mean on these streets
Blocks up, hats down
Fiends on these streets
So please pay attention when you comin' around
Because 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 seat while I open your mind
And take you back from when I dropped down from Heaven
And I came on my moms and I 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
Then at the age of nine, I wrote my first rhyme
Soon rapping became one of my favorite pastimes
Everywhere that I went spitting and dabbling
Showing my ass growing up and 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 still stayed sharper than a Ginsui Balde
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Age 14, my talent show, a beast out of cage
I would have won, but got disqualified for jumping off stage
But I didn't care 'cause this game has started to open it's arms
When I was at Banaker 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 didn't want me to stop
I's back when big nose John was my human beatbox
Skipped out on 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 of Maze High to them G-roll traps

And I was still making demos perfecting the craft
And some said I wouldn't make it, they would giggle and laugh
So I picked up a couple of books from Donald Goines
About the business of this shit and 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 18, I'm struggling just to survive
But I got a gig working for change at 97.5
Now I'm rapping on the radio increasing their numbers
Still Ludacris, but alias was Chris Lova, Lova
Late nights I'm in a studio in using they tools
Me and Poon was smoking weed and breaking all of they rules
And I was krunk, all the big wigs was hearing my songs
But nobody did shit and they was taking too long
So 3 years went past and I saved enough cash
To make my own record label and put my self on blast
The album was independent it was just for the streets

I sold one thousand copies in my first fucking week
Then went on to sell fifty, put the cash in my hand
All the record companies biting, but I chose Def Jam
The main reason that I made it and I love the A town
Was because the block had it's eyebrows down, ya heard me
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Yeah, Ive' been waiting a lifetime to get what the fuck I got
It's real man, hardest working nigga in show business
Believe that, shout out to Lil' Fate, I dub, Chaka Zulu, yeah woo
The people's music, I used to play some happy and some jealous
'Cause I'm showered with cash
And they can't remove they umbrellas
The people's music I used to play some happy and some jealous
'Cause I'm showered with cash
And they can't remove they umbrellas, uh
You hear it raining don't ya, you hear it rain

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