

Grew Up A Screw Up (ft. Young Yeezy)

Ludacris

[Chorus]

"I grew up a fuckin' screw-up
Got introduced to the game, to the game then fuckin' blew up."

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"I grew up a fuckin' screw-up
Got introduced to the game, to the game then fuckin' blew up." "Whether gettin' money legally or illegally
We gotta do what we gotta do to survive man!

Yeah! Grew up a screw up, baby

Got introduced to the game

I ain't took a breath yet

Let's go! [Ludacris]

Ever since I was an embryo, waitin' to shape up and ship out

Somethin' in my brain said, "Wake up and kick out!"

Roberta and Wayne stayed up and flipped out

'Cause when I came, I was draped up and dripped out

Snip the umbilical, spit the government chip out

Peace out, A-Town gone and then I dipped out

And, oh my gosh, the Osh Kosh was picked out

I slipped in, even my baby stroller was tricked out

Somebody get him, the lil' nigga's out of control

Put a lil' bit of rum in my bottle; I'll dream about diamonds and gold

Gold, gold, to grow from an infant to toddler was effervescent

The essence of adolescence got my body feelin' fresh'n

Fresh'n, fresh'n, and it was a blessin' to rhyme and start reppin'

I was the best in my section with flows harder than erections

Still the best, but now I'm grown with more range than a tec's

And I'm a heavyweight; you niggaz is lighter than my complexion [Chorus] [Young Jeezy]

Hey

Y'all already know what it is

I'm a tell you, nigga

C.T., know what it is, 'bout 17-5

Homey fronted me a sip, shit, I made it a bird

That's seventeen and a half, all I need is the word

Say, the ice is cool but them pots is hot

You better cook slow but that money come fast

I got what you need; I hope you brought all the cash

You know the kid pimpin' all over the world
A hundred carats got me all over your girl
Yeah, five freaks and my Gucci duffle bag
A corporate thug; I run with a Playaz Circle
I got a Field Mob that'll disturb your peace
Blowin' Sean Jay, all we do is smoke
Finish countin' my bread, and I was gettin' some head
Whassup?[Chorus][Ludacris]
I'm a be all the way real with this, look
When I came into the game, they ain't do nothin' but doubt me
Now the whole game's changed and it ain't nothin' without me
Pickin' up my sloppy seconds as they reach for the crown
Only reason you on that song is 'cause I turned that down
I went from Hot Wheels to big wheels, Hyundais to Bentleys
And five course meals, no more Popeye's and Blimpie's
From alright to handsome, from one room to mansions
From hangin' on the block to throwin' parties in the Hamptons
From broke as a joke to rich as a bitch, I bought a
Plane and a boat and six other whips, no Marta
From dice on the curb to stackin' up chips, but harder
From birds on my nerves to chicks on my dick!
Guard your women, dog
I went from ashy to classy
Went from a kiss on the cheek to doin' the nasty
Reach your hand up in the air, and you can play with the stars
It's not the hand that you're dealt, but how you're playin' your cards, boy![Chorus]

Songwriters

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