

Grew Up A Screw Up

Ludacris

I grew up a f*** screw up
Got introduced to the game
(Dedicated to all my hustlers)
To the game, then f*** blew up
(That's a product of they environment)
I grew up a f*** screw up
(Whether gettin' money legally or illegally)
Got introduced to the game
(We gotta do what we gotta do to survive, man)
To the game then f*** blew up
I grew up a f*** screw up
Got introduced to the game
To the game, then f*** blew up
(Grew up a screw up, baby)
I grew up a f*** screw up
(Got introduced to the game)
Got introduced to the game
(I ain't took a breath yet, let's go)
To the game, then f*** blew up
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 little *** outta control
Put a little 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 hard than ***
Still the best but now I'm grown with more range than a tec's
And I'm a heavyweight, you *** is lighter than my complexion
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 Homey fronted me a sip, s***, 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 let it 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
 Five freaks and my Gucci duffel 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 ***, wassup?
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 A *** screw up
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 When I came into the game, they ain't do nuttin' but doubt me
 Now the whole game's changed and it ain't nuttin' 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 Blimpy's
 From alright to handsome, from one room to mansions
 From hangin' on the block to throwin' parties in the Hampton's
 From broke as a joke to rich as a ***
 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 ***
Guard your women, dawg, 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
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