Catch Up

Career Suicide

All this drinkin' gon' catch up
And all this smokin' gon' catch up
But some niggaz just really don't give a fuck
But some niggaz just really don't give a fuck
And all this drinkin' gon' catch up
And all this smokin' gon' catch up
But some bitches just really don't give a fuck
But some bitches just really don't give a fuck
Now, let me be quite Frank 'cause I'm that crazy nigga Luda
Always got a drink and I'm steady smokin' buddah
I do the evil that'll bend you when I get you
I'ma sit you down then take it to the mental and essential and clown
Every chance I get, bitch I'm hit not by no bullet or no pellet
But the smoke from the can a beer, shit, I might just be too high
Then I put my middle finger up when I'm ridin' by
And say hi to plenty liquors and I know it's a sin
And if ya tell me stop drinkin' I'll just do it again
So when I get old I'ma rock, roll, shake and shiver
With some blacked out lungs and a fucked up liver
All this drinkin' gon' catch up
And all this smokin' gon' catch up
But some niggaz just really don't give a fuck
But some niggaz just really don't give a fuck
And all this drinkin' gon' catch up
And all this smokin' gon' catch up
But some bitches just really don't give a fuck
But some bitches just really don't give a fuck
Ey yo, I do this for bluntheads and whinos, steward Ave. Homes
Niggaz from G-Ro committed to slangin' blo, doublin' dough 24-7
Fuck po-po's I'm blowin' dro out the AC Legend, runnin' wit 2 strike felons
And I pack 4-4's like Hank Aaron, then'll smoke a L, bust shells
And dare ya to tell, walk up in the club, pretty thug
Fucked up off head shots, sippin' Courvoisier watchin' hoes
Drop it like it's hot, shakin' tits and twats
Placin' big face 20's and cock, loadin' clips and glocks
Knowin' we got the haters hot, the ballin' don't stop
Just drop more G's on drink and drugs
Live it up young nigga 'cause it's gon' catch up
All this drinkin' gon' catch up

And all this smokin' gon' catch up
But some niggaz just really don't give a fuck
But some niggaz just really don't give a fuck
And all this drinkin' gon' catch up
And all this smokin' gon' catch up
But some bitches just really don't give a fuck
But some bitches just really don't give a fuck
Now, wit the help of Hen and Coke, I grab my pen and pad and wrote
Somethin' that I knew was dope and represent for my kinfolk
Pimp a hoe until she broke wit mo lines than chopped coke
Ey yo it's 2-0 I'm Eastside's King but I'm a writer with a twist of Amaretto
My shit even come out better, grab a blunt put it together
What a nigga really need, run up in the club
And blow a motherfucker til he bleed
Could it be an Icehouse put his lights out
Or the club get closed out, if it's hoes out I show out
Call Tyheed get Dro'd out, there's no doubt I love my life
Love the light, love to write, love the mic
So take a drag, grab a bag and match up
Hennessey and bad weed, believe me it catch up
All this drinkin' gon' catch up
And all this smokin' gon' catch up
But some niggaz just really don't give a fuck
But some niggaz just really don't give a fuck
And all this drinkin' gon' catch up
And all this smokin' gon' catch up
But some bitches just really don't give a fuck
But some bitches just really don't give a fuck
Get it right, Ludacris, F.A.T.E. Fullster
Infamous 2-0, ATL
We are the dirty south's dirtiest
Disturbing the peace

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/