

# 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

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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  
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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  
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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

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