Intro (Prod. by Xcel)

Ludacris

Yea, oh!
Check me out, lookIt goes love, hate, pleasure and pain
Fo' albums in the can and I'm STILL in the game (what up?)
And last album, they don't like me to tell this
Debuted at number one and sold more records than Elvis (shut up!)
That's what they telling me, switch up your melody
Through with misdemeanors, they trying to give rappers felonies
So they can lock us up one at a time
But true writers stay free in every one of our lines
And if you not feeling I'm the cream of the crop
I'll knock rappers off your list 'til I get to the top!
Still you looking at a man that's financially stable
Only nigga getting checks cut from four different labels
That Pillsbury dough, women poke my guts
Still I walk around the streets like I'm broke as fuck!
So if you see me in your town and I appear to be moody
It's cause I'm thinking 'bout plans that's bigger than Serena booty
Me and Shaka still starving and looking for meals
And heads up! Ludacris is almost out of his deal
I'm over ten million sold, every album is CRACK
And for now I'm bout to carry Def Jam on my BACK
Mad rappers I hear you talking way down at the bottom
Though I make big money, still handle small problems
The rambling at the mouth, I don't play that shit!
I'm the best and I ain't really got say that shit!

Songwriters
Bridges, Christopher Brian / Harr, A / Jackson, JPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Universal Music Publishing Group, O/B/O APRA AMCOS Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/