

1st & 10

Ludacris

Click, click
Click, click
Yeah
Click, click
DTP nigga!

I started with ten mack tens
And ten clips and ten pens
Got ten times richer in the span of ten years
Bitch I'm ten times two on a scale of one to ten
I'll battle ten crews with the strength of ten men

At nine, I was into crime, sex, and drugs
Pushin' an '89 Box Chevy sittin' on dubs
Nine thugs all ski masks, black suited with gloves
Break the imprinted chest with at least nine slugs

Man I ate eight clips with eight chicks
Watching eight flicks
You's 8-6 if you ate pussy with fake lips
I figure eight when my mind goes in circles
Did I do that or was it Mystikal and Urkel?

On to 7 AK 47, so what?
I got seven hoes stoppin' by at seven to fuck
Then put seven in your chest seven days a week
And add a foot for good measure you'll be seven feet deep

It goes 10-9-8-7-6-5-4
3-2-murder 1 lyrics at your door
These DTP niggas come ready for war
So don't start the fucking game
If you won't settle the score

I got six hoes distributing on six blocks
It's blistering from cops tryin' to stop these rocks from distributing
Six gun shots left
One pint of Vodka before this pimp will hit
It's street justice, now it's six hole in your casket

Give me a high five and I'll put that nine lower than your esophagus
Then smack you so hard that you have to come with 2Pacalypse

Five stars, twenty rims, five cars

I'd add more but I had to subtract one from five bars

I got four forty-fours on a rip on the floor

For you niggas talkin' shit

I'm fixin' to show you what for

I did four months in the bing instead of a hearst

Now it's DTP for life, dog for better or worse

I fuck three best friends

Ran on all three the same game

In these streets I'm a murderer

I got three alias names

I'm three times insane

Three shots will cave your brain

On 3 fire and ready, cock back and aim

It goes 10-9-8-7-6-5-4

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I'm packing two twenty-tuos and twice the ammunition

But at Friday the 13th

What's up now superstition?

I'm a two timer with a couple of twins

Double jeopardy

With a pair of two deuces in the two seater Benz

I got one motto get dough till your gone

I got one main lady the rest of y'all is hoes

I'm numero uno with one more before I go

If you think I ain't the one bitch you too slow

And all you zero ass niggas ain't nothin' to me

Because I chop up O's, move dro', and chop keys

0-6 is my clique along with PC

Pretty Rick, Calil, V-Slim and Shondrez

It goes 1 to 10 and 10 to 1

Ludacris, Fake Feeze, and that nigga I-Twain

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