

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
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'm packing two twenty-twos 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
It goes 1 to 10 and 10 to 1

Ludacris, Fake Feeze, and that nigga I-Twain

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

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by BRIDGES, CHRISTOPHER BRIAN/CRAWFORD, SHONDRAE L / SANDMANIE,
BOBBIE/WILSON, ARBIE/BULL, MICHAEL RICHARD
Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>