

I Luv It (Produced By DJ Toomp) (BlockTapes.com)

Young Jeezy

Ride till I die
Lord knows I stay high, and I love it
And I love it
Let's go! We count hundreds on the table, twenties on the floor
Fresh outta work, and on the way with some more
And I love it (yeah!)
And I love it
I got gangstas in the crowd, bad bitches at my show
Yeah, it's parked outside, and it's sittin' on fo's
And I love it (yeah!)
And I love it Once again, it's on
I'm back in the muh' fuckin' booth
These niggas still lying
I'm the muh' fuckin' truth (yeah!)
I don't believe 'em
I need to see some muh' fuckin' proof
I ain't want the four door
I copped the muh' fuckin' coupe (haha!)
They tryin' be me
I'm just tryin' be G
And everything comes to da light, you'll see
These niggas in the dark
Baby, I just shine (shine!)
I do it from the heart, homie
They just rhyme (yeah!)
Check your watch, nigga, it's my time (hey!)
Mind made up
I was on my grind (that's right!)
So pay attention, yeah; you on my time
In that case, time waits for no man
Do it again; I done that before, man (yeah!)
M.O.E., you ain't part of the program
Or maybe you niggas ain't listening
Open your eyes
I'm a blessing in disguise We count hundreds on the table, twenties on the floor
Fresh outta work, and on the way with some more
And I love it (yeah!)
And I love it
I got gangstas in the crowd, bad bitches at my show

Yeah, it's parked outside, and it's sittin' on fo's
 And I love it (yeah!)
 And I love it Yeah, I blew up, but they ain't like that
 They switched up on me, and I ain't like that
 Sold my first brick, yeah
 I came right back
 Fast forward the tape, nigga, look at me now
 And I never turn back, so mutha fuck that
 Nike's on the ground got my head to the sky
 Smoked all day
 Lord knows I stay high
 Stay on top
 Lord knows I'm gon' try
 And live for the moment
 Lord knows I'm gon' die
 And when I get to hell
 Lord knows I'm gon' fry
 Woke up this morning, so I'm still alive
 Thirty-six O's
 I sold them all for five We count hundreds on the table, twenties on the floor
 Fresh outta work, and on the way with some more
 And I love it (yeah!)
 And I love it
 I got gangstas in the crowd, bad bitches at my show
 Yeah, it's parked outside, and it's sittin' on fo's
 And I love it (yeah!)
 And I love it Been around the world, it's the same ol' caine
 Been around the world, it's the same ol' thang
 All the real niggas either dead or in jail
 And if you're looking for me, homie, I'm in the A-T-L
 You gotta play it how it go
 You can't cheat on life (yeah!)
 Ya better drink a Red Bull
 You can't sleep on life
 I ain't tryin' a do you
 I'm tryin' do me
 Last album did two
 I'm just tryin' do three
 Fresh out the pot, yeah
 The work was hard
 Ride with the top down, so I'm closer to God
 My P.O. telling me I need a nine to five
 But I already got a job, and that's stayin' alive We count hundreds on the table, twenties on the floor
 Fresh outta work, and on the way with some more
 And I love it (yeah!)

And I love it
I got gangstas in the crowd, bad bitches at my show
Yeah, it's parked outside, and it's sittin' on fo's
And I love it (yeah!)
And I love it Ride till I die
Lord knows I stay high, and I love it
And I love it
Let's go!

Songwriters

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