

Red Light District

My park

Intro Yeh, ohh!

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 #1 and sold more records than Elvis (shut up!)

That's what they tellin me, switch up your melody
Through with misdemeanors, they tryin to give rappers felonies

So they can lock us up one at a time

But true writers stay FREE in e'ry one of our lines

And if you not feelin I'm the cream of the crop
I'll KNOCK rappers off your list 'til I get to the top!

Still you lookin at a man that's financially stable
Only nigga gettin 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 thinkin 'bout plans that's bigger than Serena booty

Me and Shaka still starvin and lookin 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 talkin way down at the bottom

Though I make big money, still handle small problems

The ramblin at the mouth, I don't PLAY THAT SHIT

I'm the best and I ain't really got SAY THAT SHIT!

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