

# I Luv It

## D.R.A.M.

Ride till I die  
And I luv it, and I luv it, let's go  
We count hundreds on the table, twenty's on the floor  
Fresh outta work and on the way with some more  
And I luv it, and I luv it  
I got gangstas in the crowd, bad broads at my show  
Yeah, it's parked outside, and it's sittin' on fo's  
And I luv it yeah, and I luv it  
Once again it's on, yeah, I'm back in the booth  
Them haters still lying, but your boys the truth  
I don't believe 'em, I need to see some proof  
I ain't need the four door, so I went and caught the coupe  
They tryin' be me, I'm just tryin' be G  
And everything comes to da light you'll see  
Them boys in the dark baby I just shine  
I do it from the heart homie they just rhyme  
Check your watch, yeah it's my time  
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  
M.O.E., you ain't part of the program  
Or maybe you \*\*\* ain't listening  
Open your eyes I'm a blessing in disguise  
We count hundreds on the table, twenty's on the floor  
Fresh outta work and on the way with some more  
And I luv it, and I luv it  
I got gangstas in the crowd, bad broads at my show  
Yeah, it's parked outside, and it's sittin' on fo's  
And I luv it, and I luv it  
Yeah, I blew up, but they ain't like that  
They switched up on me, and I ain't like that  
Got my first lick, yeah, I came right back  
Fast forward the tape, just look at me now  
And I never turn back, so motherf\*\*\* that  
  
Nike's on the ground, got my head to the sky  
Smoked all day, Lord knows I stay  
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  
I woke up this morning so I'm still alive  
36 O's I sold them all for five  
We count hundreds on the table, twenty's on the floor  
Fresh outta work and on the way with some more  
And I luv it, and I luv it  
I got gangstas in the crowd, bad broads at my show  
Yeah, it's parked outside, and it's sittin' on fo's  
And I luv it, and I luv it  
Been around the world, it's the same ol' caine  
Been around the world, it's the same ol' thang, true  
All the real \*\*\* 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  
Ya better drink a Red Bull, you can't sleep on life  
I ain't tryna 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 9 to 5  
But I already got a job, and that's stayin' alive  
We count hundreds on the table, twenty's on the floor  
Fresh outta work and on the way with some more  
And I luv it, and I luv it  
I got gangstas in the crowd, bad broads at my show  
Yeah, it's parked outside, and it's sittin' on fo's  
And I luv it, and I luv it  
Ride till I die  
And I love it, and I love it  
Ride till I die  
And I love it, and I love it

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