I Luv It

Tha Eastsidaz

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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