

## Ludacris f/ Young Jeezy "Grew Up A Screw Up"

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{Notorious B.I.G. sample: "I grew up a fuckin screw-up  
Got introduced to the game, to the game then fuckin  
blew up" }

[Intro: Ludacris speaking over B.I.G. sample repeated]  
Yeah! Dedicated to all my hustlers that's a product of  
they environment  
Whether gettin money legally or ILLEGALLY  
We gotta do what we gotta do to survive man!  
Yeah! Grew up a screw up baby  
Got introduced to the game, I ain't took a breath yet  
Let's go!

[Ludacris]  
Ever since I was an embryo, waitin to shape up and ship  
out  
Somethin in my brain said, "Wake up and kick out!"  
Roberta and Wayne stayed up and flipped out  
Cause when I came I was draped up and dripped out  
Snip the umbilical, spit the government chip out  
Peace out, A-Town gone and then I dipped out  
And oh my gosh, the Osh Kosh was picked out  
I slipped in, even my baby stroller was tricked out  
Somebody get him, the lil' nigga's out of control  
Put a lil' bit of rum in my bottle I'll dream about  
diamonds and gold  
Gold gold, to grow from an infant to toddler was  
effervescent  
The essence of adolescence got my body feelin fresh'n  
fresh'n fresh'n, and it was a blessin to rhyme and start  
reppin  
I was the best in my section with flows hard than  
erections  
Still the best but now I'm grown with more range than a  
tec's  
And I'm a heavyweight you niggaz is lighter than my  
complexion

[Chorus: Notorious B.I.G. sample variations repeat 4X]

[Young Jeezy]

Ayyyy  
Y'all already know what it is  
I'ma tell you nigga  
C.T., know what it is, 'bout 17-5

Homey fronted me a sip, shit I made it a bird  
That's seventeen and a half, all I need is the word  
Say the, ice is cool but them pots is hot  
You better cook slow but that money come fast  
I got what you need I hope you brought all the cash  
You know the kid pimpin all over the world  
A hundred carats got me all over your girl  
YEAHHHHHHHHHH, five freaks and my Gucci duffle  
bag  
A corporate thug, I run with a Playaz Circle  
I got a Field Mob that'll +Disturb+ your +Peace+  
Blowin Sean Jay, all we do is smoke  
Finish countin my bread and I was gettin some head  
Whassup?

[Chorus]

[Ludacris]  
I'ma be all the way real with this, look  
When I came into the game they ain't do nuttin but  
doubt me  
Now the whole game's changed and it ain't nuttin  
without me  
Pickin up my sloppy seconds as they reach for the  
crown  
Only reason you on that song is cause I turned that  
down  
I went from Hot Wheels to big wheels, Hyundais to  
Bentleys  
And five course meals, no more Popeye's and Blimpie's  
From alright to handsome, from one room to mansions  
From hangin on the block to throwin parties in the  
Hamptons  
From, broke as a joke to rich as a bitch, I bought a  
plane and a boat and six other whips, no MARTA  
From dice on the curb to stackin up chips, but harder  
From birds on my nerves to chicks on my DICK! Guard  
your  
women dawg I went from ashy to classy  
Went from a, kiss on the cheek to doin the nasty  
Reach your hand up in the air and you can play with the  
stars  
It's not the hand that you're dealt but how you're playin  
your cards  
Boyyyy!

[Chorus]

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