

Ludacris f/ I-20, Lil' Fate

"DTP for Life"

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[Chorus: I-20]

It's some real niggaz here, it's some real niggaz here
It's some real, it's some real, it's some real niggaz here
It's some real niggaz here, it's some real niggaz here
All the time we steady screamin' DTP for life!

[Verse 1: I-20]

It's clear who on top dawg, I guess I ain't supposed to count
A 1/4 mill before the deal, my wife was spendin' most of that (yeah!)
Niggaz buy the bar out, thinkin' they could hang with us
FUCK it Chaka, buy the club 'cause we brought some change with us
But if my money wasn't straight, I'd go right back & rob a nigga
I'm tryna get that Maybach & goin' back to maul the nigga!
The glock will scare most niggaz, but some will try to act hard
SK-32, call that shit my black card!
& everybody want somethin' you can bet yo' life on it
Some hoes will try to give you head, others put a price on it
I-Dub, young dealer, know the name & take it down
Extacy to cocaine, bag it up & break it down
& yeah this might surprise you, you are being lied to
FUCK if he real I need some shit that I can ride to
Bang bang, shoot 'em up, nigga that's the motto here
Livin' fo' today 'cause you might not see tomorrow here

[Chorus: I-20] Repeat 2X

[Lil' Fate talking in background]

Tell 'em, tell 'em!!! Yeeah (yeeah), look

[Verse 2: Lil' Fate]

I ain't gotta try dawg, I can get gangsta too
The ground'll be Blood red, your face'll be Crip blue
Can of whoop-ass I'ma open soon as I spot you
For talkin' all that bullshit off in them interviews

We ain't gotta rob you, we gettin' money over here
No album dropped, still shawty is a millionaire
Put a price on your head if you wanna take it there
Funeral, front row, mama cryin' +Right Thurr+
+Jackpot+ took shots and got dropped all because
He was poppin' off at the mouth like a hoe does
Bitch you can't expose us, naw it ain't no love
When you see us in the streets act like you don't know
us
Slim said, "Don't let up!" so I had to stay on him
Just to set the record straight - this is Lil' Fate, homie
Only use if you or don't know me to light up the streets
Better watch your words when you talkin' 'bout
Disturbing Tha Peace

[Chorus: I-20] Repeat 2X

[Verse 3: Ludacris]

Hailin' from Blacklanta Metropolis & hangin' on the
block with us
You don't need laser vision to see it ain't no FUCKIN'
stoppin' us
Keepin' a gang of niggaz that be layin' down that
murder game
Get that ass flame broiled, you SWEAR we worked at
Burger King
Swervin' mane, up and down the block
Rock, steady cops
Heavy on the booty of that Chevy please BELIEVE ME!
Sippin' on that 'Nac
I'm ready to put a nigga on his belly or his back
'Cause we ain't goin' down EASY!
& that's if we go down at all, I'm quick to throw down &
brawl
I'll punch a hater in his throat for talkin' nonsense
(blah!)
& we won't back down at all until you back down and
fall
So tell Osama DTP's about that bomb shit (blah!)
We convicts like Akon & Young Jeez
I can blow you off the map with two grips & one
squeeze (aaahhh!)
Just for walkin' on my turf you pay fees
Or get a bullet to yo' teeth, tell these boys to say,
"CHEESE!!!"

[Chorus: I-20] Repeat 2X

