

Fate

"Catch Up"

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All this drinkin' gon' catch up
And all this smokin' gon' catch up
But some niggaz just really don't give a fuck
But some niggaz just really don't give a fuck

And all this drinkin' gon' catch up
And all this smokin' gon' catch up
But some bitches just really don't give a fuck
But some bitches just really don't give a fuck

Now, let me be quite Frank 'cause I'm that crazy nigga
Luda
Always got a drink and I'm steady smokin' buddah
I do the evil that'll bend you when I get you
I'ma sit you down then take it to the mental and
essential and clown

Every chance I get, bitch I'm hit not by no bullet or no
pellet
But the smoke from the can a beer, shit, I might just be
too high
Then I put my middle finger up when I'm ridin' by
And say hi to plenty liquors and I know it's a sin

And if ya tell me stop drinkin' I'll just do it again
So when I get old I'ma rock, roll, shake and shiver
With some blacked out lungs and a fucked up liver

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Ey yo, I do this for bluntheads and whinos, steward
Ave. Homes
Niggaz from G-Ro committed to slangin' blo, doublin'

dough 24-7

Fuck po-po's I'm blowin' dro out the AC Legend, runnin'
wit 2 strike felons
And I pack 4-4's like Hank Aaron, then'll smoke a L,
bust shells

And dare ya to tell, walk up in the club, pretty thug
Fucked up off head shots, sippin' Courvoisier watchin'
hoes
Drop it like it's hot, shakin' tits and twats
Placin' big face 20's and cock, loadin' clips and glocks

Knowin' we got the haters hot, the ballin' don't stop
Just drop more G's on drink and drugs
Live it up young nigga 'cause it's gon' catch up

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Now, wit the help of Hen and Coke, I grab my pen and
pad and wrote
Somethin' that I knew was dope and represent for my
kinfolk
Pimp a hoe until she broke wit mo lines than chopped
coke
Ey yo it's 2-0 I'm Eastside's King but I'm a writer
with a twist of Amaretto

My shit even come out better, grab a blunt put it
together
What a nigga really need, run up in the club
And blow a motherfucker til he bleed
Could it be an Icehouse put his lights out

Or the club get closed out, if it's hoes out I show out
Call Tyheed get Dro'd out, there's no doubt I love my
life
Love the light, love to write, love the mic
So take a drag, grab a bag and match up
Hennessey and bad weed, believe me it catch up

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Get it right, Ludacris, F.A.T.E. Fullster

Infamous 2-0, ATL

We are the dirty south's dirtiest

Disturbing the peace

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