

## Ludacris

### "0 - Catch Up"

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(Chorus)

All this drinking gon catch up  
And all this smoking gon catch up  
But some niggaz just really don't give a fuck  
But some niggaz just relly don't give a fuck

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

(Ludacris)

Now let me be quite Frank  
Cause I'm that crazy nigga Luda  
Always got a drink  
And I'm steady smoking buddah  
I do the  
Evil that'll bend you when I get you  
I'mma 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 drinking I'll just do it again  
So when I get old I'mma rock, roll, shake, and shiver  
With some blacked out lungs and a fucked up liver

Chorus

(Infamous 2-0)

Ey yo I do this for bluntheads and whinos  
Steward Ave. Homes  
Niggaz from G-Ro committed to slanging 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' Courvossier watchin' hoes drop it like it's  
hot  
Shaking tits and twats  
Placing big face 20's and cock  
Loading clips and glocks  
Knowing 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

Chorus

(F.A.T.E.)

Now wit the help of Hen and Coke  
I grab my pen and pad and wrote  
Something 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 Amaretta  
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

Chorus

(F.A.T.E.)

Git it right  
Ludacris, F.A.T.E. Fullster, Infamous 2-0, ATL  
We are the dirty south's dirtiest. Disturbing the peace.

(White guy)  
Hey bring on the bitches!!

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