

## Ludacris

# "Grew Up The Screw Up"

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(feat. Young Jeezy & Lil Wayne)

[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]

I grew up a fuckin screw-up  
Got introduced to the game, to the game then fuckin  
blew up  
I grew up a fuckin screw-up  
Got introduced to the game, to the game then fuckin  
blew up  
I grew up a fuckin screw-up  
Got introduced to the game, to the game then fuckin  
blew up  
I grew up a fuckin screw-up  
Got introduced to the game, to the game then fuckin  
blew up

[Young Jeezy]

[Chorus]

[Lil Wayne]

I blew up before i grew up  
Got introduced to the game now im at the head like  
crew cuts  
Suit up and lace your boots up its war time  
Its weezy baby no cryin no lyin  
the mothafuckas is slippin they betta hold on  
They trippin like Cedric its so lunch  
I flow like im headless no mind  
I can say dont rhyme and its gonna rhyme  
Im so fresh i should be smack like debone  
And you get smacked like a baseball by bebons  
Into the point i could kill a nigga with three lines  
Watch this..... with three lines  
We got the tossin the blunt and dip three times  
We light them mothafuckas up and get tree high  
And in the game im man enuff like eli  
R.I.P. B.I.....

[Chorus]

[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(damnnn)  
That's seventeen and a half, all I need is the word  
(ooohhh!)  
Say the, ice is cool but them pots is hot(haa)  
You better cook slow but that money come  
fast(hahaaaa!)

I got what you need I hope you brought all the  
cash(cheea!)  
You know the kid pimpin all over the world(world)  
A hundred carats got me all over your  
girl(YEAHHHHHHHHHHH)  
Five freaks and my Gucci duffle bag(ayye!)  
A corporate thug, I run with a Playaz Circle(circle)  
I got a Field Mob that'll +Disturb+ your +Peace+(yeah!)  
Blowin Shawn-Jay, all we do is Smoke(hahaaaa)  
Finish countin my bread and I was gettin some  
head(oooohh!)  
Whassup?

[Chorus]

I'ma be all the way real with this, look

[Ludacris]

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(tell 'em!)  
Pickin up my sloppy seconds as they reach for the  
crown  
Only reason you on that song is cause I turned that  
DOWN!(whooo!)  
I went from Hot Wheels to big wheels(yeah!), Hondas  
to Bentleys(yeeah)  
And five course meals, no more Popeye's and  
Blimpie's(yeeah)  
From alright to handsome(whhaatt!), from one room to  
mansions(whhaatt!)  
From hangin on the block to throwin parties in the  
Hamptons(whooo!)  
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 ye  
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  
Boyyy!

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