

Ludacris

"Grew Up The Screw Up (Remix)"

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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' niggas 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
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[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!(whooh!)
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(whooh!)
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!

