

## **Ludacris F/ Foxy Brown, Trina, Shawna "How My Man Went Down in the Game"**

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Intro: Large Professor

Yo, I heard my man told his girl that he's going to jump  
off  
the roof for her cause he love her. Now that is funny.  
That's  
funny. You know what I'm saying? I did not live 19 years  
to  
throw my life away for some girl that I just met last  
year. Yo,  
fornt door, back door, I ain't doing it. Point blank. Let  
me do this, man, hold up.

She took your bread, now you're annoyed  
You should have kicked her out when she became  
unemployed  
You didn't listen, stuck to ass-kissing  
Now your money's missing, now your honey's missing  
You used to buy her shoes, shirts, sweaters and all  
She had your head like a medicine ball  
You even tried to disrespect me when you slid  
Right into her trap like the baseball kid  
But I can tell by the way shit was looking  
She'd eat up the food and jet like Bookman  
You always said I didn't give you your props  
You wound up getting shitted on, hops  
Trust the man with the corrective lenses  
Before you wind up ripping doors off the hinges  
Mad as hell, with a bone-dry well  
And you had the nerve to think that I was jel, but

It's a shame, when I gotta watch my man go down in  
the game (Repeat 4x)

Ayo kid, my man is trying to act like it's Easter and he's  
jumping  
out of his rabbit-ass mind, talking about he's flying off  
of roofs.  
Yo kid, I like girls and the whole thing, but it ain't going  
to roll  
like that. Yo kid, let me explain this, hold up, hold up

You're sitting in a cell, mad as hell  
Because you've decided to kill for your madamoiselle  
I got some bad news, she's in the world getting used  
And you can't even act confused  
Cause after I hipped your ass to the script  
You should've just played it to the back like a pip  
I knew she was dreaded, but you wanted to set it  
And act as though I was the one with the unleaded  
I saw where you was headed  
I just couldn't sweat it, fuck it, now you'll regret it  
When you gotta lock ass for a pack of ?Barlils?  
I hope that'll sharpen up your listening skills  
Cause I can't keep giving brothers that sleep  
My advice and they keep winding up in the heat  
So no matter how much you think you love her  
Before she was your girl I was your motherfucking  
brother, out

You know what I'm saying? I'll flip more than the script,  
kid  
I said I'm looking at the front door, all that's fine and  
cool,  
but yo, I ain't being no fool. Point blank

And you know what we talking about (Repeat 4x)

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