Yeah
Gotta feel me on this one
Ain't none of this shit happen overnight
We talking about a long time coming motherfucker

It ain't clean on these streets(uh, uh)
It's mean on these streets(yeah)
Blocks up, hats down
Fiends on these these streets
(So please pay attention when you coming around
Cause the blocks got it's eyebrows down, ya heard me)
(2x)

I'm still back for the first damn time So grab a hold of your seat while I OPEN YOUR MIND And take you back from when I dropped down from heaven And I came on my moms and I had a MIC as my fucking weapon When I was three I was just a little G But if you looked in my eyes you would see the future of a real \mbox{MC} And at the age of nine I wrote my first ryhme Soon rapping became one of my favorite pasttimes Everywhere that I went spitting and dabbling Showing my ass growing up and started traveling From one city to the next luda landed in the ATL Where the pimps and the players dwell I made a tape did shows and got EX-PO-SURE And kept learning as my black ass got OLDER No matter what I just kept at my trade I made mistakes but still stayed sharper than a GINSUI BLADE

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Age 14, my talent show, a beast out of cage Would have won, but got disqualified for JUMPING OFF STAGE But I didn't care cause this game started to open it's arms When I was at Banaker High School pulling fire alarms So I could get a crowd around me make a name for my BLOCK People told me keep flowing they didn't want me to STOP Back when big nose John was my human beatbox Skipped out on school hit open campus and look out for street COPS Now I'm known around the town as that "Nigga who raps" From the hill of Maze high to them G roll traps And I was still making demos perfecting the craft Some said I wouldn't make it they would giggle and laugh So I picked up a couple books from DONALD GOINES About the busimess of this shit and how to FLIP A FEW COINS By the age of eighteen I was destined to MAKE IT My bank account read DISTURBING THE PEACE INCORPORATED

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Age 18, I'm struggling just to survive But I got a gig working for change at 97.5 Now I'm rapping on the radio increasing their NUMBERS Still Ludacris, but Alias was Chris LOVA, LOVA Late nights I'm in the studio using they tools Me and Poon was smoking weed and breaking all of they rtules And I was krunk, ALL THE BIG WIGS WAS HEARING MY SONGS But nobody did SHIT and they was taking too long Three years went past and I saved enough cash To make my own record company and put my self on BLAST the album was independent it was just for the streets I sold one thousand albums in my first fucking week Then went on to sell fifty, put the cash in my hand All the record companies biting, but I chose Def Jam The main reason that I made it and I love the A town Was because the BLOCK had it's EYEBROWS DOWN, ya heard me

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Yah, Ive' been waiting a lifetime to get what the fuck I got It's real man
Hardest working nigga in show business
Believe that
Shout out to Lil fate, I dub, Chaka Zulu
Yah Woo
The people's music I used to play some happy and some jealous
Cause I'm showered with cash and they can't remove they umbrellas
The people's music I used to play some happy and some jealous
Cause I'm showered with cash and they can't remove they umbrellas

You hear it raining don't ya You hear it rain