We got money in our pocket, and whatever you're sipping on Red-bottom limping around this bitch, what the fuck you tripping on? Twenty goons, they in this bitch, you better check your tone And they gon put you back in place if you do something wrong We in this bitch, yeah we in this bitch
We got a section full of girls and they barely speak any English Let's toast it up to that life and I mean it

We in this bitch, we in this ho I got the .40 on me now, who wants to Plaxico? Shout to Gangsta Gibbs, he the next to blow You should see my gangster grill, I light the shit from blow Snowy car transforming instead of transformer You ever cook the whole thing on a George Foreman? What about a nine on the gas grill? Four-fifty for the silk, pay my gas bill So many horses in the 'rari, park it in the barn Took the ice up out my cup and put it in my charm And this bad bitch with me from another planet Stay on the satellite phone - man, I can't stand it Hey baby girl, hang the phone up No talking with your mouth full - you's a grown-up What the fuck? Who the hell? Flashback in this bitch, thought I seen a scale

You know how we handle shit, gangster gutter glamorous Zone One Atlanta shit, over all the amateurs I'm walking off in here, a boss so, dog, approach with caution though Disrespect is tolerated, that's some shit you ought to know Niggas say they ball, yeah, but I'm balling harder though Cold as the nose on a Appalachian Eskimo It finna go down, ho, popping bottles, drown hoes Paid niggas with us, ain't no broke niggas around so Excuse me - who is he? I don't do this usually But I'm too fresh to fight - somebody go and get security I'm buying this, buying that, getting that check and flyin jet Boucheron, Constantine, Puff like, where you find that? American at the nature, boy, a lot of nigga hate your boy Pocket full of money, got more paper than a paperboy Hoes jocking, on Twitter trending topic Future, Jeezy, Cris, and Drama Tip say, let's go get it popping

I'm popping plenty bottles, like I got plenty bricks
Call me Mr. Marcus, I'm in this bitch
Super drink, super smoke and some super hoes
VIP looking like we won the fucking Superbowl
Thirsty chicks trying to give it, I don't want it
You been in more laps than the Indy 500
Conjure's what we drinking, faded til the world end
Never see me planking, unless I'm on your girlfriend
Ludacris, I been a staple in this Southern game
Got the best lines, so I guess I'm slinging Southern caine
My money's louder, you rappers need to hush more
My presidents rock, my accounts are Mount Rushmore
On the island and my phone is hitting dead spots
Altoid can of blue pills, that's my X-box

You could hate, you could dis, you could make a wish But eight albums, and Luda's still in this bitch