

# U Can Believe It (feat. Ludacris)

## Playaz Circle

[Verse 1: Dolla Boy]

Ain't sitting around in yo top back

All I'm trying to do is make a dollar don't accomplish that

Probably both, call the hoes

See if she can meet me up at Pompadors

Table in the front so I can see who's in and out the door

We ain't gotta front cause we've been making lots of dough

We ain't taking fronts unless you bringing in a lot of dough

Probably if Jaquari was just starving I'd be robbing folks

Frontin in ?? and it can leave you in the hospital

Came a long way but we still got some miles to go

Cowards gonna despise us, but the real niggas like us though

Sorry my rival put a stop to your theatricals

The streets want the real and honored that we happy for them

And then you realize everything come and it goes

I'm tryin get before it comes and it goes

[Hook: Tity Boi (aka 2 Chainz)]

Diamonds on my wrist, ladies in the building

If you feeling sexy put your drinks to the ceiling

Yaaa, do it like them playaz do

And we on them drugs we goin' be here for a day or two

[Verse 2: Tity Boi (aka 2 Chainz)]

Clayton County tags blowing smoke out the roof

Tell your man he's a fag and I'm the motherfucking truth (I'm the truth)

See I don't like to brag but he's the proof

The trunk bigger than your future, I'm too tall for a coupe (For a coupe)

And this is something that I'd rarely do

Flip the script cover my tattoos Armani is the suit

Mari is the shoes, VS is the juice and the necklace is fruits see the rest of my dudes

Got on vest and the True's

On yo best day I move

Like a man on the moon

Gotta expand it and move it

We land it and cruise

Got plans before truants

Spend grands on the cruise to put a tan on my bruises

And this is how we do it, straight shots with no chasers

And every round I'm making toasts to show off my bracelet

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Ludacris]

My bank accounts are impatient and they, they can't wait

So I'm never a dollar short, or a, a day late

I smoke the best for the stress just to, to stay straight

The bud's light is less filling, but it, it tastes great

I keep the cash in the stash from the, the po po

Cause they say it won't hurt them, what they, they don't know

Though i roll in the coupe that hugs the whole block

Don't play I'm still hood, you'll still get cold cocked

The four will sure pop

Your soul will sure drop

Fours will get blown but i sure do hope not, I'm hot

But I ain't tripping on these young whipper snappers

I'm trying to get a chick up in my whip and get her snapper

Put her on her stomach get back and then slap her

Take her to her home and be gone the morning after

[Hook]

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>