

Act I: T.I.P.

T.I.

Rapper T.I.

3 Grammy nominations
with the second highest debut on the hip hop
if you look left there's a monkey next to an anaconda
sentenced to probation
Philon Johnson gun downed.
In a hail of gun
suffered a miscarriage
ATL opens with a
features with the acting debut of rapper T.I.

I ain't sign up for this shit. Lost my partner. Lost my life homes. Fuck this shit. I'm done.

A listen homes. Get Atlantic on the phone. Gonna call 'em. Tell Craig, Julie, Cap and Col.
I need to holla at 'em. First I gotta let 'em know I'm tired of rapping. Fuck the money.
Ever since Phil died I ain't happy. A what's happening. We under new operations.
Though we ready, we'd like your cooperation better. Listen when I'm talking. Threw off.
I ain't patient. I'm gonna tell once then start counting shell cases.
Don't mean to scare but this bullshit is irritating. I'm gonna tell you like it is shawty.
I ain't finna play. I feel another case coming round the corner any day. I know the consequences.
I'm the same nigga anyway. It's way more important that what I'm finna say.
Do what I say or I ain't dropping shit till 2028
(who gives a fuck if he comes on to 20 for 28. He said the year 2028 you fucking moron)
Listen guys. I'm on that be hot shit. It's T I P for now on. Fuck that T.I. shit.
Give a damn what any nigga gotta say about this. Yeah I think it's best to say I did it.
Don't be emailing to itinerary. I won't get it. You're best bet just holla when they filled the jet.
Tell city ain't no photo shoots and I ain't in the building.
Accused now be in the southern just to shoot a dozen movies.
(Cash that check and be spending our money)
You're right about that honey. Thanks for doing that for me. Speaking of money.
You can always buy me out but the price high. I ain't none of T.I. nigga. No more Mister Nice Guy.
(Listen kid. Understand me here. This is Leor Colin. You better treat this company with some respect.

And you better not be playing wit my motherfucking money.)
I got your motherfucking money partner but I ain't playing. You
got any since, you'll do what the fuck I say.
I ain't selling no goddamn albums. That ain't no threat. That's
a motherfucking promise jack.
Come and see me if you want. Get it like the Red Cross nigga.