

Dope Boyz

T.I.

[T.I. talking]

Ay, ay, ay, what you need shawty
Ay shawty man a I got 5 for 45 shawty, 5 for 45
Well shit what you need shawty
Ay these these bd's right here shawty
Ay this that this that noyd too shawty
You can't get no better than this right here
Ay nigga well get the fuck out my trapp then

[Verse 1]

A crack a ki' a crumb do it fifty mo' times
The quarter go for 5 and the half go for 9
Still in the trapp wit them break down dimes
Hit me on the hipper anytime, I don't mind
Why y'all niggas bitching on and whining I'm a grind
Shack it in the winter and the summer I'm a shine (getting mine)
It's plenty of money to be made from Candler Road to Bankhead
It's plenty of room to get paid for those that ain't scared
I got the hard for the j's and dro' for the dank heads
The dope game still strong like pimping ain't dead
Heard what I said I ain't buying no yell
Weighing 36 o's or more on a triple beam scale
Yeah, look like you got that touchy bug shawty
Standing round in my trapp I think you fucking up shawty
Same nigga who taut a k getting paid in the trapp
Made a song for the niggas and the J's in da trapp
For the...

Da dope boyz in the trapp nigga
The thug nigga, drug dealer where you at nigga
I say the, da dope boyz in the trapp nigga
The thug nigga, drug dealer where you at, a where you at nigga

Ya dope boyz in the trapp nigga
The thug nigga, drug dealer where you at, a where you at nigga
Ya dope boyz in the trapp nigga
This for da, ya dope boyz in the trapp nigga

Never everybody in the swats know I got the fiyah fiyah
Nigga want that weight got it for the high high
You can't even supply the package I buy
I get it and I cook and it's gone for it dry
Get a quarter ki and cut it down to all dimes
Buy my own blow so the profits all mine
How we gone shine?, the same way we gone grind
Niggas ain't gone be able to see us hey, they gone think they gone blind
C got choppers on his vert and I got daden's on mine
Triple gold and vogues, poppin' moe' blowin' pine
Honey brown wood grain wheel in the 'lac
Oak on the dash and the 12's in the back
Came for years of trappin', staying down wit the crack
Now that I made it rapping I ain't never going back
I'ma let the paper stack till it can't no more
Still got love for my niggas slangin' blow
Getting do' fo' sure

I remember it all started wit a quarter ounce of hard

Me and C-Roy crunked the trapp up in Cobb
Nann nigga barred we the trillest niggas living
If this ain't yo trapp then what the fuck you doing in it?
What the muthafucking business, do you think you puttin down?
If so then my corner you need to get the fuck from round
Unless you wanna sell some weed my nigga Beed got the pound
Anything else I don't need ya help, I got the hard locked down
37's ki's in da grill of the broam
Jumped from 33 to my folk in Boyd homes
All most gone ain't got but four mo'
Eternal Simpson Road ain't no more blow
Nothing left for you but to count my do'
Just something else to do while I blow my dro'
350k what I paid for the shit
Made 850 quick when I flipped all these bricks
Getting rich in this bitch

Ay one time for da dope boyz in ATL
From the SWATS on Campbellton Road
on over to the Westside on Bankhead, ya understand
On over to Candler Road
Ay I know y'all niggaz out there getting money in Decatur
Got damn ay we going on down to Miami shawty
Ay we know y'all niggas got them thangs down there for the low
I'm coming to get some
Ay one time for my niggas up in Tennessee shawty
Up in Orange Mound, y'all niggas trapp rolling good
On over to Memphis I know the pimpings real good down there