

# 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 Campbelton 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