

Every Chance I Get

T.I.

Real talk, true story (uh huh)
No nuts, no glory (uh uh)
You know what I'm saying? (Real talk)
Hey dog (yeah yeah)
I'm a tell you like this

Hey I'm so raw, and I'm so rich
And you so flawed niggas ain't 'bout shit
I'll take yo' broad, I can fuck yo' bitch
Know that I'm goin' ball every chance I get
Every chance I get, real talk, no shit
Every chance I get, big money on this
I'll take yo' broad, I can fuck yo' bitch
Know that I'm goin' ball every chance I get, every chance I get

They say it's lonely at the top, but I don't feel lonely
Got my homies out in Hollywood so I don't feel phony
Ain't another nigga colder, cribs all over
Flash-in-pan, these other rappers catch a number, Coca-Cola
I'm exceeding expectations, you barely meeting quota
I give it to 'em straight, you cut it with baking soda
You said I ain't Zone One, nigga ha, that's a funny one
I'm King like my three year-old, Major like my youngest son
Got one named Domani, so you know what I'm getting (guap)
Deyjah and Neek-Neek and Messiah like "Daddy, get 'em"
Got an angel named Leah here to keep me outta prison
And my partner Jason Geter to help me see about a billion
Listen, Grand Hustle, best respect this vision
My records sell about a million, but shit that just the beginning
What with Club Crucial and Grand Hustle film division
Multiplication to get the paper, I let the clique do the division
Break bread, StreetCred dot com making a killing
Plus "A King of Oneself," high fashion, I'm flashing
I'm, ready for whatever though, trained to go you better know
Put dick up in whoever hoe, let 'em know

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I gotta thank my lucky stars cause it came so far
Dope game, rap game, 'bout the same so far
Brag about your lil' Benz, nigga that ain't no car
I got some shit in my garage that requires a chauffeur
High as gas is, the country at war and people are starving
And I pay a million dollars for Ferrari's, retarded, huh?
Sorry bruh, been a dick that been balling since it started up
Season hoe, get 'em all to fuck cause they know this dough stack tall as fuck
Nah, it ain't that I'm rich that they hate so much
Least I could do it, not rub it in niggas face so much
So I'm trying now while I'm rhyming not to brag about the island

Or the crib in Hawaii where all the walls slide in
House is wide open, we could bring the outside in
I think you should hear about it, but fuck it I'll be quiet
I just spit it how I live it homie I don't be lyin'
Would it make you feel better if I put my pockets on the die?
If I made less money, started to dress bummy
Would the haters and the critics have more respect for me?
Should I downgrade the crib and the way I live?
Naw how about I don't and we just say I did, nigga

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Hey say homeboy
It's real talk coming at you live and direct homeboy, you dig that?
Heh, you could hate all you want partner
I'm a give you something to hate on, bitch nigga
Ha ha! Grand Hustle, you understand?
DJ Toomp you did yo' motherfucking thing as usual
Hey, hey look, P-S-C partner, Pimp Squad Click
Ay, Big Kuntry you up next homie
It's the king, bitch!
Yeah, they say I ain't Zone One, bitch nigga
My grand-mama been living on Center Hill forty three years, hoe-ass nigga
You understand that? Nigga come meet me nigga
See me nigga! You know?
Why niggas gotta wait 'til a nigga got the police watching you
And start kickin' that fuck shit, you know?
You know how I get down, you know what it was nigga
You know you don't wanna see me, bitch nigga!
Yeah!

Hey

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