T.I.

Ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba You pussy niggas finna make me kill one a y'all Ain't a damn thang change I still keep that thang right up under my shirt Betta tell 'em I ain't playin' because it's all fun and games until somebody get hurt Ain't a damn thang change I still keep thang right up under my shirt Run up on him where he hangin', BANG! cause it's all fun and games until somebody get hurt Boy you finna get hurt, murked, put him in the dirt boy you betta catch me first Boy you finna get hurt, murked, put him in the dirt boy you betta catch me first Boy you finna get hurt, murked, put him in the dirt boy you betta catch me first Boy you finna get hurt, murked, put him in the dirt boy you betta catch me first Alota pussy niggas talk like broads love runnin' they mouth But then turn and run in they house Put the gun in they mouth, tell a nigga talk shit now You think you think you know the go POW I ain't scared of the law naw I'm about to go to war what it is nigga win lose or draw I'll never get caught murkin' y'all cuz it ain't what you do It's what cha near and who saw Shawty I'm way too raw Catch me any day you want you could think I'm a play if you want But the fact still remain if I got a AK and you don't Well then playa you gone Don't get me wrong there's some niggas wanna kill me too (Well where they at ?) But they ain't sayin' bout shit because they very well know where I'm at They could catch me in the booth right if it really like that Naw nigga that they hoe get him in the whole shit, the 44 spit they holla oh shit Protectin' her and you both hit You betta check ya girl or you be so sick If the choppa leave you with no dick Or a plastic bag holdin' yo' shit Leave 6 in you, a couple more in ya bitch And I don't miss 'cause I'm focused nigga Ain't a damn thang change I still keep that thang right up under my shirt Betta tell 'em I ain't playin' because it's all fun and games until somebody get hurt Ain't a damn thang change I still keep thang right up under my shirt Run up on him where he hangin', BANG! cause it's all fun and games until somebody get hurt Boy you finna get hurt, murked, put him in the dirt boy you betta catch me first Boy you finna get hurt, murked, put him in the dirt

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I got you tip

I'm finna ride homie

Fuck niggas might talk loud act real, but they don't really want this here Pussy niggas betta act right, lay low we know where ya family live Trust me you don't want me up in ya crib with a ski mask on duck tapin ya ki ds

You can pray all you want but I don't forgive Ya shoulda been doin' that before ya did whatcha did I ain't gotta spell it out pimp you know what it is I'll rest you case to ya real man you know what it is Plus I got a hundred goons with me, dressed in black Fifty at the front door, 50 at the back Half got K's, half got Macks Bring 'em out, bring em out, show me where he at We can do him right here, we could catch him in trap Run up on his 'lac put a hole in his hat With his brain on the dash, and his thoughts in his lap and dump 50 more on him and tell him to hold that Lights out, no hasta manana, hasta la vista, senora Y tu no tomorrow, no remorse and no sorrow And the next one a y'all niggas try me like that I swear to God man I'm really gon' snap

Ain't a damn thang change I still keep that thang right up under my shirt Betta tell 'em I ain't playin' because it's all fun and games until somebody get hurt Ain't a damn thang change I still keep thang right up under my shirt Run up on him where he hangin', BANG! cause it's all fun and games until somebody get hurt Boy you finna get hurt, murked, put him in the dirt boy you betta catch me first Boy you finna get hurt, murked, put him in the dirt boy you betta catch me first Boy you finna get hurt, murked, put him in the dirt boy you betta catch me first Boy you finna get hurt, murked, put him in the dirt boy you betta catch me first

Right now I'ma give you somethin' that a make a nigga beg please When a bullet in his mind I could feel a little breeze Drop to ya knees, see the big barrel of the chrome fifth triple grip handle in the squeeze I keep a couple of those for the niggaz who talk shit when I go to Jacob and cop that ring If you try to see me I'ma cock that thang And I'ma lock that thang, and the shots gon' stain (really?) The nigga ride inside the truck with me (and) for the most part the nigga stuck with me And tell you somethin' if you really were smart and you knew better people probably tell ya don't fuck with me Front if want motherfucka you can catch it Smile on my face even though I got a ratchet Pop off (police) pull me over believe I got a compartment if I gotta stash i Must I just remind y'all niggaz when I come through Know that I'ma find y'all niggaz take two

Bust so many shots gun powder probably blind y'all niggaz now (Ok, ok let's

go)

See you don't know really wanna feel that Mossberg blow (naw) Clap up a nigga then I cap up a nigga
When I finish it'll turn into an absurd show (listen)
Then you better observe yo
Feel the sizzle from the bullet of the glock burn slow (ssss)
Shit probably twist you up just a little
and have your body leanin' lookin' like a quarter past four
Stay down betta (lay down)
Checkin' for a nigga, come and put your body in the dirt
I don't play bitch you, really need to go the other way
If you ain't know I got it under my shirt