

I Can't Help It

T.I.

Yeah

Nah

Okay

What?

Hey

What?

Hey (yeah)

Hey (yeah)

Hey

Hey

Hey, you know me bitch nigga, I'm all of that
Hit your broad with a big dick, didn't call her back
Relax little cat, let the big dog attack
Thought it was over for me homie, did you fall for that?
U-turn, ran the red, no cardiac
Get your hand out of my pocket, what with all of that?
Tell the sheriff, he can get these fuckin' charges back
A little money, still gotta thank God for that
Regardless, Big Bank can't fold it up
Ain't another nigga flowin', who as cold as bro
Quarter mil' for the show, really though what's up
Louis duffel bag, say "load it up"
Get into the hotel, better know what's up
Leave them niggas out there, get to hold it up
We ain't never had a problem gettin' hoes to fuck
Suck dick, lick, spit from the shoulders up
I let this nut get all over her
Another thick bitch kissin' all over her
Bust the pussy wide open, can't close it up
Make her bounce that shit, when you found that bitch
She was laid on the ground, panties down, six chicks
With a trap bag of money, tryin' to count that shit
Never will find me around that bitch
Unless she got them lips wrapped that dick (cheah)
Other niggas wanna make love, fuck that
I bing, bang, pound, beat down that clit
Sick wit' it like E-40 and them
Fill up every hoe jaw, just saw with him
This K-I-N-G a-k-a Big Bank a-k-a Shorty Pimp
Aye, a-k-a Shorty Pimp
Big Bank a-k-a Shorty Pimp

I get money (yeah)

I can't help it (nah)

You can't stop it (can you?)

You gotta accept it (what?)

You can't knock it (what?)

You gotta respect it (hey)

This is who I am nigga (hey)

I can't help it (hey, hey)

I can't help it (hey)

In the ghetto in a drop Rolls-Royce
They say keep it one hundred,
I ain't got no choice (I can't help it)
Yeah, I always Big Bank, I'm so trill and you ain't

Cut it down, bitch I can't (I can't help it)
Hey, see how I do it, I'm so hood
Cut it off, go Hollywood,
Bitch I would if I could (I can't help it)
The city wouldn't be shit without me
Fifteen million dollar houses,
Still can't get this trap up out me
(I can't help it)

I'm a hustler all the way down to the bone
Terrorist, every day rhyme with that bomb
Stay on a date from the night to the morn'
Ain't gonna serve you nothin' under a song
No fuckin' favors, don't ask for no loan
Shop with ya dogs, if ya tryin' to get on
Come in my spot, don't be callin' my phone
Everything tryin to stop, leave me alone
Grindin' for days, I haven't been home
Dope on the lawn, until it's all gone
Mainly strong or whatever you want
Gotta get right, give a fuck if it's wrong
Shots of Patron, whole other zone
Eight hundreds on but ya know what I'm on
Yo' bitch wanna fuck, now that she know that I'm on
Oh motherfucker, I just wanna bone
Peel me nigga, I got that tone
Need no help, I can hum on my own
I Terror your Squad but I ain't from the Bronx
One in the back, still play with that drum
Except no I don't, put it right in your home
No radio play, every song that I'm on
In case you ain't know, I'm Rocko The Don
Zone four Hamilton, low on fun
Gucci my hat, Gucci my drawers
G's on my ass, G's cover my balls
Gucci my pants, Gucci my shirt
Gucci book bag, where I keep all that twerk
Gucci bandanna on top of my shirt
Gucci boots on when I trap in the dirt
G's around me everywhere I go
G-code, G-code, that's all I know

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I can't help it (nah)
You can't stop it (can you?)
You gotta accept it (what?)
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This is who I am nigga (hey)
I can't help it (hey, hey)
I can't help it (hey)

In the ghetto in a drop Rolls-Royce
They say keep it one hundred,
I ain't got no choice (I can't help it)
Always Big Bank, I'm so trill and you ain't
Cut it down, bitch I can't (I can't help it)
See how I do it, I'm so hood
Cut it off, go Hollywood,
Bitch I would if I could (I can't help it)
The city wouldn't be shit without me
Fifteen million dollar houses,
Still can't get this trap up out me

(I can't help it)