

Let Me Tell You Something

T.I.

Want to be your man, please...tell you why
(I know what y'all thinking)
Doop doop doop doop doop doop
(First he can't be my man, now he want to be my man)
(I wish this nigga make his mind up)
Can't live my life...tell you why
(All my niggaz man we gonna have be 21 bout this shit you know)
Oh baby, oh baby
(We gonna step out the trap for one sec, one sec)

Now what I got to say, seal with a kiss
Know I can't be your man why I feel like this
What I need with a woman when I live like this
Different chicks running in and out the crib like this
Maybe five, maybe six, seven, eight'll be enough
Plus the twins make ten but for you I give it up
Set times to the side just for us to live it up
Walking out a rav farm, purple label linen dove
It's hard for me to discuss what I had vision for us
Lots of trust, and a crib worth a couple million plus
So what if I got a pass, labelled a dirt bag
By the minute, hearts I broken and women I hurt bad
Might I add Christian Dior and fur jackets
A part of the pack, but still far from a marriage
It's easy to lose balance when hearts just start caring
With the attractions apparent, its hard to stop staring

Hey baby let me tell you sumthin, come here I need to tell you sumthin
(Tell you why)
Hey shorty let me tell you sumthin, wanna talk need to tell you sumthin
(doop doop doop doop doop doop doop)
Lil mama let me tell you sumthin, I wanna tell you sumthin
(Cant live my life...without you)
Hey baby let me tell you sumthin, Shorty I've been meaning to tell you sumth
in
(Oh baby, oh baby)

If I can get a little bit of your time, shorty
I got some shit I want to get out my mind, and I know
You get enough of niggaz hollering ya fine (hey
ask...ask ya friend man, man I got this)
Introductions seem to bug you, them partnas of mine
My bad, I know you think I'm probably lying
Then imma stop to conversate, relates all of ya time...man
Look, but half of that shit is all in ya mind
Say you should follow your heart and I'm follow my mind
But anyway, when I see yo' face
Im thinking three or four days in Montego Bay
At the Half Moon, but I know she gon' say
I already have too many hoes, I know
But if I had you, all the dough I'd blow
On eleven karat pink stones trillion row
I wanna be the reason why you showing ya teeth
Without a worry in the world when you rolling with me

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(Tell you why)

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