

My Type

T.I.

Lets go...

Y'all gon' wish for a nigga like me
When I ain't here you know what I'm sayin'
(You think I'm lyin')
(Say goodbye to the bad guy)

(You don't appreciate a nigga my type
Once I die there ain't no more niggas my type
So just remember me right)

Bet you don't appreciate a nigga my type
But when I die there ain't no more niggas my type
So just remember me right
Bet if I let them suckers kill me tonight
All them haters gon' be filled with delight
God forgive me aight
I sacrifice so they can live my life
If necessary I'll give my life
What you hear is my life
Reputation decorated with stripes
No need crying at the end of my life
Just remember me right

When your back was against the wall remember where could you go
Remember who helped you again like he helped you before
Went out the way to let you know that you ain't never alone
They disrespect you come here until they left you alone
He taught you how to be weak, he taught you how to be strong
Taught you not to accept defeat you go all out or be gone
But it ain't the same in the streets now that he gone
He now in heaven on the throne exactly where he belong
But he left millions devastated and his family mourned
Sons turn to grown man since their daddy been gone
Daughters grew like him or not he left his family home
Even prepared the funeral service he had in the dome
And then they came to represent for a stand up gent
Who walked it like he talked it, always said what he meant
Impossible to stop him had a head like cement
Maybe now you'll appreciate the nigga like this...

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If they only knew the man outside of the hype
No matter what the situation he always try to do right
Still they gossip and told lies, used to take him for granted
Often found it hard to relate, some how they can't understand it

'Cause that respect he gon' demand it, theres a problem he handle it
Looked adversity in the eye, he never ran from a challenge
They try to knock him off balance when the fed came and got him
Did the time on the edge came home now he ain't stoppin'
Now while them niggas used to hate him, but they girl use to jock him
Swear he had the kinda swagger made the world stop and watch him
Plus he possessed so much hustle, made it impossible to top him
Got better every album, haters hate to see him drop em'
They just talk shit from a distance, when he around they playin' posse
He use to scare the suckers shitless, probably why them niggas shot him
Hey what it took nothing else than what they could've ever did about him
So go on talk shit about him
At least you ain't forgot about him...

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Wanna say sorry to my mama
King and lil' mama
See me go through so much drama
You could stand a little thunder
Never let em' see you sweat, stay cool as a cucumber
Stay ready for whatever, make note I'm a do wonder
How he died? On his feet like a man with honor
Showed you the sky was the limit, you can do whatever you wanna
Death above the money, deja need me
Don't worry bout me Uncle Phil the ladies with me
See me with your granddaddy
I know you gon' miss daddy
But life ain't always a dream, and horrible shit happens
Had I let a nigga kill me before I could quit rapping
And get to spend more time with ya, I know we would a been happy
But I had to take the chances, You would have been trappin'
Long as I could keep that from happening
Ya papi could die happy
So keep the wind at your back and the sun at your face
Remember winnin' in your blood you were born with what it take (OK)...

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