

## Oh Yeah

T.I.

Whatever you are, im sorry im gone  
Them bitches say they miss me, tell em shawty not long  
Got them so tunrt on till they so turnt out  
Casue im so tunrt up and im burnin that loud  
I pull up, hop out, all the bitches like wow  
Catch me at chow up in vegas in town  
Its a sold out crowd bitches from the front row  
Up to the nose bleeds and they all wanna go  
No they all wanna go, I make em say  
Ay, they all they wanna go, ay don't they trey  
Hey if your girl wanna go tell her say  
And if that brad wanna go she should say  
Now from LA to the bay, I make em say  
And from New York to MIA, bitches say  
From Chi Town to the D, bitches scream  
San Louis Houston do you wanna go with me  
Hey you can catch me in Atlanta with my pedal to the floor  
On that 5,99 guts like a bloody nose  
Ain't no secret how I kick it nigga everybody know  
Bout my paper sorry no time for you haters gotta go  
When im on the westcoat in that ghost on that low  
One 5 for a movie, quarter mil for a show  
Gotta pill in a bottle for the road for a ho  
Sweet heart to a lady, still hard on a ho  
Thank god for my lady I know they be on that radio wiling  
While we chilling somewhere on an island, smiling  
On a big dot is he really that hot  
Ain't you too niggga guess not  
Bitches hopin on my dick, 'fore I hop up out the car  
Walk away with 5 or 6 as im passing by the bars  
See im tuggin on my zipper as I fire up my cigar  
Lets get this straight, you go get naked get it crackin till tomorrow  
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San Louis Houston do you wanna go with me  
Yeah we in the same booth, but im on another