

# Rubberband Man

T.I.

Hey, who I'm is?  
Rubber band man  
Wild as the Taliban  
9 in my right, 45 in my other hand  
Who I'm is?  
Call me trouble man, always in trouble man  
Worth a couple hundred grand, Chevys, all colors man

Rubber band man, like a one man band  
Treat these niggas like the Apollo, and I'm the sandman  
Tote a hundred grand canon in the waistband  
Look'n fo' a sweet lick? well this is the wrong place man  
Seven tyme felon, what I care 'bout a case man?  
I'm campaignin' to bury the hate, so say yo' grace man  
Ay, I don't talk behind a nigga back, I say it in his face  
I'm a thoroughbred nigga, I don't fake and I don't hate  
Check my resume nigga, my record's impeccable  
Anywhere in the A nigga how T.I.P. is highly respectable  
And the M-I-A nigga I'm tryna keep it professional  
Cause all this tongue finna have me snap'n, I'm tellin' you  
From the bottom of the Duval, Cakalacky to New York  
And everybody show'n me love that's one to you all  
Yeah, to all my Florida niggas, my Cakalacky niggas, my LA niggas

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(2x)

Call me trouble man, stay'd in some trouble man  
Some niggas still hate'n on shawty so, they some suckers man  
Got a couple fans that love to do nothing other than  
Lick, suck, show no 'spect, but still I love 'em man  
Dig it, lil' pimpin' got the mind and the muscle  
Stay down on his grind put the crown on the hustle  
Hey, I could show ya how to juggle anything and make it double  
Weed, blow, reel estate, liquor sto' wit' no trouble  
Young Cassius clay of my day Marvin gay of my time  
Tryin' stay alive, live'n how I say in my rhymes  
My cousin used to tell me, take this shit a day at a time  
And told me Friday died, Sunday we a day in the ground  
I still smile 'cause somehow I know he see'n me now  
And so I'm doing all my shows just like he in the crowd  
Hey, throw ya lighters up for my cousin Toot, (Rest In Peace)  
Aaliyah, Left Eye and Jam Master Jay.

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Grand hustle man mo' hustles than hustle man  
But why the rubber band? it representin' the struggle man  
My folk gon' trap, until they come up wit' another plan  
Stack and crumble bread to get theyself off they momma land  
Gangstas who been serving, since you was do'n the run'n man  
Went down, did 10, back 'round and rich again  
That's why I'm young wit' the soul of a ole man  
I'm shell shocked, get shot slow ya roll man  
Still ride around with the glock on patrol man  
I ain't robbing, I'm just looking for that dro' man  
For ma niggas slanging blow, pimpin' hoes  
Rollin vogues, 24's  
Let these other niggas know

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