

Salute

T.I.

Aye when you see me, salute me
Like a general I'm leading the troops
I make this G shit look so easy to do,
And when you see me salute commander
And chief can see I'm the truth
It don't matter whether the streets or the booth.

When you see me salute
And when you see me salute
When you see me salute
Yeah, you ain't gotta speak homie when you see me salute.

Raise your right hand to your hairline
Stand that attention hold it there until you're recognized
Once I return the salutation
Then is at ease as if you heard no conversation
Well, and lets just sayin' what it do G
Decorated five star general a true G
Made it fresher off the battlefield
Reppin' it for my niggas in the battle still
Yea with more stripes then a jail suit
Been in the need, trail 'oop
When I fail, through bitches standin' their cells
Takin' pictures wit' their cells
And let me tell you sutin 'bout a playa'
Put me anywhere in any jail
And I shall prevail
And if another man survived I shall as well
Now fuck rap got swag for sale
You crossed my path in air Brazil

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Hot stain from the nonsense
Remain conscious
The idiots make idiotic comments
A convict wit a conscious
You lack mores I can see your principles
And not my mines is
So I guess what makes me special
Just to get from the curse
Like shit to get you rich at first
So put your dick in the dirt
That's why I don't gotta be the greatest of all time
As long as I keep it real in my rhymes I'm fine
I ain't lying
Give me mine and I'm satisfied

I'm just happy I got to make before my daddy died
And all things considered
Every time destiny called King delivered
Not illa a young heart wit a old soul
Some hot holes and a cold flow
And as far as keepin' it real go
Home when you need me
Don't forget the proper way to greet me

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