

Touchdown

T.I.

When we touch down

In the midwest we okay
E'rybody know them southern boys love that bass
Atlanta go bananas, Alabama, 'weesiana
Mississippi, Ten-a-keys, every mufuckin state, when we touch down
Go right from the plane to the rave
When we touch down
On a private plane getting brains, till we
Touch down, there ain't no way to keep em quiet
With T.I. and Shady baby, we bout to incite a riot
When we touch down

When we get in town, you know how we getting down
Pull up clean, then hop on out, snatch all the freaks then walk on out
I'm living what they talking bout, shining if it dark or not
That one hundred E-X-double R, you'll find that in the parking lot
You barking up the wrong tree, I do this shit for zone three
Four, five and six as well as one, Atlanta I'm forever son
Still be on whatever coast, ridin' blowing heavy smoke
Ay Em you better tell them folk what hell it take to let em go
They know I put that green light on them haters
Keep on trying me I put that beam right on ya tater (pow)
Now you don't wanna see T.I.P. outrageous
Try to keep him in a cage but somehow he keep escaping
That's why I be on vacation, Virgin Island I be taking
Private planes out to Spain, I keep on flying I ain't faking
The money ain't a thang, think I'm lying, you're mistaken
You can find long lines of all kinds of bitches waiting when we touch down

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Welcome to the Midwest, yes
Where them Detroit playas ball like you have no idea
The more is here, got the whole place looking like it's candy painted
Ain't it like we left the kids at home and just let em loose with the crayon
s
Fuck, I just hit a jogger, people looking like Frogger
They hopping out of the way whenever they see Marshall's car coming
The kids painted my windows with black permanent marker
And let the rest of the car carpet color like swirl pops
And I got the bass thumping but I'm bound to bump into something
Kids are flying through the air looking like they krumping
The way they tumbling, I gotta do something
But as soon as I hit the car wash to get the tar off
They just right back at it tommorrow
They're like, "Dad this is in, so you're with the trends"
"This is for the pimps, listening to mims, nail polish on the rims"

And now it's custom chrome, but I gotta go do a show
So go on with ya bad self, just have it back to normal when I touch down

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From my arrival, un-til my departure
Gurantee I put this d-i-c-k in somebody's daughter
Ay, I still have my way with the ladies way cross the water
Flew to Paris from Haiti, did some shit that I thought of
It's erotic that the shit that we popping makes us psychotic
Threat the corpse for America, then why they running from me?
How could they be so ignorant? Look what hip-hop done brung us
It's allowed us to run a business, legitimated our moneys
Got us out of the ghettos and relocated our mommies
I made it all the way here ain't no way you taking it from me
So excuse me Oprah honey, I'm sorry, really I promise
But niggas, bitches and hoes do exist, I'm just being honest
For that am I being punished? Why is you so astonished?
Now I ain't got a degree, just intelligence in abundance
So you ain't gotta like me, I know billions of folks who love me
You can tell how they yelling and screaming and waiting for me when I touch
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