

# What's Yo Name

T.I.

Yo, Uh, a come on T.I.P.

Come on (4x), I said come on, come on, come on, come on

A hour train spit game from the get green  
Ay T.I.P. been bangin' thick dames since he was 15  
The click came ran trains if her shit clean  
The same broad fronted y'all like she Miss Thang  
And damn how da bitch seem she's a dick fiend  
All though I won't elaborate I'll say she lick things and get green  
She fuck wit me because I got big dreams  
And along wit a face she think she seen on the big screen  
I give it to her since she whine and her back hurt  
Then drive her crazy since she crying and she act worse  
Yeah, I'm a rapper, I'm a man, but I'm a mac first  
I need a broad wit a bank and a fat purse... and that's first

I'm a p-i-m, ah, m-p,  
Told y'all niggaz before about me  
Plenty Remi to the h-e, ah, a-d

Somebody buy some more dro' so we can smoke please  
Now what's yo name?

I'm pussy bumper number one

Yeah, I said what's yo name?

I'm pussy bumper number one

Man trying to stop pimpin like shooting a bee-bee gun at a freight train  
So comparing us is like whine to a grape stain  
My reputations great man, I got a great name  
I hate lames, I stay clean, and I break dames  
I like 'em small or bigger with a figure eight frame  
So if she fine I bet she mine when I find time  
Man I ain't lying, mine dimes I don't wine or dine  
Like clothesline hoes mine, I'm a goldmine  
Ay I'm the "King of Da South" and the throne mine  
I got the chrome in the Chevy and the broan mine  
Ay man I'm young but I been doing it for a long time  
That ain't my fault that bitch grown she got her own mind  
An-and I'm...

I bet some niggas think I cake her when I take her out  
But come that week just watch me rape her fucking bank account  
Eventually the P\$C hey we gone take the south  
Then grab the earth by the ankles and shake the paper out  
Nigga I'm bout my paper route so I'm gone make a route  
Anybody blocking my road to riches man I'm gone take 'em out  
Keep run yo mouth making up you mind you got's to be's wit out  
Me I'ma git a ho who gone make show my pockets seen about  
P-i-m-p-i-n-g is all I be's about  
I break a ho in break 'em till they broke and then I ease 'em out  
They out of pocket, I'm a lock 'em out and leave 'em out  
And that don't change man, season in season out  
Open up The Source shawty and see who just you reads about

If it ain't concernin T.I.P. a P\$C a see ya out  
Ain't nothing even you ain't cuttin then u don't see the house  
Because you know I got to practice what I preach about

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