

# Who Want Some

T.I.

Yea  
Alright

All I got is trouble, most of niggas know me  
Pistols in the duffle, everybody looking forward eh...  
Who want some? Who want some?  
You know everybody get it if he want some

Flyest in the city, all I do is ride  
Everybody get it, think I'm lying to distract  
Who want some? Who want some?  
You know everybody get it if he want some

Aye you come in here with the bullshit  
And when you see me holla at me if you want it bitch  
You come in here with the bullshit  
And when you see me holla at me if you want some nigga

I'm Trouble Man, stay in trouble, trouble's all I know  
I snort it no 40-40, fit in all of my clothes  
I love the hustle, but trust no one, I'm countin all of my dough  
Imagine city, stacks of 20's, then it's all I throw  
You better now what that be cause they all my folk  
I do a party, hundred G to the mall I go  
This slow flow bought the full flow  
Mention I in Cali got a matte black Rover bulletproof to nally  
Chicken nigga here say he better than me  
Man if they really wanna be, I leave him dead he can be  
I'm back up in this bitch with 2 OG, what they wanna do?  
I shoot a nigga, catch a phase and beat it in a monocle leggo

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A million dollar train shit, so big it's a shame  
Million that's to hang with niggas out there dealing cocaine  
Just can't mane, you know I ain't finna deal with no lame  
Still I catch me a Benny, I'm sittin in them things  
Walkin out the thing to throw them, junk is all on my chain  
My address and my ensemble, that spot all on my chain  
Then play the games if you want to, all my nigga with it  
We can bang if you want to, let all the niggas get it  
I'm probation and I'm waitin for a nigga to jump  
You get respect in the crowd, nigga pull barrel I don't  
Like ain't he learn from that time that he done did it in the pen

Man hear these skinny niggas all talkin bout pistols again

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You circled that how many times? Have you nigga forgot?  
I get locked up, get out on top whether you like it or not  
Letter of remember from my fan came, now I was a head case  
To the nigga neighborhood, tell him bring the other tape  
I calmed down for my kids and my mom now  
Run up on them sucka niggas, you can put your arms down  
And FYI: I never put my arms down  
Tell the ATF I got 3 more, 3 80's left

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Trouble Man like give me a beer partner, yea  
Bounce back like a rubber band nigga, have a bank roll nigga  
Boing eh  
Ya'll niggas thought it was over with nigga  
You goddamn couldn't be more motherfuckin mistakin, you understand that?  
Nigga I'm thinkin of takin this bitch with the big homie  
DJ 2, nigga what's happenin?  
Yea nigga, west side, niggas all 1's on 4's nigga you understand that?  
Yea, niggas turn the heat up in here, what's happenin?  
Nigga up in here, what it do?  
Yea, tell me to roll, nigga Blood House nigga I see you  
Yea  
Yea nigga  
Nigga nigga they can stay and catch me nigga  
I'm still ridin down the same streets in the Lou V nigga, that's all partner  
But that wet nigga  
Click click pow, ain't nothing changed nigga  
Think I'm lyin as you motherfucker want to  
I'm on probation nigga  
I'm on probation nigga  
You know what that mean don't you?  
Big bank rolls and new 4x4's nigga  
Yea, Trouble Man nigga aye!