

## Wit' Me

T.I.

Bitch! Put my dick on yo face, put my gun in yo purse  
Put my work in yo pussy, bitch don't cum on the work  
Pass the weed to your slime, these niggas greener than lime  
So many knots in my pockets, the bitch need a massage  
I was born in the drought, I hope I die in yo mouth  
If you're a rat you should've died as a mouse  
The weed louder than the opera house, til the fat lady sings  
Drop codeine in my punch, I'm bout to take a swing  
If niggas thinkin I'm soft, I'll knock yo thinkin cap off  
I get blood out these pussies, I'm a stinky tampon  
This for my niggas back home, I'm so New Orleans regardless  
Got bitches fallin like August could sell bullshit to a tourist  
My bitch is badder than me, call that Adam & Eve  
I do tricks on my skateboard, not up my sleeve  
I kiss yo bitch on the neck, shoot your man in the head  
Hit his mama address then send his parents his head  
I play with pussy, not these niggas  
Crucify these niggas  
Kidnap em, call they boss, and ask 'em who gone buy these niggas  
Got Lil Wayne on her ass, Lil Tunechi on her titties  
To kill me you gotta die wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me  
(wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me)

We ain't playin, got 100 racks (wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me)  
In the van got 100 gat (wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me)  
Streets (wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me)  
She's (wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me)  
He's (wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me)  
(I'm wit you!)  
We ain't playin, got 100 racks (wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me)  
In the van got 100 gat (wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me)  
Strong (wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me)  
Gas (wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me)  
Drank (wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me)

I ain't never been dumb my nigga  
Or a sucka neither, go ahead play around wit it  
Cash on deck, they be layin round wit it  
Got a K - fuck with us,, I'll be sprayin' rounds with it.  
I'm cold! Don't believe me, just ask yo bitch I swear she know her legs up h  
igh  
She spread eagle and then took in my big ego  
I'm stupid, ask Tunechi and them  
Let me tell you a little something bout me  
I talk shit, bread like Muhammad Ali  
Then, whoop a nigga ass like Muhammad Ali  
I'm throwed, no catchin me  
These niggas in the game - so sad to me  
I'm sure no one would care if we  
Just put them out their misery  
But no sympathy and no green, uh uh  
Leave home with no heat? Uh uh  
Can niggas talk bullshit on records and see him in public  
And they never do nothing  
You violator, demonstrations I'mma  
Put niggas up on there, wherever we want  
I got racks in my pocket right next to my llamas

I'm mowin my bag, the purple mohana  
Get after my girl and it's round whatever  
So don't be struck down when you seein me nigga  
Whoever fuck with me be smoking the Sadie  
You ready for war, you bout that life really  
You catch me in Cali, you catch me in Philly  
See me in Miami, the coppers is wit me  
Don't kick no niggas who be gossippin with me  
Lookin for yo bitch but she probably (wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me)

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Uh, pussy money weed with me  
Before you judge me I plead guilty  
I wish a nigga would, I won't get a splinter  
Just bought a chicken, bout to break it down into chicken tenders  
This block booming, I'm not human  
My drop zoomin, my eyes groomin  
One giant leap for mankind  
I'm high as moon men, how have you been?  
Gun ain't on my waist  
But it ain't that far away  
I'm sparkling like some Chardonnay  
Here today, gone today  
I play with pussy, not these niggas  
Crucify these niggas  
Kidnap em call they boss and ask em who gone buy these niggas  
Got Lil Wayne on her ass, Lil Tunechi on her titties  
To kill me you gotta die wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me

Hey Wayne wait man, these niggas ain't true  
Julio on the yard, these niggas can't do  
These niggas ain't King, these niggas ain't Tune  
Got the game locked up, covered every angle  
Got the outside, inside, middle lane too  
All sold up nigga, hold up nigga  
Pimps on the loop, put yo hoes up nigga  
Handcuff that bitch when we roll up nigga  
We'll hit that bitch, run pole up in her  
And the head and shoulders of another ho up in her  
With the legs checkin out  
Is she dead? Just about  
Then we rollin some loud and leave up out the house  
We leave up the house, counting 100's and 50's  
And go do a show for 250  
We sell out arenas at hundreds of cities  
These niggas want trouble? I'm bringing it with me

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They ain't fuckin wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me  
No, they ain't fuckin wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me  
Yo T.I.  
They ain't fuckin with us pimp  
AHHH!!  
My bad I Didn't mean to scream.  
Sorry