

# You Know What It Is

T.I.

Ay boy, don't spill my drink boy, ba-lip!  
Now listen (Grand Hustle homie)  
Everybody report to the bloodclaat dance floor (ay, ay, ay, ay)  
Wyclef, "All Hands on Deck" - you love the beat?  
(Boy you know what it is, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay)  
Yo Tip, talk to me bloodclaat

I'm a real nigga homie, throw six figures on me  
Got a pistol you don't want it, boy you what what it is  
Ay, I'm way flyer, my pay's way higher  
If they ever mention sire boy you know what it is  
I got that drama, you don't want no problems  
Dial up that llama, boy you know what it is  
Ay, I get money, all I count is big money  
Dick is all she get from me, boy you know what is  
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay - boy you know what it is nigga

Yo T.I.P., let them likkle rap boys know how you livin

The wait is over, here we go again, I'm back into play  
Gon' sell another couple mil' and take it back to the A  
Gon' take that other couple mil' and put it back in the safe  
Five cash for the crib on the back of the lake  
I'm up in Crucial two-steppin with the gat in the waist  
T.I. ain't in the street no mo', fo'-fo', is that what they say?  
Don't even try him when you see him boy you have to be great  
Cause this pistol hit you in your face, your teeth they'll have to replace  
That's if you lucky nigga trust me, it don't hurt me to take  
100 thousand to them Haitians you'll be murdered today, nigga

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Yo T.I.P. some boys wan' playa hate  
Let them know who the King of the South is, talk to them!

Well they sweatin when they see me, I'm apparently hot  
Had the album of the year nigga, Grammy or not  
Remember, all day I used to stay in the spot  
With two revolvers in my pocket, pitch a hand of that rock  
And now, chart toppin, ain't a car I ain't got  
I'm the number one customer at my own car lot  
You wanna know how much I'm makin, just imagine a lot  
You know I'm probably gettin more that you'd imagined I got  
Listen close, I need to know if you understand me or not  
Because you disrespectin me, you and your man'll be shot

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Why y'all take shot, cause I'm movin?  
We'll pop you in your chest boy

Well from the King of the South to the King of the States  
Ridin in a car you probably never seen in the states  
No idea how much yag I can bring in the states  
Hey you can get a hundred on 'em for a million today  
Frank Lucas ain't the only one who made a million a day  
But it's a American gangsta right here in your face  
And you don't wanna see P\$C on the scene with a K  
You think you runnin up and robbin, that ain't even the case  
And just because you get away, that don't mean it's okay  
You a dead man walkin and I mean it, okay? Hey

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Some of them boys wan' talk 'bout they have done  
They guns sound like popcorn, ya  
When the King of the South (boy you know what it is)  
Get with the King of Haiti, big up Jamaica  
Expect this (boy you know what it is)  
Bloodclaat gorillas a-come out (hahhh, ay, boy you know what it is)  
And when that fire don't pop, come and gone  
We have big LONG machine guns then  
And when we pull them back (choppers'll hang you)  
BLAP, BLAP, BLAP, BLAP! Bap-bap-bap-bap-bap!  
You like the beat? (hahhh, they better)  
We can sell you one y'know (well bop ya head then, okay)  
Yo big up to Haiti! (hey!)  
I'm the king, all the way to the ATL (Bankhead, okay)  
Yo big up the whole South, East West North (Grand Hustle homie)  
Yo London! Japan (HEY) yeah (P\$C)  
Yo Tip, respect (hahhh, yeah)