

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 yay 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)