

Too \$hort F/ Kokane

"I'm"

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I'M! (x8)

[Verse 1]

See I'm that nigga that's, fixin' to do my dirt under the sun
I been hustlin' since the morning become
I keep a couple of rocks under my tongue
Watch out here come the cop, might notta stand still where you chill
Run to no automobile cause it can kill
My destination can feed my home purpose
I'm vibrating' on the down low in the first place
You want me show me the money you gonna be payin'
Pop ya ass up out of the van and take these rocks up out my hand
Cause I don't trust ya and I ain't tryin'
Hold up nigga, I don't know ya gotta reach out at the same time
You want some, come get some
Tyson's on the drum and I'MMMMM!

I'M! (x16)

[Verse 2]

Ya livin', in livin' up in my people's rentin'
Windows tinted, nigga from a couple houses down
Get Skinny, bump it to last amount of spittin'
It's senseless how them dudes be smokin' that shit
Gettin' roped in that shit, jump in this shit
I got to flippin' on nigga, you want some more of that shit
Live in that click where niggas do what they gotta do
Blast em' with burnable fuck em' and watch em' fuck you
Nigga be livin' that life, playin the role of a gangsta
But them niggas ain't gangstas
Bitch you gotta be big enough to think about bein' a fuckin gangsta
Most of them niggas be comin' real
Bring it to ya blood field but that nigga got killed
That's how it be's on that rough side

The tough die, the strong die
Fuck with the wrong niggas on with the wrong chrome
Check the wrong shit, walk the wrong zone
Nigga you good as dead and gone (Problem serious)
Nigga don't hear me that's how we livin' till the saga
stops
Every nigga and his mom gotta glock on my block
Niggas push rocks and dodge cops till they pissed and
tired
Nigga, you livin' by the gun
Y'all need to handle y'all fuckin' business cause I'M!

I'M! (x8)

[Verse 3]

Don't sell it, Arm & Hammer got my rocks swellin'
Laws is yellin, prosecutors yellin'
I'ma glock ya spot, ya head pop like a fuckin' melon
Do my thing destiny I'm a felon
But I ain't just a young, black nigga rebellin'
Breath by breath, step by step, day by day
Playin' this game of death
My nigga remind ya of manslaughter
Niggas slangin' quarters
Georgia, Cali, to New Orleans rollin'
I'm in the pen, pumpin' that iron until I'm swole up
Grits and cheese made me bigger
Now I'm just a lil' bit harder than that next nigga
The first one up to run up
That nigga there gon' get done up
When I put that fuckin' gun up
They told ya, ya hip bone gone gone
That lil' roam don't live long, pop me to stop it
Cock block me, you bitches can't drop me
Hoes gon' still jock me
Got me now the niggas mock me
I seen Scarface twice now I'm a fuckin' carbon copy
Missing on society
And insane probably cause I'm full of animosity
I'm kind of like at all
I might huff and puff and blow ya fuckin' hat off
Tear it off, swear it off
Now get the 411 to 911 to Red Cross
My moaning make me lead
Ten steps to feel these
Got me cocked these
Swingin' like Conan
Wanted from no man with boo-koo ho fans
Talk more garbage, funk, filth, shit, trash, and lies
Rhymes so funky they draw flies
If I rock one up, shock one up

It simple enough to be did
But your shit terror rig
Change your big
Niggas be sayin big
Pass the fig, don't give me no fuckin' pig
I don't choose no swine
But eat Popeye's chicken and eat watermelon to the
fuckin' rind
Feel the grip of this black chrome
That don't fuckin' rhyme, nigga get ya back broke
Fuckin' with them black folks

I'M (x5) with DJ scratching in background

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