

T.I. f/ Young Buck, Young Droop "Undertaker"

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[DJ Drama]

Hahahaha...

Y'all niggaz really thought we wasn't goin to do it
again..

C'mon man...

Grand Hustle nigga!!

You know what it is...

T.I.P, DJ the fuck Drama, Young Dro, Young Buck..

I said P\$C whats happenin nigga!!

[T.I.]

I'ma pimp type, nigga ridin' clean after midnight
Ready for the gutter like prepared for a fist fight
Roll up on yo bitch and ask her what that pussy hit like
First she acting funny, in a minute she gon get right
Get down, got her fuckin with another bitch now
I'm King of all that I survey, remember this is T.I.P town
Hey, you ain't ready pussy nigga better sit it down
We Mac-90, rock steady nigga spit rounds
Turn yo stomach to spaghetti when it hit the ground
Toss the choppers in the Chevy than we mashing down
Camelton? counting all yo Benjamins and Hamiltons
As far I'm concerned you just a job for the janitors
Don't disregard I'ma God you a amatuer
Hide behind ya bodyguards and ya manager
I pimp hard throughout all the pages and calendar
Bitch its Pimp Squad all action no cameras

[Chorus - 2X]

You know what it is, and you know what it do
You know what it is, and you know what it do
Shortay we bury niggaz, shortay we bury niggaz
Shortay we bury niggaz, shortay we bury niggaz
The Undertaker

[Young Droop]

Hey standin' on the trap with me
Matchin me is best for me, 1000 round magazine
My partnas say no attackin me
I'm aids to the average B, respitory flamin beats
Fruit Chevy H.I.-C, my lyrics hit like HIV

Spray by me, ? murder come today by me
Will it chip yo L.I.P and dirty all yo H.I.Ps
Choppas for yo homies, now they feedin them through
a I.V
The tray I be from the Westside, where they say I be
May I be the ruler over all that I survey I be
Laid back, yaze black, triple kiwi Mabach
Weed match the Benz cuz triple kiwi ?
Old school baby crack I'm tryin to bring the 80's back
Haitians get me hated crack, plus my momma hated
crack
Til we got a evicted and I came through with them 80
stacks
Play it back, rewind where I live, I'ma zone 3 hustla
Niggaz know what It is..

[Chorus]

[Young Buck]

May we all bow our heads and pray for this nigga
The Undertaker's comin any day for this nigga
They hate him in the hood for the dreams he been
sellin
I read the paperwork and it seems you was tellin
You know what it is, and you know who I'm talkin bout
When the feds came, I didnt open up my mouth
What you scared fo, niggaz know you been a ho
It's like, homies shit was all good just a week ago
Get the goons ready start up your ve-hi-cle
And shoot at any fuckin car you ain't seen before
Pick up the shells and then use a automatic
They gave 50 years to my nigga Lil Travis
Set a boobie-trap, let him trip over the wire
Then he gon be laying, right by the preacher and the
choir
And before I do, T.I. go and handle yo biz
When you see me holla at me homie, you know what it
is

[Chorus]

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