

Notorious B.I.G. f/ Slim Thug, T.I. "Breakin' Old Habits"

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[T.I.]

Hey what it is pimpin

Slim Thug and T.I.P. doing it B.I.G with B.I.G (yea a ye
yeaah..)

Ya understand what I'm saying (hey..)

P.S.C. pimpin!

Y'all already know what it is man, its a bad boy thing
man

grand hustle collaboration, Y'all already know man

Boss Hog whats happening (hey..)

A-Town pimpin!

[Slim Thug]

Slim Thugga!

I roll strapped glock 40 in my lap

I rap but still think like I'm grinding in the trap

Trying to adapt to the change from the streets to the
game

Can't be selling CD's and still selling dem thangs

Cause snitches drop names and bring alot of problems

And putting somthing in they head the only way you
gonna solve em'

Jackas stay plotting watching your every move

And the minute you snooze will be the minute you lose,
dude

Thats the rules so I cruise with the tools

To fix the damn fools that think I'm slipping with my
jewels

Breakin old habits so hard to do

Thats why you see me on the same block with the same
crew

And everybody sitting fat living good

And I'm the only nigga that be rapping in my hood

I was raised by the hustlas, and ganged by the G's

And taught by the bosses how to stack that cheese

[T.I.]

You got rich and G shit is still a part of you

Cause breakin old habits so hard to do

You still watch for the haters and the robbing crew

Cause breakin old habits so hard to do

When on shot that nigga like I started to
Cause breakin old habits so hard to do
Fresh out the dealership crackin open cigars in the
coupe
Man cause breakin old habits so hard to do

[Biggie]

Damn it feel good to see people up on it
Flipped two keys in two weeks and didn't flaunt it
My brain is haunted, with mean dreams
GS's with BB's on it, supreme schemes, to get Richer
than Richie, quickly, niggaz wanna hit me
If they get me, dress my body in linen by Armani, check
it
My lyrical carjack, make your brains splat
High caliber gats is all I fuck with, now peep the rough
shit
in my circumfrence, mad bitches, with mad lucci
Bulletproof vestes under they coochie
Spittin my uzi, don't lose me, my trigga niggas
represent
Drivin dirty in J-30's gettin bent
And to my hit hoes, my murder mommies
I be smokin trees in Belize when they find me
While you still killin niggas with punany, like Connie
and Cyrus up in Cypress fuck you raw, you on the floor
with the virus
While I just, slang coke, smoke pounds to choke
Got lawyers watchin lawyers so I won't go broke, now
check it
Them country niggaz call me Frank White
I'm squirtin off in my loft of course I know my shit's
tight
Sunrise open my eyes no surprise
Got my shorty flying in with keys taped to her thighs
With all the utensils, who hang my china thing
She half black half oriental eighty-six she got me
rentals

[Chorus]

[T.I.]

I used to drive a Chevy Monte-Carlo, bricks of blow all
in it
I was taught to sell the shit, you put your nose all in it
Let my bitch drive the Benz but the roads off limits
How you call yourself pimpin, with hos all in your
buisness
What it is, the music business or the streets make a
decision
I do this in my sleep, and you way out your division

pimp
This game we play for keeps, and the rules remain
hidden
This ain't a place for lames and that snitching shit is
forbidden
After sitting in the kitchen and whipping with hopes of
getting back
All that off a brick to go blow it, so it even 50 stacks
And now I'm sitting back, thinking about a time
When a nigga get a 100 g's, think he went down
? loyalty and the game it ain't fair
And things ain't the same they changed it ain't fair
Real niggas dead, doing their time and ain't here
You commit the same crime and come home the same
year

[Chorus]

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