

T-Pain

"Hang Ups"

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[Verse 1]

It's kinda hard not to be a dick
But y'all these pussies round here they looking for the
shit
And by god they found 'em burried under the ground
Thinking 'bout what he has done thinking if he keep
doing it one day the money will come
One of his sons can get it done if he wanna become
That son of a gun that leave 'em home when he wanna
get drunk
Then he come back and slum back on that hole that he
bring
And you can use shit but drop your head a fuck in the
scums
This underdog shit has to stop
'Cause if they had an ounce of respect a half a cup
You fucking admit that every song that I smashed you
then dropped
And you're carrer would've been done bitch like it or
not
I came to take my crown back it's about time
So you about facing I'll be about mine
Every nigga that shined on me has been outshined
I'm ripping new assholes and snatching out spines

[Verse 2]

It's kinda hard not to be a bitch when everybody tryin'
to fuck you
Then use you when they need you then do their best to
duck you
But since nobody called or answer emails
Tell 'em to kiss my ass and spare me the fucking
details
'Cause ain't no such thing as the best next thing
Unless you talking about how this is better than 3 rings
And niggas catching on like damn he ain't wrong
These niggas is getting grammy's from their gitty pain
songs
And you can blame it on that and if you got something
to say then you can lay it on wax
'Cause I ain't disrespecting I'm just pissed off a lil bit

I put in all the work and you gettin' all the attention
And when they do their speeches t-pain they never
mention
That's how niggas automatically get on my shit list
So in conclusion I'm actually a nice dude
And to my real fans excuse my shitty attitude

[Verse 3]

It's kinda hard to please everybody
And keep yourself happy and your kids asking
We ain't got no money left daddy?
And you say yeah, but it fell into the wrong hands
That's some hard shit to say when you a grown man
But I'ma get it motherfuck excuses
Plus these niggas thought they finally got t-pain to
chuck the deuces
Here they walk into my studio and play their fucking
music
I play what I been doin' they tell me it's fucking stupid
Then they leave and tell their security I'm fucking
losing
And all them young fire beats was too fucking
confusing
They can't keep up with me I'm classified as a nuisance
And next time that I see them they say they got new
and newer shit
But they sound just like the shit I showed them the first
time
With way less music and way worse rhyme
So this my farewell I'm sorry for the fallout
I'm cutting my phone off I bet you niggas call now

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