

## **T-Pain**

### **"Who Am I"**

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Man I got my hands up high, seat down low  
Fuck a bitch if she ain't about that dough  
It's all that shit, I'm about that life  
I'm real, you ain't gotta think twice  
I'm a bad motherfucker  
See I'm touts in the prouts, mean as a motherfucker  
I make the entrance on the scene like a motherfucker  
I say some things that's obscene about your mother's  
brother  
So say uncle but that don't mean that I'm undercover  
Chester molester, I ball like uncle fester  
You niggas ghetto and I got class like a professor, yes  
sir  
I was only 15 and had 25 lighters on the dresser  
I promise I'm a win, I can't loose to these assholes  
I'ma be playing leap frog over these tad poles  
And I'ma have my wife smiling at you mad hoes  
Taking off the news, peep in the bathroom  
Tell them niggas I'm seeing it like a sidekick, I'm  
Pressing the game, what you mean I wasn't invited,  
huh?  
Fuck your approval, I can see it when you biting me  
You could have told me that you like me  
Hold up nigga, I make the change first,  
I put the change on it, I make you flip it  
You put my name on it,  
Now who am I, I'm a bad motherfucker jay  
Now who am I, I'm a bad motherfucker jay  
Now homie tell me this, tell me this  
Who the meanest, pretties, baddest, â€¡ round down  
who am I, I'm a bad motherfucker jay  
who am I, I'm a bad motherfucker jay  
Man I got my hands up high, seat down low  
Fuck a bitch if she ain't about that dough  
It's all that shit, I'm about that life  
I'm real, you ain't gotta think twice  
I'm a bad motherfucker  
Showin off, just be glad that I showed up  
Sit back, relax, enjoy the motherfucking show, cousin  
I got your hoe buzzing, I know you mad  
But you keep cursing, you gonn get disintegrated into

nothing, fuck him  
She ain't fucking with me, I got bitches in my  
dressroom that used to fuck with 50  
But now she want them country niggas, that's' right  
And you just rolling with a bunch of niggas,  
I ball out, bitch please, kiss the ring hoe  
The big 3, yeah, I made it through the hate  
My mind is a temple, you can't make it through the  
gates  
I ride for my people fam you in Florida state  
I survived through the hunger, they got mad when I ate  
I can't lie man I'm feeling great, I leave them with an  
empty plate  
Hold up nigga, I make the change first,  
I put the change on it, I make you flip it  
You put my name on it,  
Now who am I, I'm a bad motherfucker jay  
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