

## T. Rex

# "Rubber Band Man"

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[Intro - T.I.]

Is that T.I. over there? is that him?  
Is that you? Rubber Band Man  
Boyyyyyy..... is that T.I.? Whoooo..  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey  
Remix Playa, yeah, y'all already know what it is man  
T.I.P, came from the south, Rubber Band man boyyyyyy...  
Connected with my folk from the West Mack  
My folk from the Chi' Twista  
And T Double D, from the bottom

[Hook - T.I.]

Rubber Band man, wild as the Taliban  
Nine in my right, forty-five in my other hand  
I'm in trouble man, always in trouble man  
Worth a couple hundred grand  
Chevy's all colors man, who I'm iss...?

[Verse One - T.I.]

I'm young pimpin', way out of ya vision  
don't set your sights on my position, I'm way out ya  
division  
I was grindin' while you was tryin' to figure out your  
division  
I'm sittin' on the block and watchin' hustlas makin' and  
killin'  
until I, jumped in the game without my uncle's  
permission  
Makin', solvin' my family's wishes through whatever  
conditions  
I'm workin' trappin' servin' kitchens with intentions to  
get in  
my mittens under cover millions workin' off of  
comission  
everyday I'm on a mission with heavy haters so listen  
Divide it, flip it, weigh and ship it, 'til you cook it and  
sniff it  
When I talk, G's listen they can see I been livin' the  
same, life that I'm spittin'  
I ain't frontin' and trippin'

I came, out of the trap I ain't come here to visit  
I named the album Trap Muzik 'cause I'm being specific  
To my niggaz still investin' in caine  
I'm wearin' rubber bands just out of respect for the  
game

[Verse Two - Mack 10] (T.I.)

(Who I'm isss...) Mack the dope mayn  
Who bang is the game and we 'bout heroine you jam in  
your fame  
It's simple and plain my cocaine off the chain  
My ballin' fatsbreak, you got that half-court game  
Y'all just talkin' and ramblin' ain't really grindin' and  
gamblin'  
but in my hood, the kids is all black like gramlin  
Stay scramblin', hustle hard on the boulevard  
Rob ya, leave ya scarred, and pull ya whole card  
I got that wizerk, dawg I got them birdies that don't  
chizerp  
Bought an X pill filthy green and the purple sizzurp  
And no matter where I'm at, is west coast or up front  
I'm low key I can't stunt and move a hundred bricks a  
month  
In the east they like my swagger, them broads be up on  
me  
In the south they love me, cause I'm down and dirty  
homie  
And if you get it how you live as a gangsta then stand  
up  
Mack10 a 'D boy', so my cash is rubberbanned up

[Verse Three - Trick Daddy] (T.I.)

(Who I'm isss...) I represent for the Tre-o-five  
Down with the rubberband man, y'all call him young T.I.  
See I been an O.G., far from O.D.'n and this is  
T double D don't even call me Maurice, now listen  
My description is tall, dark, skinny, and ill-mannered  
a hood negro with a little bit of spanish be like  
Say yo papi, I got, yayo papi if your price is right come  
on down and y'all copy  
watch me, I'm gettin' money like it's 1984  
got so much cash Bill Gates could kiss my ass (yeah)  
I'm such a player they call me Juan Pierre  
been ballin' since my younger years like ya boy  
Cabrera  
I ain't no sentimental nigga, I'm sittin' on spinners  
nigga  
and when I'm, draggin' my denim don't you bustas try  
to get 'em mmm..  
I'm from the parts where the stars like them (??)  
stars quality sound beatin' down each and every car

[Verse Four - Twista] (T.I.)

(Who I'm iss...) I'm a windy city man, the one that take  
sip and run it to the brain  
love to get it crunk in the south where my cousins from,  
and shawty shake that thang  
take the hipno' to the dome, smokin when I'm rollin,  
wood on chrome  
thump if it ain't Kamikaze or Trap Muzik then I dont put  
it on  
when I'm on the court call my pacman, yell out that I got  
that dro', watchin for that po'  
you can get that Jag for a hundred but I'm givin out the  
ounces for fo', let a nigga kno'  
Call me the rain man from the place where they gang  
bang  
where them thangs bang, and the brains hang, where  
we gotta main-tain  
Can I cutt and hit it girl, come on let me get it get it girl  
I love the girls from New Orleans, to ATL, to St. Louis,  
and the "the Windy City" girls  
Blow fire man, when that hoe slide down the pole like a  
fireman  
smoke dro so fire we could throw it at the wall it stick  
like spiderman  
'Cause you messin with the 'icky, hit the tip up in the  
alley for the fifty  
steady ballin in the club sippin moet and crissy, come  
on y'all kick it with me  
why, cause it ain't no thang man, Twista gone chop that  
change man  
cause I'm number one on Billboard with a bullet but I  
ain't gone change man

[Hook - Twista]

I'm the Slow Jam man, rollin' wit' the rubber band man  
Got some niggas in my right  
with a Three Fifty-seven off in my other hand  
(Who I'm iss..) I'm in trouble man, always in trouble  
man  
Worth a couple hundred grand  
Chevy's all colors man, who I'm iss..?

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