

T. Rex

"What They Do"

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[T.I.]

Yea

You already know what it is pimp (ay ay ay)

T.I.P king of the motherfuckin' South (B Gezzy let's do it homie)

Grand Hustle pimp (Choppa City in here)

Got my nigga Block in this bitch Eastside represent (yeah)

Westside Bankhead nigga Zone 1 A-town nigga (ay ay ay ay ay ay)

You know what it is Zone 3 Mechanicville Summer Hill nigga

Pittsburgh (KLC let's ride) all my real niggaz ride ya'll know what's happenin'

P.\$.C. nigga

[Verse 1: T.I.]

Hey I could give you what you want, T.I.P.'s the hottest

Gain what ya need, I could tell you all about it

You could up in the streets, but it ain't no gettin' out it

When I tell you I'ma G, pimp I'm really bein' modest

I could tell bout the dope boyz, hoes, and the ballers (ho)

The pimps and the macks, real niggaz dat what they call us

Hangin' in the trap cause dat's what our daddies' taught us

?? on a Lac to a Benz on??

Standin' on the corner, slagin' crack and stackin' dollars

Till it's time to cop a brick and I'm tired of movin' quarters

My dad wasn't a doctor and my momma wasn't a lawyer

I ain't neva had shit, congratulation is in order (still trappin')

Tryin' ta get a meal fo my sons and my daughter

If I call a bad bitch wit connects down in Florida

Say her daddy and her uncle still gettin cross the wall

?? I'd be a motherfuckin' fool if I don't call her

[Chorus]

Ah what it is my nigga, what it do? (ay what it do)
I gotta grip a twin, I'm finna buss a move (ah buss a move)
Ah what it is my nigga, what it do? (ay what it do)
I got the tool and I'm finna cut a fool (ah cut a fool)
Ay what it do, what it do, what it do, ay what it do
What it do my nigga what it do, ay what it do
Ay what it do, what it do, what it do, ay what it do
What it do my nigga what it do, ay what it do

[Verse 2: B.G.]

I'ma H-U-S-T-L-E-Rah
If I don't know you then fuck ya
If I know you then I front ya (proper)
But you gotta break me off
You don't, I catch ya slippin' on the block and knock you off
I know people, I get nice deals
Get 'em \$5 sell 'em \$10 a pill
I know people, big ki's for 13
If I fuck witcha, ya get 'em for 16
I know people, get 'em 300 a pound
Give 'em to ya for 500 if you my round
I'ma hustler, holla at me Uptown
I'm well connected with weed, white, slangin' dat brown
Come see a nigga want a nice 60
You real we swap work you fake it's 20 g's
It's like dat, I done been thru the struggle
I'm runnin' Choppa City an fuckin' with Grand Hustle

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: T.I.]

I got the eye of a tiger and the heart of a bear
I'm the king of the jungle, you can follow me there
Or you can hear it from these niggaz who was hardly there
Or take it from niggaz who fought to make it a star to get here
Several years ago I told myself I solemnly swear
Forever be hard to kill, even harder to scare
One reason why me and other cats is hard to compare
Cuz I'm fact, dat's fiction, it hardly compares
Bein' hated part of the game, pimp it's hard but it's fair
Well I'ma be the best, hate me, see if I care
But just know I'm raisin' the bar and I'm keepin' there
And I'ma still ride clean, blowin' weed in the air
With 2 or 3 bad bitches got they feet in the air
Say they like when I smack on they ass and skeet in they hair

Listen, I don't care if you got the song of the year
Ya whole show shutin' down when the don appear

[Chorus]

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