

T.i. "24's"

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Yeah, for all my real A.T.L niggaz
That's right It's the dopeboy Eva

I said we gettin' our
Money, hoes, cars and clothes
That's all all my niggas know
Blowin' dro 24's
That's how all my niggas roll

Money, hoes, cars and clothes
Thats all all my niggas know
Blowin' dro 24's
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In a drop top Chevy with the roof wide open
My partner's looking at me to see if my eyes open
'Cause I've been drinkin' and I've been smokin'
And flying down 2-85 but I'm focused

454 SS, I race Porches
White leather seats, as fresh as air forces
I say I'm doing 'bout a hundred but the track still
bumping
8 on NWA "Straight out of Compton"
(Dopeman nigga)

Pull up in your apartment sitting on 20 somethins?
And the dough boys Hollerin' ?What's happenin'?
Kid runnin' in the clicks start dancin'
And the broads start choosin'

And the cars been parked but the rims keep moving
Sign pictures buy a onion of good
And throw the deuces, I ain't Hollywood
I come from the hood, I'm use to IT

So if your rear view shaking
And your seats vibrating
Twenty-four inch Dayton's
Got the Chevrolet Skatin' makin'

Money, hoes, cars and clothes

That's all all my niggas know
Blowin' dro 24's
That's how all my niggas roll
(Sang that shit shorty)

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I made a million and I'm satisfied, I'll get the rest
And a civilian in the tightest ride, I want the best
I refuse to get a nine to five, I'd rather flip my keys
Been paying my dues since 89, trying to get my cheese

My diamonds gleam when I'm on the scene
(Bling)
They know it's me, ain't no dream or no fantasy, biatch,
it's T.I.P
Broad buffin' like a baby do a binky
Five karat VVS, it's on my motherfucking pinky

Half of Hennessy and Belvedere's what we drinking
Pimps score ourself a broad, what the hell you niggas
thinkin'
Y'all niggas spendin' weekends on the islands in the
fall
And 24's be shinin' when I'm ridin' 'cause I'm ballin'

I'm callin' out shots like a pool shark, my tool sparks
In the dark when I fool marks, y'all fools hearts
In the wrong place and the wrong time
I got a strong mind, to grab my chrome nine
And shoot your ass for a long time

I'm a get that ass hauled off
Fuck around with the click
They'll be lookin' for ya dick with a stick
Nigga y'all soft, so y'all off

I'ma ball out at all cost
Spit game to a dame
Look around this thang till she fall off
Some balls off, I got the

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Money, hoes, cars and clothes

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Hey, I ain't flossin' Lil' shorty, I'm relaxing right now
I'd probably still be trappin' if I wasn't rapping right now
Bragging bout? pistols at the house
When I'm strapped right now

Keep on talking folk, I'll lay ya on ya back right now
Wanna act right now, get smacked right now
Hey, I'm above a motherfucka, I don't know to back
down

Clown down when ya makin' friend
Talkin' bout? what you makin'?, nothin'
I'm twenty-one and ten years deep
That shit to me ain't nothing

Played by the niggas givin' head for the change
Use ya led when ya spray, end up dead from the K
(AK-47)
Stay ready for the raid, pay heavy from the yay
I told my class "Kiss my ass", I make a livin' everyday

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Aye, yeah
TIP, ut, ut, ut a trap muzik

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