

T.i. "Addresses"

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Aye
Aye Aye

[Hook]

Aye everything ain't what it seem
Ride dirty when I'm clean
Best check that disrespecting unless you want it with
the king
Put that address on that shit, who you talk 'bout? What
you mean?
Wanna see me in the street, better bring some extra
magazine
All that flexin and that poppin you be doin' for them
hoes
I would run up with that choppa give it to you and them
hoes
I for sure stunt, keep that dough coming
Man them suckas talkin' tough but trust me, they ain't
on nothin'
Go!

[Verse 1]

Aye listen to me brah, don't bring that bullshit to me
brah
Ain't no back and forth my nigga fuck with me, I'm
torture niggas
Don't go to war unless your money right, room full of
money
Hundreds not a 1 in sight, right
Aye look I can't afford a gun fight, but I can afford a
one life
All of that sucka shit, you broke and now you so upset
All that shit you kick around the city, get you no respect
I know a rap beef what you want, that shit I peeped then
You such a gangsta get some money out the street
then
Been in in the game for 11 years, if I was such a ho
Nigga I'd have been exposed 10 years ago
Never been robbed, never got my chain took
Never even been hit in my face, you don't believe look!
If people lookin' at me back when I was trigger happy
There wasn't no shoutin' matches I just got to gettin' at

em'

[Hook]

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the king
Put a address on that shit, who you talm 'bout? What
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Wanna see me in the street, better bring some extra
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[Verse 2]

I swear to God another day another fuck nigga
That's why I just get that paper and be like Fuck niggas
Sucka nigga, you were tough but now you done some
I'm done talkin' push you gun wanna run some
Hate to turn yo TV on every week and see my family
hustle
And everybody on your street just see your family
struggle
What happened brah, guess your connect just be like
fuck'em dog
No money when I see you I see none at all
That cheque I'm chasin' after never mind them hater
rapper
Make they situation sticky like a now-and-later wrapper
Been fuckin' city's up, this shit ain't shit to us
Keep on, I show these folks on tape how you a sittin'
duck

[Hook]

Aye everything ain't what it seem
Ride dirty when I'm clean
Bet y'ain't go'n disrespect unless you want it with the
king
Put a address on that shit, who he talkin' 'bout? What
you mean?
Wanna see me in the street, better bring some extra
magazine
All that flexin and that poppin you be doin' for the hoes
I would run up with them choppa give it to you and
them hoes

I for sure stunt, keep that dough coming
Man them suckas talkin trouble to me, I ain't know
nothin'
Go!

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