

T.I. "Body Bags"

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I got my hand on my damn cock/
And i coped a gun so big it could probubly kill
handcock/
I aint a rat, me talkin to the damn cops/
Is like lewis Fericon eatin hamhocks/
Imma gorilla but im slicker than a damn fox/
Been cool since pre-school playin in the sand box/
Imma hustla i used to hand tha gram na'
I can stand on the corner sellin gram after gram ha'/
And no im not from japan ha'/
It just look like its asian in me/ cuz i keep the hasian in
me/
I been in jail, I got a couple 100 dayz ^ n me/
But i still keep the ak and the razor wit me/
I ball hard so other ballers is afraid to stick me/
Cuz if i get fouled ill probubly shoot the teck/
And you can be the next nigga ill shoot to def/
I wild-out, But if i foul out ill shoot the ref/
Im happy when im in the coupe' but the roof
depressed/
Cuz i always put them down the trunk is where i put
them now/
I got doe, ever since 0 put a pound in my hand/
I been the man, you should put the crown on my dome/
im on the phone havin conference callz/ wit millionare
"yeah" looked what i accomplished ya'll/
And i aint tryna take a life i got a contience ya'll/
Plus the cops send you ^ north like the compass ya'll/
I was 17 living out in yanker ya'll/
Signed to RuffRiders wit a flow that was bonkers ya'll/
I can even lie, you can BMY, you can ask swiss too, SB
and kiss too/

you can ask DMX, the female Pitt 2/ and they'll let you
know all the battles i had to get threw/
You can ask dragon sheek about how i had to eat/
thousands of muff**kaz, YUP, man i had the streets/
But aint no money in battlin'/
And i had to eat/
I can spit reckless but i had to make a hit record/
And now i make hit record after hit record/ And i make
chicks get naked like this check it/

I juss lick my lips on some LL shit/
and make em' laugh on some david chappelle shit/
and they be on some lets go to the hotel shit/
and i give em' hard dick on some just got out of jail
shit/
The innocent man, been in the Can/
And i neva made a statement never been on the stand/
And its all about the benjamins man...real talk/
and you dude cant walk in my timbalands man/
and m y sneeks dont fit you/ the streets dont f**k wit
you/
And i sip champain/
And i throw back shots/
and smoke pot the color of a Apple Jacks box/
I rap but i sold crack rocks/
And had the block jumpin like the frogs on the honey
smacks box/
YOU DIGG EM"BODY BAGS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

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