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# T.i. "Check This Dig That"

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## [Hook]

I say now check this dig that, dig that, dig that
Hey, check this dig that, you know I be getting that
Money in them big stacks, you broke I can fix that, yeah
You broke I can fix that, hey, hey, hey
I say now check this dig that, dig that, dig that
Hey, check this dig that, you know I be getting that
Money in them big stacks, you broke I can fix that, yeah
Come and see me, I can fix that, yeah
Hey, hey, getting money

IÂ'm getting my hustle on and IÂ'm rollin Got whatever getting that paper, Fresh out of prison, IÂ'm glowing Middle finger rated them haters Get your chick before she gets stolen One of my partner surely may take her Send her back to you pussy all swollen So and messed up just like her make up Got an elephant mirror itÂ's flawless I remember all of yÂ'all who was talkin Got a good mind to run in your office Swoop your ass in front of your bosses My partner died in my anno lÂ'm responsible for his mama His daughter too, bet you she can go whatever college she wanna Still that rough bands in my bank roll, broke something I canÂ't go Bitch yellin out IÂ'm the shit IÂ'm like tell me something I donÂ't know

My broker cost in my stockses Up 20% to my profits, inscreases even in my absence So my attitude is up anxious

Contract all most inspiredÂ... make my contract big and ball shit

Got bitches on my side shit, and field already watchin Just one more year of paper, then IÂ'm back to blowin brocolli

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IÂ'm the king of texas I put on
On the block, tryina put the whole hood on
Stay stip, when them other niggas steer wrong
Street sip, only thing a nigga still on
My niggas on dip from same sip like shook
Attitude fuck they sippin good
Tell them I got a mill never gotta worry bout a thing
I represented the best I could
Stackin paper of rap, she get flipped and IÂ'm back to
the trap

Trap likeÂ...if you donÂ't get that, the bitch will get slapped

Bitch I pop up, get this proper, Â...same things I got shut up

I wonÂ't be stopped, by the way you niggas seen Money getting big like look what I got up You ainÂ't seen thatÂ...drop, chain stay icy, bitch I stay hot

Yeah, IÂ'm truth, thatÂ's what you lack
ItÂ's my time fuck your plot
I got my team strong and my guns loaded
City mine, the whole hood voted
This murda bizness they know I showed it
Suicide, both doors flooded,
Touching dod, got that work, cod
They living free, you got a bfe
That talkin cool but ainÂ't shit to me
IÂ'Il be damn if I go back, this sosa gang and you know
that

We earn respect and you owe that Get the middle finger like hold that!

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### Hey, hey, getting money

So many lanes, so much say, But thatÂ's another topic for another day They know face to face I clown nigga Why you ainÂ't talking shit now nigga DonÂ't try to death me up, you ainÂ't down with us When IÂ'm anger bitch, donÂ't I sound better? Cause IÂ'm so sincere, itÂ's so severe That you know through all that I persevere I died along my hopes stillÂ...my ghost to fear My rational is allÂ...just smash the gas take full advantage My patience short, my temper bad So you will find me everywhere you ainÂ't atÂ... Head to the bank with the chip we got I hug your hoe she passin out Before she hit the ground IÂ'm mashin out IÂ'm bossin up and IÂ'm stayind down Got racks on racks just laying round

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