

T.i. "Countdown"

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Five, four, three, two, one, you done when I see you
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What it is the king back in the buildin'
Still stackin' and building, still rappin' to children
Jeopardizin' ya deals, ballin' buyin' ya wheels
Like it's back when we was lil' and it's still time to kill

Quick displayin' ya skills, way underpayin' ya bills
Spend a day in the field so how you sayin' you real
Niggaz could never live how I live, you ain't deservin'
My lifestyle's urban, never met me in person

Just my bread suburban, in a red suburban
On 24's, 20 hoes givin' head, I'm swervin'
Fuck boys piss they pants, scared and nervous
I'm shell-shocked, black out like I been in the service

Clean cut and reserved, but I tote George Garvin
The closest thang you hoes seen to picture perfect
Your rose gold king, my ring tight as a virgin cop
Your dream I stopped fo I seen the top, nigga

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I treat the beats like the streets, on 'em, I do what I
want to
I ain't gotta confront you, I'll kill you if I want to
Roam amongst monsters, kill homes and front you
That lil' nigga swearin' he bad, eat him for lunch too

Fuck you niggaz, Dominique slam dunk you niggaz

Sucker punch aan one of you niggaz
I was bein' nice at first now I'm runnin' through niggaz
Whole crews, not just one or two niggaz

'Cuz you ain't representin' the south, you just
embarassin'
See you on TV in New York, them niggaz laugh at us
The reason why DJ's didn't have a clue I was fabulous
Now a days, not playin' my records well, hell it's
hazardous

All this cussin', fussin', loud discussion's out of my
character
Bustin' these niggaz melons and threatnin' all of they
managers
P S C is Atlanta, so how you playin' and handlin'
Gorillaz wit bananaz, without playin' and banishin'

King of the south, it was said once then
Took a while to comprehend, now it all sunk in
On the low, deal a mil, I ain't done, come again
Room dead, scene fled, fo the fedz runnin' in pimp

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Comin' live from the terror dome
Shinin' lights on niggaz who got they skirts on tight wit
mascara on
All I have ever known, is 28 in the zone
Give me a day and it's gone, a brick of yay and it's on

You have never known, me to run less I'm gunnin' at
niggaz domes
And runnin' 'em out the own territory
Every story got a flip side to it
And ya disc ain't shit less the click ride to it

And I'm gonna show you how the Westside do it
In the A, not Cali, Bankhead, Simpson Valley
Every crack in every alley, sellin' crack to every Tom,
Dick, and Harry
Every Kim, Sue, and Sally, till I tally up

A big enough knot to buy me a yacht
So then my pistols and my patnaz really all that I got
I'm not, playin' at all, I'm sprayin' 'em all

Still drop 'em down to size if they say that I'm small
man

Pussy cats can't worry ya dawg
Throwin' stones at the throne, I'm a bury ya all man
Know ya faggot niggaz hate that I'm ballin'
Makin' 30k a day and blow it all at the mall

And man I can't relate to what you rap on stage
Nigga 'cuz I been sellin' yag since I was bow wow's age
nigga
Hear my daddy and cousin talkin' to me from the grave
And all they sayin' is young nigga get paid

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