

## T.i. "Crown Me"

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[Verse 1: T.I.]

Sit back, toss dice in a knick trap  
Serve thick crack in white T's and fitted caps  
These sick reps, this my life you just spit raps  
I been a hustler all my life gimme six stacks  
Cop my self a quarter kite I can flip that  
Cook it till it's solid white tell? em hit that  
Big fat Os of that solid hard git that  
Those slangin blow on a boulevard knick sacks  
Just as big around as a Tylenol, hit that  
Nigga with the Yay tell him now bring a brick back  
Now I'm a move it by day nigga 6 max  
And ain't no runnin' off with yay shootin' big straps  
40 cal's, Sk's with no kick back  
Get you get your shit sacks right where your dicks at  
And I don't think your clicks just supposed to forget  
that  
I gotta a gauge for that day you want some git back  
While we sprayin all you niggas sayin git back  
Duck down nigga, naw what now nigga  
You was talking plenty shit but you ain't tough now  
nigga  
You don't know the click, I got enough wild niggas  
that'll  
Hit you then ride you to another town nigga  
Dig a hole, throw you in it for a half a brick a blow  
Man, Rappin' and Movies is all these niggas know  
Swear to God He niggas true fags  
Certified Douche Bags...

[Verse 2: Juelz Santana]

Yea  
You don't know what that new glock do  
You don't know how to count chump, 2 times 2  
You don't know what the grimin's like or that new rock  
do  
You don't know what it is to see that shoe box full  
Chump, you don't know what that oo op do  
Have your block like oo aa oo  
Who shot who  
Yea, I leave the gun there so the police think you shot

you  
Then hop in a coupe and do my due  
I pimp most of these bitches, really open these bitches  
Ask about me, you thought Pretty Tony was vicious  
Man I'm that times 2  
So please homey, cuff your bitch and let that guy  
through  
Let that guy move  
Let that guy go  
Man that guy crazy  
Let that guy know  
Cat got rabbies  
Yea mac got Amy  
Shots that ready to pop and hatch like babies  
I lock the block down  
Like a jailhouse lockdown  
Cops found razors in the mattress  
I let the 8 boop off at your face dude  
Have you comin out the speakers like the base do  
I'm a mothafucken beast and animal  
2003, the street's new hannible  
Man I show you what the piece and hammer do  
Raise my arm with the piece and hammer you  
Let the 8 spread, off at your face head  
Watch your face shead sorta like snake's shead  
I'm gorrilla born, lion hearted, ape bread  
2 minded, eagle eyed, beetle side, snake head  
And I play dead, just to fool you, just to move you  
All that just to shoot you  
Fall Back, this kid is cuocoo

[Verse 3: Cam'Ron]

Cha ching, I'm in  
Bling my rims I sing they spin  
But my 2 nine M's, they the ying yang twins  
Cause they Skeet, Skeet, Skeet, Skeet, from the window  
to the wall  
From the ceiling to the floor  
With a feeling when you ball  
Make your mom cling  
I'm into don things  
Don Don, Donna Karren, Don Cornelius, Don King  
But follow Jon Gotti, Joe Pesci, armed robbery  
Hard body, body hard doggy fuck up your bodyguard  
Dolly call us the shotty ma  
Ya'll'll call up the squally squaw  
Prolly hard, get it all the squally in the party pa  
Right in the hamerstein  
Gasoline, tear gas, pepper seed, tear fast  
Knight sticks tear ass  
Cuff? em and chief goes

Damn gun that he reach for  
Hammer hit with the cheap blow  
Man it's nothing I eat those  
Then I piss off my fowl, I lay for it  
Car, Crib, credit, A 1 steak sauce  
I'm a straight boss, great loft, great Porsche, golf  
course, race horse,  
Aqueduct, Ray Soft  
And I make one call to get the pussy poppin  
Call your girl, pop that pussy wanna pussy pop  
And a hoochie split it, dookie hit it, booby hit it  
Her booby wanna back the coochie play some luchie  
with it  
Booby at this thing, damn he all moody with it  
She ain't all that in that car I say Suzuki civic  
I make a movie with it just to get my point across  
Dog hand cuffin' god damn join the force  
Mommy, come join the boss  
Stick your tongue out and  
Toing a toing a toing on my dick till your voice get  
hoarse  
Once again I gotta tell you that the boy's a boss  
I employ the force  
Half a mil on lawyer Cost  
Killa, Killa

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