

T.I.

"Did You Forget"

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[VERSE 1]

Say buddy you in my lane
You backin up the game
You lame
You want fame?
I can give it to yah daddy
I aint took my meds for weeks
And I aint feelin fuckin batty
So if I put the tip of this fifth
To your dick suckin lips
And I give yah the whole clip
Then we both get what we want
You get on the front page
And I get one less chump
I encourage all frauds to jump
I heard they taste like chicken
And my bitch is in the kitchen
With a pot of hot grease
And a couple side dishes
Go figure no meat
Slice this nigga up so we can eat
Kill the reeses on the raps
Trouble makers on the beat
You dudes be talkin so street
And that talk be soundin tough
Untill you gotta talk to me
The authentic is off limits
You dont talk to the truth
If you talkin about gimics
I am the game im not in it
That means fifteen years not fifteen minutes nigga

[CHORUS]

Lets hear it for the bad guy
Clap when he get away
Live to kill another day
Heres a toast to the gun throats
Niggas who aint the list that dont mind gun smoke
To my life time criminals

Remind em what fear is we tired of that whip shit
And if you feelin how im feelin

Put your drinks in the air for the law start killen

[VERSE 2]

The call me reese they uno the sumo
Used to push D like kumo
You know im the realest nigga that do this
Got a crew of real spitters
That'll murder this new shit
I encourage the ladies stay away
From the techno papa today
That shit is gay
The good old years I talk about
Is when a loud mouth nigga still got stomped out
Now everybodys so passive aggressive
You'll get locked up teachin niggas a lesson
But its only so much testin
I can take before I break
And i expose my weapon
I might hit L.A rappin
Last of the heat and start cars still beatin
Im on the west side geekin
This is the turf that I stick my cleats in

[CHORUS]

Lets hear it for the bad guy
Clap when he get away
Live to kill another day
Heres a toast to the gun throats
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To my life time criminals
Remind em what fear is we tired of that whip shit
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