

T.I.

"Do U Potna"

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I'm a do me

I'm a do me

You niggas talkin cane
But they pockets clean
We spendin money, gettin money, nothin in between
Chasin a hundred mil, ain't gon let nothin intervene
Respect the hustle busters gon do that by any means
Haters I really mean
Put this on anything
They say I start a lot of shit, I say I finish things
Just like some dental cream
I go in niggas mouth
And like a limousine, I stretch a nigga out
This ain't what you want now you better take a different
route
I ain't Bankhead? bitch nigga what is this about
Used to bound when you see me oh we dissin now?
Ay stop the music listen dude I come get wit you now
But once them hammers sing
Just know its not a dream
We handle things just like
You hear em sayin that about me, hear I'm sayin this
New orleans niggas in ya face, you wasnt sayin shit
Money you say you get
30 mil in six years? listen Forbes put down for 20, that
was this year
And lets get this clear, just between you and me
That apology was BET not for DTP, I'm doin me

You just do you
And I'm do me
You just do you
I'm do me

If you ain't
Talkin bout money you ain't talkin bout shit
You wasnt on the waitin list and you ain't ridin in shit
You pick a watch that cost a 100, then you wasted yo
time
If you think you can do me you out yo mutha fuckin

mind
Lets go
These niggas insane, yeah straight fooled

A half a million dollar car and some house shoes
Call the dealership... like yall tricked me
Then why the hell you put my engine where my truck be
I'm throwin franklins... I don't need ones
Smoke a pound every week like I don't need lungs
Buy em whole sale and sellin retail
I'm talkin seafood... yeah fish scales
I said I'm so hot... but my house cool
So many rooms that it look like a high school
Speakin of high school... I never passed that
Works right here... now where da cash at?

You just do you (and what)
And I'm do me (ay)
You just do you (and what)
I'm do me (ok)
Wanna see how its done
Then watch me do me (ay)
Wanna see how its done
Then watch me do me (yeah)

I'm the big homie... get use to me
You suckas ain't even close to what I used to be
You imaginary rappers swear to GOD that you moved a
key
While yall swore to me..i know yall ain't street
I gets MONEY... everyday dawg
I leave you stinkin in the trap well thats my grave yard
I tried to figure if you mel gibbs or nasty nas
I wanna know where these rappers got this brave
hearts
Cause that yak-up tear apart any size heart
So you suckas click-clack about playin wit GOD
You rappers need to stick yo thumb out and take a hike
I see more man... in a full dike
Fuck what you like... this ain't a blind date
You tryna read like a blind, you gotta feel yo way
Watch me nigga I'm eat til I'm obese
I'm mr. cocane now watch me do me

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