

## T.i. "Every Chance I Get"

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[Intro: T.I.]

Real talk, true story (uh-huh)  
No nuts, no glory (uh-uh)  
You know what I'm sayin'? (Real talk)  
Ay dawg (yeah yeah)  
I'm a tell you like this

[Chorus: T.I.]

Hey I'm so raw, and I'm so rich  
And you so flawed niggas ain't 'bout shit  
I'll take yo' broad, I can fuck yo' bitch  
Know that I'm gon' ball every chance I get  
Every chance I get, real talk, no shit  
Every chance I get, make money on this  
I'll take yo' broad, I can fuck yo' bitch  
Know that I'm gon' ball every chance I get, every  
chance I get.

[T.I.]

They say it's lonely at the top, but I don't feel lonely  
Got my homies out in Hollywood so I don't feel phony  
Ain't another nigga colder, cribs all over  
Flash-in-pan, these other rappers catch a number,  
Coca-Cola  
I'm exceedin' expectations, you barely meetin' quota  
I give it to 'em straight, you cut it with bakin' soda  
You said I ain't Zone 1, ha, that's a funny one  
I'm King like my 3 year-old, Major like my youngest son  
Got one named Domani, so you know what I'm gettin'  
guap  
Deyjah and Neek-Neek and Messiah like "Daddy, get  
'em"  
Got an angel named Leah here to keep me outta prison  
And my partner John Geter to help me see about a  
billion  
Listen; Grand Hustle, best respect this vision  
My records sell about a million, but shit that just the  
beginnin'  
What with Club Crucial and Grand Hustle film division  
Multiplication to get the paper, I let the clique do the  
division

Break bread, StreetCred.com makin a killin'  
Plus "A King Of Oneself," high fashion, I'm flashin'  
I'm Ready For Whatever though, trained to go you  
better know  
Put dick up in whoever hoe, let 'em know.

[Chorus:]

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And you so flawed niggas ain't 'bout shit  
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Know that I'm gon' ball every chance I get  
Every chance I get, real talk, no shit  
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Know that I'm gon' ball every chance I get, every  
chance I get.

[T.I.]

I gotta thank my lucky stars cause it came so far  
[...] Game, rap game, 'bout the same so far  
Brag about your lil' Benz, nigga that ain't no car  
I got some shit in my garage that requires a chauffeur  
High as gas is, the country at war and people are  
starvin'.  
And I pay a million dollars for Ferrari's, retarded, huh?  
Sorry bruh, been a dick that been ballin' since it started  
up  
Season hoe, get 'em all to fuck cause they know this  
dough stack tall as fuck  
Nah, it ain't that I'm rich that they hate so much  
Least I could do it, not rub it in niggas face so much  
So I'm tryin' now while I'm rhymin not to brag about the  
island  
Or the crib in Hawaii where all the walls slide in  
House is wide open, we could bring the outside in  
I think you should hear about it, but fuck it I'll be quiet  
I just spit it how I live it homie I don't be lyin'.  
Would it make you feel better if I put my pockets on the  
die?  
If I made less money, started to dress bummy.  
Would the haters and the critics have more respect for  
me?  
Should I downgrade the crib and the way I live?  
Now how about I don't and we just say I did...

[Chorus:]

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And you so flawed niggas ain't 'bout shit  
I'll take yo' broad, I can fuck yo' bitch  
Know that I'm gon' ball every chance I get  
Every chance I get, real talk, no shit

Every chance I get, make money on this  
I'll take yo' broad, I can fuck yo' bitch  
Know that I'm gon' ball every chance I get, every  
chance I get.

[Outro: T.I.]

Hey say homeboy  
It's real talk comin' at you live and direct homeboy. You  
dig that?  
You can hate all you want partner  
I'm a give you somethin' to hate on, bitch nigga.  
Ha ha! Grand Hustle, you understand?  
DJ Toomp you did yo' muh'fuckin thing as usual  
Ay-hey look, P\$C partner, Pimp Squad Click  
Ay, Big Kuntry you up next homie  
It's the king, bitch!  
Yeah, they say I ain't Zone 1 bitch nigga  
My grandmama been livin' on Center Hill 43 years, hoe  
ass nigga  
You understand that? Come meet me  
See me! You know?  
Why niggas gotta wait 'til a nigga got the police  
watchin' you  
And start kickin' that fuck shit, you know?  
You know how I get down, you know what it was nigga  
You know you don't wanna see me, bitch nigga!  
Yeah, Hey!

[Chorus:]

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