

T.i.**"Fuck Da City Up"**Visit "[Fuck Da City Up](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Hook]

This for my niggas on the block dodging one time
Grinding hard, burning up at least one nine
Put ya middle fingers in the air one time
Ride wit me, f-ck da city up one time
F-ck the city up
F-ck the city up
F-ck the city up
Fuck the city up one time
F-ck the city up
F-ck the city up
F-ck the city up
F-ck the city up one time

[Verse 1: t.i.]

Fresh out the bed getting head in a range rove
All about that bread, rubberbands on my bankroll
Bankhead, simpson road this atlanta b! tch
So fly, so gangsta but it's glamorous
We living out your fantasies, suckas can't handle this
They know we run the city shawty it's unanimous
Shout it out? k-9, forty-four
K, quarter, half, whole thang nigga like the old days?
Hey, dope boy trap nigga swag
Hundred karat chain, quarter mil in the bag
I'm no longer poppin' tags I just let 'em hang
Sucka nigga doing bad I just do my thang
And I ain't frontin', straight by the book-g code
Bad b! tch, a flat stomach, fat booty, deep throat
Twenty grand in my pants, fifty in my peacoat
Jeezy f-ckin' wit me and we f-ckin' up the city ho

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[Verse 2: young jeezy]

I seen jizzle in traffic with his top off
So much louie shit it looking like it knock off
Violation, that'll get ya ass knocked off
Texas pete nigga get ya ass hot sauce
Ever see me in the club with my shades off
It was a cool contest I guess the shades lost
28-5 yeah that's my cost
B! tch my closet so big I swear I got lost
What? yeah I think I'm gon' need a map
We throw them birdies in the pool make 'em swim a lap
Whip it counterclockwise, that's the backstroke
B! tch my chain so big look like my back broke
Yeah we 'bout to f-ck the city up, go broke
B! tch I'm balling so hard I need the whole court
Six spots in one night they call it club hopping
That new? jizzle shit it got the club rocking

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[Verse 3: t.l. & young jeezy]

[T.l.]

I'm talkin' a-town shit, ex lean pound bit
Chopper, fifty round clip
Keep it with me, I 'on't slip
Anyone around tip bout that drama boy I promise
Got a o of presidential, b! tch I'm blowin' that obama

[Young jeezy]

Yeah I'm talkin' plenty choppers, scopes on the a-r
You know how I do it, forgiatos on the car
When I came up out the womb all I wanna be a star
Hope the feds don't stop me, life sentence in the car

[T.I.]

Hey boy we spittin, reminiscin' bout when we was in the kitchen

Representin', niggas payin' b! tches need to pay attention

And we on for the city freaks, this a-t-l

Do it for my nigga big meech and b.m.f. nigga

[Young jeezy]

Nigga, all I blow is strong b! tch I'm straight for the week

Order 5000 dollars, threw it all on the freaks

Order twenty-five bricks, I put em all on the streets

B! tch it's shaketown and we turned up while you sleep

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