

T.i.
"Fuck It"

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Hey man, hey man you know what I'm saying
I told these niggas a thousand times if I ain't told em
once man
Ain't nothing gonna stop me show em the mother
fucking the flat line you understand that?
As long as a breath in my body, and my heart still
beating my chest pardon
I'ma still begin this suffer nigga hate, you understand?
Of I old you who won't like it, you got two options
Leave with it a dime from you
I need to go and find you a real tall building
Or a nice pretty bridge and take a lead homes
'Cause that's all, that's the solution I got for you
If you think I'm gonna ease up
Yes, is that your mother fucking mine partner,
If you think I'ma slow down
Then your ass is that your mother fuckin mine partner
If you think I'ma do anything yeah that's precise for
what I've been doing for the past 90year
You got me fucked up homes
So I ain't gonna tell you no more
I'ma let man key do it for me
Ay man, run this shit
MLK
Who would reach it, who would reach it, I I I I
Chorus:
Hey I'm rounding round with my lights on, you broke
way
Top down with my shades on, you AK
Right beside me so don't do it, you try me
And I'm gonna do it tell me do you wanna guide me, oh
well,
SO what, fuck it, fuck it, so what
Fuck it, so what, fuck it, fuck it, so what, oh well
Fuck it, sO what, fuck it, fuck it so what,
Fuck it, so what, fuck it, fuck it so what
I'm rounding round, my lights on, my top down, my
nights on
My white teeth, my AKB side me don't get wrong
We won't take no shit hoe, and brought day we...
Then bro say I'm old there I hit that they call back

Pocket full them clothes stacks
My home boys we mow rats
He Gucci, he Louie, he Ermies by all that
I pull up then have bout here whole shout
You saw that that's TI and he fly
If not what you call that
Still big bang can't foll it up,
Hundred pound to the loud can't roll it up
Couple Hollywood bitch get em foll to fuck
Real nigga can't help but notice up
We cool the shit weed up the fuck
You approaching us, you know what
You don't give a fuck about your life
Why should I, so what?
[Chorus:]
Hey what you know about me
Zippin on that I'm on
And out of money I see
From out of places I've gone
OG's call me your G and I'm your nigga why do you
think
'Cause I've been putting that work
And I'm movin up my ring
AK with me I ain't plan you get shot if you don't
No chopper spring bloss a blazzin fuck around if you
won't
Don't you know I'm still on bank here to the seat go on
big blow
My wrist right in high way clip full of them hot thing
Seat belt in my AK nigga try me in this main day
Don't go down no plane crest and fur no his lane male
You think 'cause I'm famous I won't grab that bank up
Pull one in the chain but then let go
Hey let's go
[Chorus:]

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