

T.i. "G Season"

Visit "[G Season](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[T.I.]

Okay

Aye man

I'm sucka free, sucka duckin tell all them suckas get
the fuck out my way man

You understand?

G season!

[T.I.]

Told you motherfuckers once, prison ain't changed me
All it did was made a nigga crazy, deranged see?

Psycho, nuts so, what I give a fuck fo?

All I know now is to get out and go for the gusto

So, fuck niggas, fuck hoes

He said, she said, nigga and what, so?

Fuck what they say 'bout my cases, fuck what they say
'bout my lady

Fuck what they say we were doing on that day of
visitation

All I care 'bout is my updater, the scripture of probation
How much dough I'm set to makin', where I'm gon go
on vacation

Wait, damn

Okay, that's way too far ahead of me

So I'm just tryina take it day to day if they will let a G..
breath

cop cars by the 3's

Bitches call me Papa John cause I keep that extra
cheese

Overseas in the sun, living for the fun

In Milan with some bad bitches, probly want a youngin

What will it done? All the mama done

Ride foreign, comes drawin, getting blown by a blonde

I'm the bomb, terrorist, hella rich, record shit

Nigga ask about me, homie I suggest you tell em this

[T.I.]

I'm sucka duckin, I'm sucka free

You ain't a G? don't fuck with me

Them sucka niggas out of style, G season

Them sucka niggas out of style, G season

[Meek Mill]

Pimp placed on my ass, Aston Martin bitch I'm ballin
Killin all my haters, tell yo' momma pick the coffin
Hundred rack shorty, I just gotta pick a talker
Put my name on that flyer, watch the party get retarded
And I got crazy in that bitch, feel like baby in that bitch
Got your lady on my dick cause I got like 80 on my wrist
KOD, I make it rain, I know they hate me in that bitch
Stop eatin, just throwin money like they played me for
that shit, hold up
Caught it in the back, now I'm that nigga in the front
Shorty want the real and I'm a give er what she want
OG nigga, you can put it in the blunt
Fuckin all the baddest bitches, I'm a hit em from the
front
Just to see their faces on it when a nigga lay it on em
Every time she ride the dick I tell her go to Jamaican on
it
Lord have mercy, these bitches thirsty
I'm in a Merci', she kissin on me ushy, we in this bitch
I'm sucka duckin, I'm sucka free
That's your main bitch? She fuckin me
I don't fuck with niggas, I'm a fuckin G
This Meek Millie, T I fuckin' P

[T.I.]

I'm sucka duckin, I'm sucka free
You ain't a G? don't fuck with me
Them sucka niggas out of style, G season
Them sucka niggas out of style, G season

[T.I.]

My best flow too cold and jet bring it out
But go to talkin crazy thugh, you get yourself singled
out
Half a million bucks to pack a whole arena out
Being a sucka I don't know the first thing about
You get the scene, about to come in at your face
Like a volcano have, lava running out your face
Hey, if your ass out of place
You'll find the weapons they took away, I replaced
What can I say? Another year, another case
Another sentence completed, I'm confident and
conceded
I'm sucka free, sucka duckin and so tell them suckas to
beat it
Don't fuck with me, buster trust me your future will be
deleted
Such a G, ain't no touching me, luckily I defeated the
odd
But out my two alarm glory to god

And I ain't even Islamic, so sick whenever I bondage
Just throw me a mill or two and that ought to settle my
stomach
Box of money he done it, call me Mr. HeRunIt
These niggas ain't really bout it,
They just be speaking ebonics
I'm nothing short of iconic
Promise you you don't want it
Strong as gin & tonic, my left you won't see it coming
My right should be running from it, I catch you with it
â€“ you done
I'm a keep it 100, You better get you a gun
Word bond, real talk
do my dirt all by lonely cause' them sucka's will talk

[T.I.]

I'm sucka duckin, I'm sucka free
You ain't a G? don't fuck with me
Them sucka niggas out of style, G season
Them sucka niggas out of style, G season

Visit [T.i.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.