

## T.I. "Get Ya S\*\*\* Together -"

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As you can see the O.G.'s from Grand Hustle  
Done laid it down again, T.I.P. Shawty  
A man, this for all my home girls that like to see a  
baller do his thing  
(Get ya shit together, come on)

All the 8's, 9's, and dimes  
I like to welcome ya'll to the best time  
Of ya life, ya, understand that  
All the stones are real and its chrome on all the wheels  
Ya, know, anythin' less is uncivilized

Aye, I pull up to the club, lift both doors up  
Hopped out clean and ya hoes choose us  
Walked in the door make the show hold up  
'Cause my neck and my bracelet was so froze up

The kind of stones bitches wanna see close up  
So we don't approach them, they comin' and approach  
us  
Roll the dro up then go post up  
Look down cause that's where its gonna go, sho nuff

In the V.I.P. and all eyes on us  
Hoes chill, poppin' pills, blowin' dro no duff  
Whatcha say you got a man, so what  
I don't know him, and baby he don't know her

I got a new phatom and my own chauffeur  
Ya, think ya finna be thinkin' 'bout him, no sir  
Probably prefer to tell ya man goodnight  
And she don't wanna know what the good life look like

If you ain't gettin' money goodnight  
I know what a broke nigga look like  
When you ridin' in your wheels, get ya shit together  
Boy, then diamonds ain't real, get ya shit together

Now we can ball seven days, six nights  
If that head and that pussy get right  
And match ya panties with ya bras, get ya shit together  
Come get your hair and nails done, get ya shit together

Hey, I'm off the scene with Louis the 13th  
Chains swing to my jeans, and my T-shirt clean  
In case you been researchin', I'm the King  
With a style as mean as the earth seems

Chest on ice, and my wrist on gleam  
30 karats in the ring, money ain't no thing  
You think I'm playin', but I ain't jokin'  
The dro king, if it ain't purple, I ain't smokin'

Rubber band bank rolls, 50 thousand dollar cheddar  
knots  
Try to shine, is you out your mind, boy you better not  
I walk around with more money than you ever got  
Shrewd attitude like I never had to sell a rock

Shawty I can get you in whatever spot  
Backstage, front row, what I got to front for  
I'm gettin' bored, don't even know what I stunt for  
Got a lotta rides, what it hurts to cope one more

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To all my hot girls, if you wanna come chill  
Let's roll on chrome wheels, let me tell you what it is  
We finna throw a little party at the crib  
Where the floors tricked out and the rooms like ill

The basements cool, but the pools unreal  
Where that millionaire lives, shit remains concealed  
So pop a pill, put on your blindfold  
I'm hittin' the dance floor, and grab eighty-nine more

Let 'em know we on the way, where they been tryin' to  
go  
I knew I had 'em when they asked me  
"What kind of diamonds are those"  
Headed to the spot, pourin' double shots of XO  
Play the, "Love Below", and watch 'em undress slow

Flicks on the flat screen, make 'em want to, "Get low"  
And spit shine this dick of mine until it gets swole

When they kick it with the king, they don't wanna let go  
So whatcha gonna tell a nigga, when he tells ya, "Let's  
go"

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