

T.i. "Grand Finale"

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GRAND FINALE FT. LIL' JON, BUN B, NAS, JADAKISS, ICE CUBE

INTRO (Lil' Jon) [Bun B]

Yeah! (Yeeeeaaaahh!)

It's been a long journey get to this mutha fuckin' point
(Yuh...yuh...yuh)

On this Crunk Juice shit (What!)

But we done got 'til the last mutha fuckin' song
(Shit niggas shit niggas)

And I got 5 of the mutha fuckin' hottest MCs in the
world

[Okay]

Givin' you that gansta shit

[It's UGK for life.....]

It's the mutha fuckin' Grande Finale....!

[Free Pimp C....Free Pimp C!]

VERSE 1 (Bun B)

Say, we growin' dosier in the basement in that
underwater garden (Okay)

With heron in the back, shit dry 'til it harden

Bakin' hash up in the oven (damn), with yayo on the hot
plate

And drinkin' Prime and Freezy, it's obvious we got
weight

I said hard for that soft while keepin' that wet work
Built-in clientele so we ain't gotta network (thats cold)

We always got work, so we ain't gotta get work

And if you ain't gettin' your work from us you bound to
get gerbery

The yayo experts, we been whippin' anyola

Since the records decided to take the coke out Coca-
Cola (hola)

Hola rollas the king of the trill

The underground as well you can step in the ring when
you feel

Nigga just sound the bell

They say now haters in this game but the grind of lovin'
(lovin')

And then we passed on that pushin' man, its time for

shovin'
I got the mask I got the straps
As soon as I find the glove, then we gon' start exposin'
oak like Darren Hayer at the least

VERSE 2 (Jadakiss)

(AHAE!)

I'mma speak cleary, cuz I don't think they here me (uh-uh)

A nigga only fears gettin' charged with conspiracy
I can get it right to ya, sticky green white to ya
Wear whatever you want, bullet gonin' right through ya
(uh)

If you stressin' if you buried (uh)

My niggas'll send you back to the essence in a hurry
(yea)

Sippin' Crunk Juice, blowin' dutches in the Chevy (uh)
Try to figure me out dawg, I'm light but I'm heavy (ah)
Yellow lemon heads in the bezzy of the prezzy
And yeah anybody can rock, but D-Block rock steady
(D-Block!)

FEDs don't need no warrants, cuz y'all all informants
So I get higher than New York insurance

Try to keep shit clean like Florence, moved on up

On the Eastside, cuz I never lost endurance

And, it's all real niggas (yeah)

And if I ever get a license to carry, shit, that's a license
to kill niggas

VERSE 3 (T.I.)

I refuse to lose, I'd rather give these weak dudes the
blues

Then separate 'em from they jewels, teach 'em don'ts
and dos

I raise tools, make crews, make decisions, confuse

All spectators can say is, 'This lil' nigga's a fool!'

The short fuse with some lose screws, some
unscrewed

Here to prove, you niggas puss-ass the Moulin Rouge

So who done who, you-know-who,

The you-know-what, or the you-know-where

Gonin' 'gainst 'em's too unfair

Cuz everywhere you do a show, we got kinfolk there

Now you know, I aim to murder 9 of 10 folk there

They ain't powerful, that's the one at the end of your
prayer

Gotcha runnin' for your life without a minute to spare

Catch ya dead to the right and not the grease in your
hair

When I go to war it's gon' be an indecent affair

Guarantee you nev'r real nigga breathin' that caddin'

At your funeral just your parents and the preacher was there

I don't tell a vision name, drop and reachin' for help
So I ain't gotta say a word, pimp, you beatin' yourself
You gon' get what you deserve for disrespectin' the game

Any nigga with the nerve to say another man name
When that other man ain't even present
And deny it when somebody ask him about it, that nigga's a lame

Like to, lie on the mic, hide behind fame

I was a G when I came, thats the way a remain (he lame)

VERSE 4 (Nas)

(Uh..uh..yea....)

Who is I? The Egyptian walker, fuckers have a kannipshin

My existence, persistent to bring foes misfortune
I dazzle 'em, like the aldeman

Billy Dee and Mahogany, minus the perm, from the tiniest sperm

That the mightiest the Almighty can muster?

Project prophet, chronic blockers gives alls, I miss the youngsters

Amongst them is me, can't remembers my beefs
With who, for what?

They screw-faced me up, my boo laced me up
Belenciaga, flimsy combos with bimbos in south of Key Largo

In pimp mode, the inf. glow on his clothes and you know its over

Hammer hit pin, pin hit shell, from the shell: the slug on and chewed ya

Try not to lose me I'll try not to lose ya

Momma say, 'Mamma's bo maccosa' pull outta Cuba

The chill with some pelip to kill, niggas are ill

Cuz y'all niggas are losers

Don't get comfortable niggas, say hello to Mr. Bad Guy

Get that cash far, I'm the last Don you'll ever know, so

Here you go, y'all can take these thoughts

Anyway I'm chargin' MCs a late fee cost

So when y'all done with my style please break me off

But never make Nas made, just in case we cross

Cuz ah, lately y'all don't make me happy

To calm my nerve I need the herb GNC don't carry

VERSE 5 (Ice Cube)

(Who the fuck is that?)

It's Ice Cube mutha fucker

(He's a maniac)

No I'm a fool mutha fucker
Old school mutha fucker, blow through a mutha fucker
What you heard about a nigga so true mutha fucker
See I'm ugly and pretty, I'm polished and gritty
True, better than that nigga that tried to kill 50
See, niggas get shitty when I come to they city
When I hit the spot that bitch they like, she comin' with
me
Cuz, I got an ego, big as T.O.
But, I'm not an Eagle, bitch, I roll a Rego
Cuz, ganstas don't dance we boogie
I told you mutha fuckers: Kobe didn't take that pussy
Get money, get paid, you can beat that shit
Even if the D.A. is a peice of shit
Colorado got bravado, but, eat that shit
Another white bitch lying on the black dick
I keep it flippin' like flapjacks, pimpin' like black 'Lacs
Give niggas flashbacks, they sweaty as ass cracks
When I hit the tarmack, it feel like a car jack
Niggas get out, and vanish like Star Trek
So fuckin' incredible, I'm so fuckin' credible
No matter what happen, I'll never turn federal
And that's my report, comin' straight from Cali
Ice Cube is the shit on this mutha fuckin' Grand Finale!

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