

T.i.**"Grand Hustle Kings"**Visit "[Grand Hustle Kings](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Uncle Quincy they gon dig this
Haha, hold up

Alright people, I wanna see you dance if your type
forever
Get your hands up, say hey
And shawty youÂ're looking good
Come here, let me see you dance
Get ya hands up

I got to the park, supercool, stupid hot
He the freshest from his fitted down to the shoes and
socks
Can you wanna like it, couldÂ'nt care less if you do or
not
A reminder for those of you who forget
HereÂ's the king partnaÂ', ya aint bout to say a big
deal IÂ'm not
Fifty mill I got, double down why not
177 Aston Martin cash and carry off the lot
They say money talk but listen Shorty cause I talk a lot
Incredible, my pockets and a cherry red drop
Your money funny, big diamonds in the words red boss
WeÂ're gonna be smoking the city when I come kicking
come and witness
8 hundred young women all here for Young fif
Listen, if I really dig her, let her meet my uncle Quincy
Catch up with me suckers gonna need a solid month
of?
Many moons will it take you baffoons, many goons
Presents fill up any room, King back gimme room

I told the World what IÂ'm gon do, check the charts if
you want proof
Number 1 and number 2, IÂ'll take the rest, donÂ't
mind if I do
Pull my seat up to this table in the game, whereÂ's my
food
But frankly, I accomplished what they said IÂ'll never
do
Or maybe youÂ've been sleeping or snoozing on me

before
Or possibly, blocking me from opening doors
And everybody surprised now
3 years down the road, but where was everybody
When albums wasn't exposed
Who cares if it aint fair
Cause I mean?
Bob on beast, Bob on blast, Bob is everything you say
It's finesse, an expression, an emphasis on my name
Talking record labels corporations this is entertainment
Here is what I meant
They be like "hey Bob try this"
Put on this shirt, put on these jeans
Put on this hat, that'd be the sh-t
Rap it like that, sing it like this
Yeah yeah yeah
That'll be a hit
What's his name,

Hey look, came on so hard
You don't see the star in me
Dro, I can do anything, you don't see the heart in me
Pressure becomes combustible
Wheels squeezing the arteries of haters
Plus my uncle is Quincy Jones so pardon me
I like riding a may

When it come to money boy, we got that?
Looking bad as ever, mansion in the panamerica
Why sick, I'm extravagant and clever
Will damage you, it's whatever
Grand Hustle Kings
I wont get off the mic until that thing starts sizzling
Block you like a histamine
This is really history
Watch ya old lady 'fore I slip in with this hickory
Like elmo y'all tickle me
Why I still be ripping beats
Backing fantastic, tell me that you've been listening
White on white, drop back joint
T.I in a ride out
2 of the best in the game, what you gotta decide about

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