

T.i. "Hurt"

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Ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba
You, pussy nigga, finna make me kill one of y'all

Ain't a damn thang change, I still keep that thang
Right up under my shirt, better tell them I ain't playin'
Because it's all fun and games until somebody get hurt
Ain't a damn thang change, I still keep that thang
Right up under my shirt when I pull away, hang and
bang
'Cause it all fun and games until somebody get hurt

When you finna get hurt, murked, put 'em in the dirt
Boy, you better catch me first
So you finna get hurt, murked, put 'em in the dirt
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A lot of pussy nigga talk like bro, little runnin' their
mouth
That is till run in their house, put the gun in their mouth
Tell 'em, "Nigga, talk shit now", they think you know
they gonna
I ain't scared of the law, now I'm 'bout to go to war
What it is, nigga? Where you lose your jaw?

I never get caught murkin' y'all 'cause it ain't watcha do
The question is who saw when I'm way to raw?
Catch me any day you want, you can think I'm a playa if
you want
But the facts that remain, if I got an AK you don't
Well, then, playa, you gone

Don't get me wrong, pussy niggas wanna kill me too
But this ain't 'bout shit 'cause it's very well known where
I'm at
They can catch me in the booth right now if they really
like that
Now nigga needin' hoe get 'em in the hole, shit

The fo fo is big and all that ole' shit, protect the heart
of you, both it

You betta check ya gun 'cause you so sick
If the chopper leave you with no dick
[Incomprehensible] holdin' your shit
At least six of you and a couple more of you bitches
And I don't miss 'cause I'm focused

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Boy, you might talk loud, act real but they don't really
want this here
Pussy niggas, better act right, lay low, we know where
your family live
Trust me, you don't want me up in your grill
With a ski mask on, duct taping your kids
You can pray all you want but I don't forgive

You should have been doin' nothing but what you did
what you did
I ain't gotta spell it out, pimp, you know what it is
Where your gangsta, your real man? You know what it
is
Plus I got a hundred goons with me dressed in black
Fifty at the front door, fifty at the back, half got k's, half
got mags

Bring 'em out, bring 'em out, show 'em where they at
We can do them right here, we can catch them in a trap
Run up on this nigga, put a hole in his hat
Put his brains on the dash in the stalks
He has some dumb fifty more with him and tell them to
hold that

Lights out, no hasta manana, asta la vista, sara nara
Y tu, no tomorrow, no remorse and no sorrow
And the next one of y'all, niggas, try me like that
I swear to God, man, I'm really gonna snap

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Right now [Incomprehensible] make a nigga beg
please
When a bullet goes by probably feel a little breeze,
drop to yo knees
I can see the big barrel of the chrome flip
Double grip handle where to squeeze
I keep a couple lit off for the niggas who talk shit

When I go to Jacob and I cop that brain
If he tried to see me I'ma cop that thang
And I'ma pop that thang and the shots gonna stay
The nigga 'bout to set the trunk with me
For the most part, nigga, you're stuck with me

I'd tell you something if you was really smart and you
knew better
People probably tell ya, ?Don't fuck with me?
Front if you want, muthafucka, you can catch it
The smile on my face even if I got a ratchet
Ah, pop off, police, pull me over, believe I got a
compartment

If I gotta stash it, must I just remind ya, niggas when I
come through?
Know that I am a find ya, niggas
Take two bust so many shots, come now I'll probably
blind y'all, niggas
Now okay, let's go, see you don't really wanna feel

moshpit blow
Crap up a nigga then I cap up a nigga
When I finish then we'll turn it into an ob search, yo

Look, listen and you better observe, yo,
You listening from the bullet that the glock burst slow
Shoulda probably tweaked you up just a little and had
your body leanin'
Lookin' like a quarter past four
Stay down better, checkin' for a nigga who can put yo
body in the dirt
I don't play bitch, if you really need to go the other way
You know I got it under way, sir

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