

T.i.
"I'm Illin'"

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[Intro:]

Rappin for the hell of it
Hella rich never have to sell a brick again
Must I tell a bitch again
The Bullshit I'm addressing check I'm on some next
level shit
Never been f**ked in the game I'm celibate
Rarely out my element, barely out the ghetto with
One foot out and one foot in as intelligent as fellas get
Listen let's settle then, be clear I could fall back seven
years
And still ain't no one ahead of me

[Verse 1:]

Consider it a blessing if you get to stand next to me
Five star general O.G. veteran
Caked like edimen blowing that celery
Stack that cash like the U.S. treasury
Every single thing I ever done was done heavily
Rap until your seventy still ain't no catching me
Put it on my pops, big phil aunt beverly
Be standing on the top still after they bury me
Nose in the air so stuck up arrogant
Ain't got long hot songs best cherish it
Whoever drop mine that's ova phenito
You paying for your foul like a freethrow (thou)
Now how could a nigga think that he could see me
Other than the magazine covers or the t.v.
You know I sold more mixtapes than your cd

[I'm Illin Lyrics On]

You're waiting on your big break praying you can beat
me
You ain't made it far as DC on the low
I been all around the globe like a god how they treat
me
Broads hit they knees eyes closed when they greet me
Mouth wide open just begging me to skeet skeet
You in a deep sleep stop dreaming
I'm six albums in for 10 years I been firin hot semen

The limelights mine I'm gleaming beaming
That's why I say I'm KING bitch I got my reasons

[Chorus:]

Wrist so frosty, neck so chilly
All on my mind is to get more millies
Niggas talk shit that's silly
Shawty he ain't about that really is he
Nigga I'm illy
Hey I run this city clearly
Tell em get lost I'm busy really
Nigga I'm illy

[Verse 2:]

Where niggas get off piss off
Me and mine only take time to pop a lid off
Shit all over the way bouncing me is ya'll
Seeing you f**king mind you figuring I would fizz off
Never cooled off tip scorching
Minimal injury though they missing me maximum
misfortune
Number one hands down flow paints portraits
Everybody think you stink like horse shit
House full of chicks on some girl next door shit
A king who gon sell 30 mill out the store quick
Of course this case lost all my endorsements
Tripled up on real estate still buying more shit
Tip bankrupt according to your sources
I'm still caked up along with more reinforcements
Tore shit up from the ladder to the rooftops
Officially the hottest nigga rapping since tupac
Before you rap bout me best ask bout me
I'm out my f**king mind need counseling
Please don't doubt me trust me drama ain't nothing
It's all fun and games till somebody start punchin
Remember my discussion when rappers be battling
I find out about it better get to skedaddling
Pack your family's bags move em out to seattley
you ever crawl back you'll need ambulance and
bandages
Live life glamorous so extravagant
Mandarin oriental worldwide traveling
Hip hop champion for real though
You couldn't f**k with me with a brazil hoe nigga
But still though

[Chorus:]

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