

T.i. "I'm Straight"

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Yeah, yeah, what the fuck I gotta worry about now?
Nigga you think after weatherin' the storm
And comin' from the extremes I came from
You think I'ma call all the way and get scared?

Nah nigga I'ma motherfuckin' win
Nigga if all this shit go out the window right now man
I'm all too familiar with this shit
My nigga I'm straight ya dig? Please believe that shit
man hey

You can keep the car, the clothes, the money and the
hoes
Just gimme a couple of O's, drop me off at the sto'
And I'm straight hey shawty, I'm straight

Hey you can keep the dancers and the boppers
The plexers and the poppers
Let me fill up my Impala, boy holla at my partners
And I'm straight hey shawty I'm straight

I gotta couple of V's wit' the kits, MPV's on my wrist
A lot of glamour and glit's but shawty I don't need that
My beginnin' was a humble one, a hustler I'ma son of
one
Taught me how to number run, I went from that to
number one

Had a hundred ones, I bought a slab flipped another
one
Sold my little three eighty east and said I need another
gun
The littlest in the trap, and got it poppin' like some
bubbligum
Junkies hatin' on my stacks, sayin' I'm nuttin' but a
young

Buck, niggaz say, What? Then he see me raise up
Just wanna see the little boy wit' nuts exchange
Old niggaz whole face soon
'Cause I spray the nigga's whole face up
Wet the nigga from the waist up

They try you once and you pull a fall
And then tell 'em shaw' don't play wit 'em
I'm fourteen in the dope game and don't care of
catchin' no case bruh
You can sell to me, that's intentionally

Another nigga that it's too late for
Hey wait bruh, bet any nigga came from that?
Who lose it all the day
I bet he say he changed from that

Hey you can keep the game and the fame, the haters
and the lames
Just gimme some cocaine and some wood I can slang
And I'm straight hey, shawty I'm straight

Hey you can keep the clones and the clowns, the throne
and the crown
Well-known in the town that I'm holdin' it down
So I'm straight hey shawty I'm straight

Okay now, now when I spit it, I spit it how I live it
Every verse I ever gave ya, it was fact, nothin' fiction
I'ma Livin' Legend no stuntin', no reppin'
You can check my track record, I'm highly respected

I'ma gangsta in the game, go ask Lil' Wayne
Ask Judge Johnson, how many times he saw my face
For, 'pistol here, pistol there,' 'violation here, violation
here'
Betta ask Rank, I ran the jail when I was there

I held it down, where ever I go
When I'm in the A wit' the King, or in Detroit in the snow
I'ma pro, whether it's movin' snow or movin' 'dro
That's between me and you, I can get it for the low

But that's nuttin', everybody say they gotta story
Mine on 'Larry King,' theirs is on 'Maury'
At the end of the day, it seems to won't go away
I guarantee The Heart of the Streetz that you pray

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hoes
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Snowman bitch, I ride two seaters
It's a cold world, so I keep two heaters
I'm straight, you betta ask somebody
Matter fact nigga you can just ask me me

A little over aggressive, yeah, I just might be
But half the niggaz in the hood just like me damn
You wonder why a nigga talk eight balls all day?
You should try standin' around wit' eight balls all day

Somebody pray for me, I don't know nothin' else
Why should I help you, when you ain't tryin' to help
yourself
I came in this game, fresh out the streets, yeah
Who you kiddin' nigga, I put my life on these beats,
yeah

Fuck bein' broke, this a reality check
While you mad at ya girl, ya betta check reality
Gotta crawl 'fore you walk, you gotta think before you
talk
Damn right they gon' hate, 'cause them niggaz aren't
straight

Hey you can keep the game and the fame, the haters
and the lames
Just gimme some cocaine and some wood I can slang
And I'm straight hey, shawty I'm straight

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and the crown
Well known in the town that I'm holdin' it down
So I'm straight hey shawty I'm straight

Say what it do? Young Pimp C know what I'm talkin
'bout?
Yeah, nigga want me to speak on some 'king' shit,
know what I'm sayin'?
On the cool y'know young nigga T.I. jumped out there
Said he was the king of the south

He ruffled a whole lotta niggaz' feathers
But niggaz didn't really understand what the nigga was
talkin 'bout
Y'know and uh so everybody had it twisted but
Me I understood from the get go that what the nigga
was tryin' to put
In these motherfuckin' stupid ass niggaz' faces

Was the fact that it's a whole bunch of kings down here
And as long as you takin' care of yo' business
And doin' king shit you a king
What these niggaz shoulda been tryin' to do
Was tryin' to get close to the nigga
And get some understandin' about the type of game
He was tryin' to put in these motherfuckin' niggaz' ear
holes

Understand what I'm sayin'?
So I'm layin' back I'm watchin' the game from the
sideline
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout?
And I'm seein' all these ol' pussy ass niggaz out here
Talkin' 'bout they this and they that, but they really ain't
doin' nothin'

'Cause they motherfuckin' paper ain't right
When I see them in the street, they diamonds fake
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout?
They shit ain't cut right, ya shit ain't right
Shit cloudy and chipped up, know what I'm talkin' 'bout?
And them niggaz talkin' 'bout they trill niggaz'

Don't even know what the motherfuckin' word mean
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout? This comin' from the O.G.
style trill
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout? Not these ol' fake ass
niggaz
Tryin' to come on the scene later on and tryin' to take
glory for some shit
Some other niggaz paid dues for, know what I'm talkin'
'bout?

So this is what is, we bringin' Georgia and Texas
together
All you ol' bitch ass niggaz that ain't down wit' the play
Move on to the side, all you old school rappers like 'Pac
say
You niggaz flabby, lookin' like Larry Holmes
Back yo bitch ass up and, and, and, and move around
for the south
'Cause it's our time to shine, know what I'm talkin'
'bout?
Now let's do this shit

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