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T.i. "Kingofdasouth"

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I been a menace to society Since when? Since menace to society Still refused to become a legitimate citizen quietly

Felt like my labor hidin' me But here I am anyway I might be back to slangin' grams any day And if this record flop

Well, I'll be, back Wit' a bomb of heart Wit' C-Rod and the squad This whole industry's a facade

Man this ain't real life Half these rappers don't know what sacrifice feel like Man these niggaz is all hype Not even rappin' on real mics

They just get high and say whatever the fuck they feel like

They make me feel like bustin' these niggaz one at a time

And I'm still outbustin' these niggaz Hoe pick a rhyme

Ay, what these other niggaz talkin', I don't believe that shit

I'm the king 'cause I said it and I mean that shit Ay, what's so special 'bout him, ay, he ain't all that shit I set the city in fire, have you seen that shit?

Ay, what these other niggaz talkin', I don't believe that

I'm the king 'cause I said it and I mean that shit Ay, what's the big deal about him? He ain't even that shit

I set the city on fire, have you seen that shit?

It's only five rappers outta Atlanta who bustin'

And I'm one of 'em
The other four, you know who you are
But if you gotta think twice

Well, shawty you ain't nice Regardless of your publishing deal You can't write I'm the best thing left blowin' breath on the mic

The king of the south Nothin' else will suffice You wanna bet? Well, put yo' budget up

Match the price
Me and you like putting matches to ice
You won't make it
Before I had a deal, I was still butt naked

God signed this, like keeping' the Lord's promise The truth nigga Like Beenie's first LP You can do a song with N'Sync

And couldn't outsell me I'm a legend in my own time A prophet in my own rhymes A king wit' a concubine

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Niggaz like you, a dime a dozen They come and go So why I'm runnin' now And Lain't never run before

Grab choppers, cock 'em and blow Stoppin' the show Bet or owe 'em, droppin' the hoes You just keep watchin' the door Pop 'em, watch 'em drop to the floor Fluff his pockets and go Put a quarter block on his nose And a glock in his clothes

He can keep his watches and gold For his momma to hold She'll be there buyin' the hoes Before the drama unfolds

They know shawty outta control Got me hot as a stove Puttin' holes in yo' Girbaud Wettin' up yo' polos

44's and Callico's A black and a chrome Lettin' loose and splackin' your dome Hoppin' back in the Brougham

Known for kickin' in yo' door Wavin' gats in yo' home Clearin' it out I'm sorry I ain't hearin' you out

You hearin' about
The squad pumpin' Fe in your heart
Because you know sacrifice
Was near and dear to your heart

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Ay, my niggaz, y'all already know what it is T I P, Grand Hustle, Pimp Squad for life nigga Sanchez on the beat, dig this man I'ma keep it always pimpin', I'm stayin' down

Y'all niggaz gone send yo' demos in Get cha little motherfuckin' deal, go sell records Nigga I got houses, I got blow, I got dro Nigga I got hoes, nigga I got property nigga

What you wanna do nigga? Fuck y'all niggaz Come see about me if you don't like it King of da God damn south Rubberband man in this bitch

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