

T.i.

"Let My Beat Pound"

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"Let My Beat Pound"

[Chorus]

People see me in the street now
They wave at me and they ask me turn my beat down
Turn my beat down, turn my beat down
I tell em never I forever let my beat pound

[Verse 1]

I keep my speakers in the trunk just like that yay
Everybody where im from like that like that bass
Just cant wait till I get that whoopty just to ride threw the
hood
Buy theyself an amp and hook some woofers up to it
If your motor running good and your 808 bumpin
Thats all that really matter you cant tell a nigga nothing
Nevermind what you ride when its dark outside
And theres broads outside, you just park outside
Pop your trunk and cut your music up loud
Now watch a crowd around bet they dig a nigga now
And my beat down low and my top let back
Now cut it to the max like I never said that (hey)

[Chorus]

People see me in the street now
They wave at me and they ask me turn my beat down
Turn my beat down, turn my beat down
I tell em never I forever let my beat pound (hey)
Police ask to turn my beat down
He let me go, I turn the corner let my beat pound
Turn my beat down, wont turn my beat down
I tell em never I forever let my beat pound

[Verse 2]

When my girl ride with me, gotta cover my seat
Cuz that thang go to skeetin, and when I cut up my beat
Pumpin something Grand Hustle in a 96 bubble
Even amplify my tweeters so my music aint muffled
Your ass in trouble if u pull up next to me
When its really up high you cant hear yourself think
Cause my speaker box the biggest trunk sound like a
midget

Tryna get up out of there 15's stay hittin
We be coming from a distance out of everbodys vision
They dont matter what I'm playing, I make everybody
listen
See I'm turning around wondering how I get so loud
Ears ringing all day cuz my shit so loud

[Chorus]

People see me in the street now
They wave at me and they ask to turn my beat down
Turn my beat down, turn my beat down
I tell em never I forever let my beat pound
Police ask me turn my beat down
He let me go, I turn the corner let my beat pound
Turn my beat down, wont turn my beat down
I tell em never I forever let my beat pound

[Verse 3]

When I pull up to the light and my shit so high
People mad I dont see them cuz im sitting so high
Looking at me like they stupid they cant hear there own
music
But aint nothing they can do they just gotta listen to it
Jackie chan in my trunk just like young dro
I love that song cuz the bass so low
They be setting off alarms
The sound like I drop bombs
Pumpin trick www . DUB . com
R.I.P. pimp c number 3 ridin dirty
Own it first I cut it up and make sure everybody heard it
Shaving swerving bumping young jeezy
Got him on the map best belive me when you hear me
say I got it in my lap
In the trap bumpin old B gizzle hot boy
Old lady on the porch holling wut is that noise
People asking me to cut it off
I roll my window down and I tell em it aint nothing dawg

[Chorus]

People see me in the street now
They wave at me and they ask me turn my beat down
Turn my beat down, turn my beat down
I tell em never I forever let my beat pound

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