

T.i.
"Louis Rag"

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Alright, okay, I don't dance, no way
I just take my Louis rag out and wave it round in the air
Take my Gucci rag out and wave it round in the air

New Akoo outfit with a gucci rag
Tied to my beltloop and my louis bag
Full of stacks rubberbands round big cash
Got a sick swag til tha hataz get mad (come on)
We in the club homes gettin our thug on
Bottles of patron if you grown get your buzz on
We brought the broads out and brought the cars out
I'm like the moon I shine and bring the stars out
When it dark out get the squad out
We ball hard sucka ***** eat ya heart out
I'm too advanced super swag in my louis pants
Ballin now my louis silk shirt match my louis rag
[Louis Rag Lyrics On]

In musabi(?) big ballin is my hobby
I'm boppin while I'm walkin rag fallin out my pocket
If big money ain't the topic homie I ain't even talkin
Get it on by the workers but I'm cool with all the bosses
Catch me flossin at the mall talkin to a broad
She follow me and gucci and I taught her how to ball
3 pair shoes 4 shirts 6 rags
Chick said dad that's more in my bag
Shawty I can show you how to spend this bread real
fast
Then get a group of chicks to give you head real fast
Silk scarf hangin outa jeans ya'll
Homie I ain't thinkin I'm just doin my thing

I took some time off and now I'm back ya'll
While your in the line at the club I'm in the back dawg
And when this song on ballas peel stacks off
And make it rain on them broads watch the stacks fall
And pull your rag out and wave it left, right
Let it sag with ya pants get ya swag just right
Ride bankhead flare flyin out the benz
Once a fool with it we gon'bring em out again

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