

## **T.i.** **"My Life"**

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I know it's your life nigga, you do as you please  
But you know we be fucking up  
Yea, yea, yea, yea, yea, yea, yea  
That nigga Daz and T.I is in the motherfuckin' house  
You know what I mean it's your life nigga, live or die

Can't ya see I'm on fire, so quit hating on me pimpin'  
I'm just living my life, think I ain't gone ride  
On all you pussy niggas tryin' to put an end to my life  
You can't do it, don't try I know you sucker niggas  
Wish that you was living my life in white linen  
I'm fly top down in the Spider Ville, riding for the rest of  
my life

A-town veteran, started at eleven when and bought an  
eight-ball  
I was staying down every since, that's why it's hard to  
find a young  
Rap nigga better than bank head resident, West side  
represent  
Pimp Squad mobster, Grand Hustle President, heart of  
a lion  
And the nuts of an elephant trap music heaven sent,  
you hating

And it's evident you trying to stack presidents, I'm tryin  
to set  
Precedents the comparison is insulting my intelligence  
'cause real  
Recognize real and real you ain't never been and never  
will  
I catch you where you chill, holla at ya where you live  
nigga  
Fuck a record deal I graduated out the way, to stack a  
couple mill

Who would figure it would be a rap nigga I have to kill  
My potnaz telling me Shawty you have to chill but I'ma  
end up hating  
With steel, what is his, still dope boy trap niggas  
worldwide lovin' it  
Haters see the spider and they wanna put a slug in it,

fuck it  
I'm a G, I been a rider, I ain't studding it better get you  
mind of mind  
And start hustling

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I should BG banging the stripes, ideas when I strike  
Breaking my victims, lining them niggas all with the  
light  
Get it right, hold it tight, blast with all your might  
See we hustle for them grands till the early light  
Follow my plan on command, leave 'em dead where  
they stand  
Ain't no stopping the man nigga with grands in my  
hands

Living the fast lane, Grand Hustle the gram when the  
cash came  
The police book me, take my fingerprint and last name  
If I'm stuck in a cell, how would I maintain  
Lock up all these niggas, the penitentiary mind frame  
I strive for perfection, my method is quite collective

Check out the fuckin' way I just rep it  
This dog pound gangsta in the back take a licking  
Rims shining, fresh paint, T.I. counting paper  
Big moves stay on deck with the tools  
All y'all niggas and bitches and niggas get sprayed  
with the tools

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This how we hustle for the paper, 'cause the hustle get  
harder  
I'm dog pounded out, an Atlanta Brave starter money,  
weed  
And bitches, 24 inches conversating, T.I. plotted on  
getting

These niggas, now for my niggas murdering, killing,  
wheeling  
The spider, on a mission all my niggas y'all know how  
the fuck  
We kick it I'ma keep my eye on a meal to you hustle it  
up  
Motherfucker better kick it

All eyes on me, with my West side homie  
In a drop 65, on D's, wanna ride on me I got a forty-  
five, on me  
In a hurry to die homie, get live on me you charged  
with tryin' to OG  
And I'm creepin' through the crowd, low key, nigga you  
don't know me  
I learned from niggas before me I got insomnia Shawty  
I don't sleep, I bomb, I don't creep

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Y'all niggas know how we do this shit  
T.I, that nigga Daz, you know what I mean  
This my life, your life, our life, his life, live it to the  
fullest  
One time for Pac, we miss you nigga, yeah, yeah, yeah  
One time for Shorty B, keepin' it pimpin' PSC, Grand  
Hustle, pimp  
Fuck nigga, let this be a lesson to you, yeah, yeah,  
yeah

Y'all niggas better start training man, you better be a  
damn  
Good ducker nigga when I goddamn let loose with this  
chopper  
You understand that I ain't playin' with y'all niggas  
Once the motherfuckin' judge slam that goddamn  
Gaffel nigga  
And let a motherfuckin' case beat nigga I'm at y'all ass  
nigga  
Mark my motherfuckin' words, fuck boys, I'm laying low  
For a reason pimp, fuck niggas

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