

T.i. "My Swag"

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You gotta get your swagger together, nigga, get your suitcase

Starts on the inside, ya dig, I don't need mine, I got cribs where we goin'

If you don't love yourself you can't love nobody

Keep up, nigga, I love myself, you gon' need to travel, ladies

You go and get that Mack diesel, right

I'm the man from Atlanta to way out in Cali

Catch me in New York, I'm on the way to Miami

I be in Hawaii then catch me in Paris

I be at home barely, I'll sleep when I'm buried

What I need some sleep for? This dope got me geeked up

I went to Japan and made a mil' in a week, bro

These niggaz can't keep up when they see me in London

So I go out in Ibiza, that time I ain't sleep for

'Bout three days, maybe you'll see me in Haiti

With Wyclef Jean and a selection of ladies

But my folk got that workin' like they back in the eighties

See the money's what move me, conversation don't phase me

Tell 'em why 'cause I been around the world

Traveled the seven seas and I be

Poppin' bottles with celebrities so you can find me

Flyin' high, smokin' better trees

Girls around the world

They keep callin' me, they call me

Paparazzi, they be follow me, they all be

Hopin' that they get a shot of me

It's my swag, they wonder what's so special 'bout him?

Why they ain't sellin' records like him? Tell 'em

It's my swag, how he always look so cool?

And why everybody do what he do, so

Gotta be my swag, they wonder why he wear his hat
like that?
When girls see him why they act like that? Aye, I don't
know
It's my swag, for some reason all the real niggaz love
him
Even though their girlfriend wanna fuck him
I guess, gotta be my swag

Gettin' money in Frisco, wearin' my raincoat
See I'm gettin' wet and this bitch in the same boat
I came in the game slow, they act like they ain't know
That I wasn't gon' leave until I got what I came fo'

I still can't complain' though as long as I ain't broke
I came a long way but, shawty, ain't nothin' changed
though
I still let the tool go, don't get it confused, bro
Run up on me wrong, now what you think I'ma do, bro?

Send you to your maker then go to Jamaica
Or either to Cabo, I chill at my condo
My swagger is perfect, hatin' on me ain't worth it
Guarantee you, boy, the Earth my turf if that hurts

Tell 'em why 'cause I been around the world
Traveled the seven seas and I be
Poppin' bottles with celebrities so you can find me
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Girls around the world
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Regardless what haters say I'm as real as they come

I'm chasin' that paper, baby, however it come
I'm singin' a song and movin' yay by the ton
You never seen a nigga gettin' money so young

How I get from the pen all the way to Berlin
I've been to Switzerland, skiing and pimpin', goin'
again
It ain't nothin' to catch me in the south of France
In a coffee shop smokin' dro in Amsterdam

It ain't nothin' to fly all the way to Dubai
St. Barts, St. Lucia, any day we can try
G-5 to Moscow and they say I'ma lie
I'ma ball like a dog 'til the day that I die

Tell 'em why 'cause I been around the world
Traveled the seven seas and I be
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This is impeccable pimpin'
You couldn't duplicate this shit if I told you how to, man
Ha, y'all, niggaz, keep up
By the time you get to Puerto Rico, my nigga, I'll be in
Cuba

By the time you get to Cuba I'll be in Haiti
By the time you get to Haiti I'll be way over in Africa,
man
You know what I'm sayin'? South of France in my land,
man
The Earth's my turf, my nigga

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