

## T.i. "Niggas In Paris Remix"

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(Weâ€™™ re gonna skate to one song, one song only)  
(Ball so hard maâ€™™ fuckas wanna fine me)

[T.I.]

Hey!

Ay, man, lâ€™™ unno what done happened, uh  
I guess yâ€™™ all musta caught amnesia in my absence,  
I ainâ€™™ t been gone that long, have I?  
Well, just for your reminder, how â€™™ bout the crown  
meet The Throne right here?  
Letâ€™™ s get it

Call me T.I. or CPR, lâ€™™ m killinâ€™™ shit, even in  
prison, lâ€™™ m still the shit  
Betta reconiâ€™™ , King in the buildinâ€™™ , bitch, act like  
you know, are you serious?  
I (ball so hard), my ankle hurt, donâ€™™ t buy a car if I  
ainâ€™™ t the firâ€™™  
In the country witâ€™™ it, one, two, three bitches to  
watch me while I painted her  
I (ball so hard), they hate to see me, on the stage, Jay-  
Z, Kanye witâ€™™ me  
You know I (ball so hard), Tip is scary, merci beaucoup  
in Par-ee  
Parlez-vous francais, I say, menage a trois today, I say  
I (ball so hard), how I depart? Maybach chauffeured, I  
ainâ€™™ t got to parâ€™™  
So raw, so official, dawg, them lames canâ€™™ t do  
nothinâ€™™ witâ€™™ you, dawg  
She all on me, better get your broad, donâ€™™ t like  
that, blow yoâ€™™ whistle, dawg  
I (ball so hard), no refereeâ€™™ ll throw no flag, ainâ€™™ t  
no techs for me  
I keep them suckas upset witâ€™™ me, them racks back  
on deck, you beâ€™™ beleeâ€™™ that lâ€™™!

Ball so hard maâ€™™ fuckas wanna fine me  
That shit cray (What, â€™™Ye?)  
That shit cray (Haaaa)  
That shit cray

Ball so hard maâ€™™ fuckas wanna fine me

That shit cray (Huh, what, â€˜Ye?)  
That shit cray (Yeah, yeah)  
That shit cray (Go, ay!)

[Jay-Z]

Ball so hard maâ€™ fuckas wanna fine me, but first  
niggas gotta find me  
Whatâ€™ s fitty grand to a maâ€™ fucka like me, can  
you please remind me?  
Ball so hard, this shit crazy, yâ€™ all donâ€™ t know  
that donâ€™ t shit phase me  
The Nets could go 0-for-82, when I look at you, like, this  
shit gravy  
Ball so hard, this shit weird, we ainâ€™ t even poseâ€™  
beat here  
Ball so hard, but since we here, itâ€™ s only right that  
we be fair  
Psycho, lâ€™ m liable to go Michael, take ya pick,  
Jackson, Tyson, Jordan, Game Six  
Ball so hard, got a broke clock, Rolies that donâ€™ t  
tick-tock  
Audemars thatâ€™ s losinâ€™ time, hidden behind all  
these big rocks  
Ball so hard, lâ€™ m shocked, too, lâ€™ m supposed to  
be locked up, too  
You escape what I escaped, youâ€™ d be in Paris  
gettinâ€™ fucked up too  
Ball so hard, letâ€™ s get faded, Le Meurice for like six  
days  
Gold bottles, scold models, spillinâ€™ Ace on my sick  
Js  
Balled so hard, bitch, behave, just might let you meet  
â€™Ye  
Chi-townâ€™ s D. Rose, so lâ€™ m movinâ€™ the Nets  
to BK

Ball so hard maâ€™ fuckas wanna fine me  
That shit cray  
That shit cray  
That shit cray

Ball so hard maâ€™ fuckas wanna fine me  
That shit cray  
That shit cray  
That shit cray

[Kanye West]

She said, â€œâ€™Ye, can we get married at the  
mall?â€

I said, "Look, you need to crawl before you ball  
Come and meet me in the bathroom stall  
And show me why you deserve to have it all"  
(Ball so hard) That shit cray (That shit cray) Ain't it,  
Jay?  
(Ball so hard) What she order? (What she order?) Fish  
filet  
(Ball so hard) "Yo" whip so cold! (Whip so  
cold!) This old thing?  
Act you'll ever be around motherfuckers like this  
again  
Bougie girl, grab my hand, fuck that bitch, she  
don't wanna dance  
"Scuse my French, but I'm in France (Haha)  
I'm just sayin'  
Prince William's ain't do it right, if you ask me  
"Cause I was him I woulda (Married Kate and Ashley)  
What's Gucci, my nigga? What's Louis, my  
killa?  
What's drugs, my dealer? What's that jacket,  
Margiela?  
Doctors say I'm the illest, "cause I'm  
sufferin' from realness  
Got my niggas in Paris, and they goin' gorillas  
(Hunh?)

(I don't even know what that means!)  
(No one knows what it means)  
(But it's provocative)  
(No, it's not)  
(Gets the people goin')

Ball so hard ma' fuckas wanna fine me  
Ball so hard ma' fuckas wanna fine me

You are now watchin' the throne, don't let me  
get in my zone  
Don't let me get in my zone, don't let me get in  
my zone  
These other niggas is lyin', actin' like the  
summer ain't mine  
(I got that hot bitch in my home) You know how many  
hot bitches I own?  
Don't let me get in my zone, don't let me get in  
my zone  
Don't let me get in my zone, don't let me get in  
my zone  
The stars is in the buildin', they hands is to the  
ceilin'  
I know I'm "bout to kill it, "How you  
know?" I got that feelin'

You are now watchin' the throne, don't let me  
enter my zone  
Don't let me enter my zone, I'm definitely in my  
zone  
(Zone, zone, zone, zone!)

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