

# T.i.

## "No, No, No Remix"

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No, No, No (Remix)  
Jae Millz, Cam'ron, T.I

(Jae Millz)  
Yea . . . you know we had to do this right here  
All hoods, stand up  
All rude bwoys

(Cam'Ron)  
It's the remix, Killa, Dip Set  
Harlem, mo say, chrome holla at me

(Verse)  
Doggy I seldom stunt, but got some pell 'em stunts  
Call 'em dunts, tell them hoes go sell them cunts  
Roll hella blunts, and I'm only gonna tell you once (No,  
No, No...)  
So you should tell a friend, to tell a friend, to tell a bitch  
Tele-a-thon, telescope, televise, can tell I'm rich  
Cause I sell my bricks, call hoes pultry that smell like  
fish, bitch  
You rockin' Dada Dot, me I keep a Prada box  
Ak', gotta rock the rocks, now I got the rock of Roc's  
(Minimum)  
And I cop a top, ak chop a glock, suede, beige, knock a  
knock  
System in the drop of drops, get the mobstered  
mopped  
Get the poppas popped, top a top, shot the pawn  
Dog, they'll be shotters shot, I done shot a lot  
Shot the nine, shot the rock, sure shot, shot for sure  
But I'm secure, no security, killa keep glocks and fours  
Plus blocks of raw, probably popped your whore  
But I'm not for sure, bitch wanna hop aboard  
Hit up the docks and shores (No, No, No...)

(T.I.)(T.I.)  
[I know you niggaz sick] I know y'all hate this shit here  
man,[I know you niggaz sick now ]I know they hate this  
pimp [Throw up nigga]AY, I know these ho niggas hate  
to see the real niggaz on top ya know wha' i'm sayin  
[iffya hatin then get on ya job nigga]

Fake it until you make it nigga  
If I wanted to be me as long as you wanted to be I'd  
hate me too nigga, you know,  
King of da Muhfuckin' South Nigga, if ya don't like it:  
KILL YA SELF!

(Verse)

It's your decision, we can do it however you want to  
Fight or shoot it out, look the choices is on you  
Your crew could swindle a lame, but the gangstas ya  
don't fool  
Young pimpin' wont lose nigga (No, no, no...)  
We can beef if you choose, but if you comparing the  
crews  
If we ever meet in public, we gotcha for keepin' ya  
jewels  
Keep your raps on the beats . . . and talkin in da  
interview  
Cause damn...what you wanna do nigga? (No, no, no...)  
Well I suggest you invest in vests and count your  
blessings  
Keep that smith and wesson, heckler kotch, whatever  
you got  
Cause what I come with too heavy to cock, clearing the  
block  
Niggas beg me to stop and i'm like (No, no, no...)

Ain't this what you niggaz wanted to get, you wanted  
what TIP get?  
Get hit up in your stomach then get hit for runnin' ya  
lips  
Spit each and everyone in the clip, and one in your whip  
Ambulance can waste a trip (Ay, you can come if you  
want to man)  
Combat time, was flat lined, to back grime  
Nigga runnin' actin' like a Nissan and Pathfinder  
(Sfffmmmm)  
When the lead flyin' it's bed time, the head lyin'  
The paper in the morning saying (No, no, no...)

(Jae Millz)

Yo I been spittin, been gifted, been crazy flow  
Wize, been attent, shit you can call me Benjamin  
Brethren, I don't ball with dopes  
And you can call me anything you want, just don't call  
me broke (No, no, no...)  
Most hated, M to the izz H phenomenal  
Get up and one'll stretch, direct through your  
abdominal  
I'm warning you, stop your blood clot cryin'  
Stop lyin' cause theres no stop in dyin' (No, no, no...)

Picture me passing my chain, or getting smacked by a  
lame  
That's like runnin' up on Father Zeek, and Matches  
Lane  
It just dont sound right, I get your team devoured  
So don't even TINK about it (No, no, no...)  
you just a server shorty, I'll leave ya king stun  
I'm a king son, in Kingston, I bling dumb  
Only rapper you seen walkin' icy in the terrordome  
Holla back, how real is that (No, no, no...)  
No I don't wanna stop, I gotta 'em sick  
So I'mma keep going, keep flowin'  
Benz backin' up so I'ma keep rollin' bent  
And I'm stilla heavy spitter, plus I'm good with the  
pitbull  
The tech missiles and the heavy hitters  
SUCKAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAS

(Jae Millz)  
Those my peoples, N Y C  
Killa, Dip Set  
They know, T.I. grand hustle  
What up  
They know who I am  
Jae Millz, call me whatever, just don't call me broke  
Wanna WHAT!?

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