

T.i. "Outro"

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money, hoes, cars and clothes, thats how all my niggas
know

blowin dro, 24, thats how all my niggas roll
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blowin dro, 24, thats how all my niggas roll

[T.I.]

in a drop top chevy with the roof wide open
my partners looking at me to see if my eyes open
cause I've been drank, and I've been smoke
flying down 285 but I'm focused
its a four fifty four, where it says I raise comotion
white leather seats, as fresh as air forces
doing bout a hundred but the track still bumping
number 8 on nwa straight out of compton
pull up at your apartment sitting on 24s
and the dope boys, saying the kids running in
the clicks start dealing and the broads start choosing
and the cars been parked but the rims keep moving
sign pictures by the hundred, to the youngins in the
hood
cause I ain't hollywood, I come from the hood
I'm use to it, if your rear view shaking and your seats
vibrating
24 inch jays got the chevrolet shaking

[Chorus]

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[T.I.]

I'll make a mill and I'm satisfied, I'll get the rest
at the age of seventeen, entertaing the rides, I want
the best

I refuse to get a 9 to 5, I'm a flip my keys
been paying my dues since 89, trying to get my cheese
diamonds gleam when I'm on the scene, they know its

me
aint no dream or no fantasy its T I P
brought busting, like a baby do a blanket
5 karats on my motherfucking pinkie, half of hennessy
and belevedere
what we drinking, pimps send for broads
what the hell you niggas thinkin, yall niggas spend a
weekend in the
islands in the fall, 24 inch rim shining when I'm riding
cause I'm ballin
I'm calling out shots like a pool shark
my tools spark, when I fool yall, yall fools hard in the
wrong place
and the wrong time, I got a strong mind
to grab my dro nine, and shoot at your ass for a
longtime
but I'm a get that ass, all dog, fuck around with the
click
get shot like a dick with a stick, cause yall lost
cause I'm a ball at all costs, spit game at a dame, look
around at
this thang til she falls off

[Chorus]

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[T.I.]

I'm not boucing little shorty, I'm relaxing right now
I probably still be trappin if I wasnt rapping right now
bragging about pistols at the house, guess whos
strapped right now
keep a talking I'm a lay you on your back right now
wanta act right now, get smacked right now, I'm a
bankhead motherfucka
I dont know to backdown, clown down talking
to your friends, talking about what you making
I'm 21 in 10 deep, that shit to me ain't nothing, getting
played by
the niggas getting head, for the change, my lead
wanta spray
and your dead with decay, they ain't ready for the raid
pay heavy for the yay, tell my class to kiss my ass, I
make a 11 everyday

(54th Platoon sample)

money, rolls, cars and clothes, thats how all my niggas

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(fades)

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