

# T.I. "Paper Trail"

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Chorus:]

I know the times seem long,  
Just try and keep strong  
Put on your headphones and rewind this song  
Remember you ain't missin' nothin' homes,  
I promise you ain't missin' nothin' homes

Hey, just now the club on hold and the broads on pause  
You get home, it's gonna be waitin' on y'all  
So dog, just know, for real  
You ain't missin' nothin' homes  
I promise you ain't missin' nothin' homes  
On Everything

[Verse 1:]

My uncle did a decade,  
Came home, hit the ground runnin' gettin' paid like he  
never did a day  
Hit the streets, nigga still in the same place they were  
'fore we went in the chain gang,  
And doin' the same thing  
'Cause the game go on, you only did two days in the  
joint -  
The day you get locked up and the day you go home  
I know it feels like the world passin' you by,  
Like shit happenin' every day out there that you don't  
know 'bout  
Everytime you call home your baby momma show out,  
And your partners don't even send you flicks from  
when they go out  
But don't worry 'bout it or stress it, cause shawty know  
what?  
The time'll do itself, all you gotta do is show up  
Keep layin' down wakin' up,  
And thankin' the Lord  
And 'fore you know it they gonna open the doors  
True story, just prepare yourself for it,  
If you ain't got a plan what you need was a second  
chance,  
Shit, you gonna blow it!

Learn and visualize what you try to do,

And do the time homeboy, don't let the time do you  
They say the time just flew on the street,  
Hard to believe from me never but you'll see soon as  
you on the streets

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

Probably thinkin' it's easy for me to say from here in the  
booth,  
But they showed ya, they'd put me in there with you  
Right now, locked down in the state of the fed, lay in  
the bed  
Prayin' it's over and over as you say in your head  
Yeah, next time I'm a be straight  
Just count down to my release date... peace of cake  
My nigga Kap right now, servin' a life sentence for a  
murder he committed,  
In self defense  
And in such good spirits, shawty ain't even trippin  
And I could be right in there with him, no bull shittin'  
He on his ninth year now, just waitin' to get out  
Got me thinkin' my shit ain't even worth complainin'  
about  
'Cause it could still be worse for sho'  
So you waitin' on me to lose ho, you got to kill me first  
I talked to my nigga Big Meedge, had to tell him the  
streets miss him just as much as he miss the streets  
Had to let him know whenever he released,  
We hittin' the club like '03, this time it's on me  
Yeah we laugh, reminisce for a minute and then I tell  
him just nobody ever did it as big  
It'll never be the same in this city again, closest you'll  
get is me and Jeezy and them  
So dog, if it seems like you left behind, ten steps  
behind, just know it only gets better with time

[Chorus]

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