

T.i.
"Right Now"

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Get it right nigga I don't play
Nigga play the six shooter you oh me hombre
I got
Bitch witt an ass big as beyonce
My money long gettin paid way beyond yey
You pussy niggas gay in some neon shades
So what the fuck I care about for what a peon say
But anytime any place fo five in my waist talk shitt get
hit from yo thighs
To yo waist and back down
Don't test me dogg I can only be as coo as you let me
dog
You betta leave me alone nigga let mew ball before I
pull this A.R. and
Make you wett yo draws
I lett loose this shitt I'll get messy dog
But I'm a shoot in you in yo leg nigga just because
Rather the middle of the mall or your granmama post
Try me when I you see ya boy yo ass gotta go... right
now!

[Chorus:]

See you bitches say ok don't trip
I got a clip fo the next nigga hate on tip (right now!)
fuck boy what it is
What it look like
Chrome dessert eagle got yo pussy ass shook rite
(Rite now!)chest boolet proof vest and all
Tucked in the chevy you don't wanna upset me dog
I got chopper in the back bout one or two glocks ever
see me run up on you
Know you gonna get shott (rite now!)

See hatters finna run out of time betta mind yo damn
buisness stay the fuck
Out of mind
Because... I gotta calla cotted one of a kind
Since niggas livin from the bullets you could bus out a
nine
357snugg nose and a new fo fo
To let you know that I ain't fuckin round with you no mo

In the streets or the club bought a g or a dub if you oh
me betta pay me or
Yo ass gettin cuved... (right now!) what you take me fo
I'm from the hood I
Ain't neva been played before
I guess it's obvious you never been sprayed before no
appologys should have
Hollard at me way before
Oh and don't let the tuff talk scare you when I walk up
on you nigga buck I
Dare you
You betta be prepared cause them bullets comin fast
you could run jump dash
But I'm dumpin on yo ass (right now!)

[Chorus:]

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fuck boy what it is
What it look like
Chrome dessert eagle got yo pussy ass shook rite
(Rite now!)chest boolet proof vest and all
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Coward situation like a mob boss bring the sawed off
tare niggas body parts
Off
Sittin in the dark till he dropp his broad then the street
sweeper come and
Tear doors to his car off
It starts off small talk till drift shawt blood loss cutt the
circulation
To yo heart off
I ain't finna play boy yo ass betta pray I ain't waitin
another day the
Gage finna spray right now... hu since you wann make
a big scene I'm a bust
The car with fifteens till yo shitt lean
Deliver sixteens to yo misceens 12 to yo geans that
every nigga in yo click
Seen
Man I heard every nigga in yo click sceam runnin like a
horro flick on the
Big screen
If he ain't blastin then I suggest that he start relaxin fo
thos things
Gett to click clackin hittin niggas asses right now!

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