

T.i. "Rubberband Man"

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[Chorus:]

(Ay, who i be?)

Rubber band man

Wild as the Taliban

9 in my right

45 in my other hand.

(who i'm is?)

Call me trouble man

Always in trouble man

Worth a couple hundred grand

Chevys, all colors man

[Verse 1:]

Rubber band man

Like a one man band

Treat these niggas like the Apollo

And i'm the sandman.

Tote a hundred grand

Canon in the waistband

Looking fo a sweet lick?

Well this is the wrong place man.

Seven time felon, what i care about a case man?

I'm campaigning to bury the hate,

So say ya grace man.

Ay, I don't talk behind a nigga back

I say it in his face.

I'm a thoroughbred nigga.

I don't fake and i don't hate.

Check my resume nigga.

My record's impeccable

Anywhere in the A nigga

How TIP is highly respectable.

And the MIA nigga

I'm tryna keep it professional

Cause all this tongue rastling.

Finna have me snappin, i'm tellin you.

From the bottom of tha Duval,

Cakalacky to New York

And everybody showin me love

That's one to you all.

Yeah, to all my Florida niggas, my Cakalacky niggas

My LA niggas

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse 2:]

Call me trouble man
Stayed in some trouble man
Some niggas still hatin on shawty
So they some suckas man.
Got a couple fans
That love to do nothing other than
Lick, suck, show no respect
But still i love em man.
Dig it, lil pimpin got the mind and the muscle
Stay down on his grind
Put the crown on the hustle
Ay, I could show ya how to juggle anything
And make it double.
Weed, blow, real estate, liquor sto
Wit no trouble.
Young cats is playin today
Marvin Gaye of my time.
Tryna stay alive
Livin how i say in my rhymes.
My cousin used to tell me
Take this shit a day at a time.
And told me Friday, died Sunday
We a day in the ground.
I still smile cuz somehow
I know he seeing me now
And so i'm doing all my shows
Just like he in the crowd.
Ay, tho ya lightas up for my cousin Toot,
Aaliyah, Left Eye and Jam Master Jay.

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse 3:]

Grand Hustle man
Mo hustles than hustle man.
But why the rubber band?
It representin the struggle man.
My folk gon trap
Until they come up wit another plan
Stack and crumble bread
To get theyself off they mama land.
Gangstas who been servin
Since you was doing the runnin man.
Went down, did 10
Back round and rich again.
That's why i'm young
Wit the soul of a old man

I'm shell shocked, get shot
Slow ya roll man.
Still ride around
With the glock on patrol man.
I ain't robbing,
I'm just lookin for that dro man.
For ma niggas slangin blow, pimpin hos
Rollin vogues, 24s.
Let these other niggas know.

[Chorus 2x]

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