

T.I. "Salute"

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Yeah, and when you see me
Salute me like a general
I'm leading the troops
I make this G shit look so easy to do

And when you see me salute
Commander-in-chief, conceal the truth
It don't matter whether the streets or the booth
When you see me salute

And when you see me salute
When you see me salute, yeah
You ain't gotta speak
Homie, when you see me salute

Raise your right hand to your hairline
Stand that attention, hold it there until you're
recognized
Once I return the salutation
Then is at ease as if you heard no conversation

Well, and let's just saying what it do G?
Decorated 5 star, general a true G
I made it fresher off the battlefield
Rip it for my niggas in the battle steal

Yeah, with more stripes then a jail suit
Been in the need, trail hoop
When I fail, two bitches standing their jails
Taking pictures with their cells

And let me tell you something 'bout a playa
Put me anywhere, in any jail and I shall prevail
If another man survived I shall as well
Now fuck rap, got swag for sale, you crop my path in
Air Brazil

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Hot stain from the nonsense, remain conscious
The idiots make idiotic comments, a convict with a
conscious
You lack mores, I can see your principles and not my
mines is
So I guess what makes me special just to get from the
curse

Like shit to get you rich at first so put your dick in the
dirt
That's why I ain't gotta be the greatest of all time
Long as I keep it real in all my rhymes I'm fine
I ain't lying

Give me mine and I'm satisfied
I'm just happy, I got to make it before my daddy died
And all things considered
Every time destiny calls, I can't deliver

Not illa, a young heart with a old soul
Some hot holes and a cold flow
And as far as keeping it real go
Homie, when you need me don't forget the proper way
to greet me

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