

## T.i. "We Don't Get Down Like Y'all"

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[Intro: B.o.B]

We don't get down like y'all  
Na na na na naa na na na na  
Na na na na na na na  
Na na na na naa na na na na  
We don't get down like y'all  
Sucka nigga  
We don't get down like y'all

[Verse 1: T.I.]

Hey, its been a lot of back and forth over this and that  
So I don't pick the bobble no more I just get a fact  
Listen pimpin', let me tell you what the business is  
Y'all are lost imma tell you what the difference is  
See we old school, you just old news  
We used to move blow and you just blow dude  
See we the talk of the town me and my whole crew  
You run around town gossip like the hoe do  
See your name drop when nobody knows you  
We get them lames out our section like we supposed to  
My crew we cop the Bentley, Brooklyn and the Rolls too  
You give her roses I'm the one she brings the rose to  
So you say your shinin' well i guess I'm shinin' more  
So high up I'm soaring thirty and I'm like a dinosaur  
Carnivore, meat eater, G's they respect  
Me to you like comparing a vet to a cadet nigga  
Haa!!

[Chorus: B.o.B]

We don't get down like y'all  
I ball, I do  
You talk, I'm real  
You flaw, pussy nigga  
We don't get down like y'all  
Sucka nigga  
We don't get down like y'all

[Verse 2: T.I.]

Don't call it a comeback  
Again ride been from the fed pen  
Pull up on them suckers pop the trunk and tell them get  
in

Huh, thought I lost a step but guess again  
Back to ballin', getting bread, bringing checks in  
Yeah, like we did on my last case

I show you how to make a blessing out of bad breaks  
Let me set these niggas ass straight  
Hoe want there cloth bags loosen up fag babe  
Them hot pants bad for your prostate  
Lime green, hot pink, a drag queen hot date  
In stores asking for the same size the bitches buy  
They say its hip, but where I'm from we call it sissified

[Chorus: B.o.B]

We don't get down like y'all  
I ball, I do  
You talk, I'm real  
You flaw, pussy nigga  
We don't get down like y'all  
Sucka nigga  
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[Verse 3: T.I.]

Ay, before us there was none  
After us no more they'll ever be  
This the greatest show on earth you'll ever see  
I still do it for my niggas in the streets getting to it  
Blowing money like my nigga Big Meech used to do it  
Say we blowing money fast, big old money bag  
Three, four hundred carats just to make them sucka's  
mad  
Back in the saddle the winner of every battle  
Been the best since I was rapping in a rattle word travel  
As you comment on the rumors of what have you  
bewared dude  
Prayer cant prepare you how dare you  
Disrespect my presence, peasants I will tear you  
A new one, I poop on your egos and move on  
Rolls Royce back seat, no grey poupon  
A true don, three piece Paul Smith suit on  
Pion, see it ain't no neon in my new one  
Tear the truth on every song I spew on (blaww!!)

[Chorus: B.o.B]

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