

T.i.**"Who Want Some"**Visit "[Who Want Some](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yea
Alright

All I got is trouble, most of niggas know me
Pistols in the duffle, everybody looking forward eh...
Who want some? Who want some?
You know everybody get it if he want some

Flyest in the city, all I do is ride
Everybody get it, think I'm lying to distract
Who want some? Who want some?
You know everybody get it if he want some

Aye you come in here with the bullshit
And when you see me holla at me if you want it bitch
You come in here with the bullshit
And when you see me holla at me if you want some
nigga

I'm Trouble Man, stay in trouble, trouble's all I know
I snort it no 40-40, fit in all of my clothes
I love the hustle, but trust no one, I'm countin all of my
dough
Imagine city, stacks of 20's, then it's all I throw
You better now what that be cuz they all my folk
I do a party, hundred G to the mall I go
This slow flow bought the full flow
Mention I in Cali got a matte black Rover bulletproof to
nally
Chicken nigga here say he better than me
Man if they really wanna be, I leave him dead he can be
I'm back up in this bitch with 2 OG, what they wanna
do?
I shoot a nigga, catch a phase and beat it in a monocle
leggo

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A million dollar train shit, so big itâ€™s a shame
Million thatâ€™s to hang with niggas out there dealing
cocaine
Just canâ€™t mane, you know I ainâ€™t finna deal with no
lame
Still I catch me a Benny, Iâ€™m sittin in them things
Walkin out the thing to throw them, junk is all on my
chain
My address and my ensemble, that spot all on my
chain
Then play the games if you want to, all my nigga with it
We can bang if you want to, let all the niggas get it
Iâ€™m probation and Iâ€™m waitin for a nigga to jump
You get respect in the crowd, nigga pull barrel I donâ€™t
Like ainâ€™t he learn from that time that he done did it in
the pen
Man hear these skinny niggas all talkin bout pistols
again

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You circled that how many times? Have you nigga
forgot?
I get locked up, get out on top whether you like it or not
Letter of remember from my fan came, now I was a
head case
To the nigga neighborhood, tell him bring the other
tape
I calmed down for my kids and my mom now
Run up on them sucka niggas, you can put your arms
down
And FYI: I never put my arms down

Tell the ATF I got 3 more, 3 80's left

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Trouble Man like give me a beer partner, yea
Bounce back like a rubber band nigga, have a bank roll
nigga
Boing eh
Ya'll niggas thought it was over with nigga
You goddamn couldn't be more motherfuckin
mistakin, you understand that?
Nigga I'm thinkin of takin this bitch with the big homie
DJ 2, nigga what's happenin?
Yea nigga, west side, niggas all 1's on 4's nigga
you understand that?
Yea, niggas turn the heat up in here, what's
happenin?
Nigga up in here, what it do?
Yea, tell me to roll, nigga Blood House nigga I see you
Yea
Yea nigga
Nigga nigga they can stay and catch me nigga
I'm still ridin down the same streets in the Lou V
nigga, that's all partner
But that wet nigga
Click click pow, ain't nothing changed nigga
Think I'm lyin as you motherfucker want to
I'm on probation nigga
I'm on probation nigga
You know what that mean don't you?
Big bank rolls and new 4x4's nigga
Yea, Trouble Man nigga aye!

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