T.i. "Why U Mad At Me"

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I got a question fo' you hatin' ass niggaz out there, ay Why you mad at me, ay Oh, lame ass nigga, why you mad at me Sucka ass nigga, why you mad at me

Remember late nights, earn stripes, servin' straight white

Talk shit, slap box clear into the day light Might fuss, may fight but stay tight Keep what the 'J' need for the lighter hit the base pipe

If the trap was the ocean or the sea You could consider me and them the killa whales and great whites

Befo' a nigga tried to click it make them think twice 'Cause they knew Cap would kill a nigga fo' blink twice

Day right, I'm recitin' my life
Nigga I was there no matter what through sirens on a
silent night
Cold Sundays, slow Mondays, hot Friday nights
Tuesday Thursdays servin' whether or not they ride

Tuesday Thursdays servin' whether or not they ride tonight

On peaceful days hostful evenings even violent nights Chip on my shoulder hold a grudge 'cause you can die tonight

I swear you niggaz had no idea what my life was like Befo' the bright lights and a half a mil just to grab the mic

Is it 'cause I came from the bottom to the top (Why you mad at me)
Maybe 'cause I spent a hundred on a drop (Why you mad at me)
Is it 'cause I kept it pimpin' and stayed down (Why you mad at me)
Or is it 'cause I am the a town (That's why you mad at me)

Is 'cause you a lame and I'm a 'G' (Why you mad at me)

Is it 'cause I got love in the streets
(Why you mad at me)
Is 'cause you know yo' time runnin' out
(That's why you mad at me)
Is it 'cause you know I'm king of the south
(That's why you mad at me)

Niggaz mad 'cause I got it like this Gold on my wrist hoes on my dick, my dick But I could give a fuck about this industry I'm a be the same tip 'til the end of me

That's something you know automatically if you a friend of me Question that will think other wise now you offend me I came in this game not looking for a friend or enemy Found them both now that niggaz in to me

Got little rap niggaz liking into me
Major labels and polices want to censor me
Feds on my ass 'cause I'm in the streets
Think I still slang listen to lame niggaz who lie to snitch on me

It ain't my fault that you can't picture me Ridin' in a phantom and I swear I never fathom All the fame that a nigga can gain from Atlanta Now I'm just tryin' to maintain for Atlanta

Befo' niggaz would say in Atlanta I was Rhode Park Doug high stayed in Atlanta Now true enough I sold yay in Atlanta But is that compared to contributions, I made to Atlanta

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A pick a reason any reason all excuses would do But man you lucky, I ain't buckin' like I used to do fool While you was throwin' one's and two's, I was liftin' up tools and then

Shoot at his shoes just to see if he move

Or either bust at his head to check if he dead man Don't talk around 'cause I heard he the Fed's man They offer him time and they knowin' he scared and tell him

Give me they names or you doin' the stretch man

Or wear a wire go record what he said And then you can tell his lawyer that his clients a dead man

A rat I'm smellin', blow I ain't sellin' Where you got that impressin' ain't no tellin'

Yes, I'm a felon why was that in question What about all these records I'm sellin' I'm bank head born and bank head bread And when a nigga die, I'm gone be bank head dead

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