

## T.i. "Wild Side"

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[Intro:]

Smoking weed  
Riding chrome  
Only thing I've ever known  
Walk on the wildside  
Welcome to our lives

Swaggin' ki's  
Spraying K's  
Every day we getting paid  
To walk on the wildside  
Welcome to our lives

[Verse 1: T.I.]

Come take a little walk with me through my  
neighborhood  
And come spend a day in my trap  
Get your paper right  
And that yey some good  
But you keep a tool in your lap  
My lil patna holding that work  
Nigga won't wait to keep around bay  
Been that violator on my turf  
Nigga just stage dive like that  
(Hey, no)  
Investigation no stating this  
No witnesses, we ain't seen shit  
Pull up after dawg  
With that Guru on  
To come see a bitch  
That way he get it  
We on dawg, bro, we know street lights  
That pills to play at the fist fights  
N'em get much to walk all night  
We made crack pipe trying to get right  
Midnight we shoot dykes  
The whole house smell like concrete  
You beat me, and you talk shit  
You get shot bitch, and I took that  
Hoodrats on there, they loud as all I blow  
This shit to you might sound wild  
But this life is all I know

[Hook:]  
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[Verse 2: T.I.]  
(Hey)  
Can you pitch me back in 93'  
Bumpin' it out with Dre  
While I hit some weed  
Cut school, make ten G  
Thirteen, trying to get ki  
At fifteen, I'm a full-grown  
Get wrong, get bust on  
My uncle gave me a bunch of work  
And that shit were gone by the near morning  
You wild nigga runnin' with me  
I'm a sigh when under her  
Dear body with none to see  
That pills to play, with Jeff under her  
I were 19 with two felonies  
One of my best friend have a life sentence  
And my other friend, would you light me  
Having bought your pot, we're no longer living  
All about that cocaine deal  
And no education, no pot to piss in  
Old school, on chrome wheel  
We entertain it, pills stay hidden  
That's the shit that I come from  
In my heart, fear ain't none  
Stand tall, I can't run from  
That wildside, that I smoke on

[Hook:]  
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[Verse 3: ASAP Rocky]

(Uh)

(Yeah)

All I ever did was pit on  
On my old friend tryin' to get on  
Shorty fell out, making these songs  
Never talk down when I get home  
Nigga's the type of nigga you can shit on  
Unexpose, brick chrome  
Guard body, big bone  
That's hard body, Jim Jones  
Nigga's know the sound on how we switch on him  
Spend a while out when the tips on  
Better make a toast, nigga, tip home  
First get the bread, then get going  
From the land of the land where they spit chrome  
With most kids never get to live long  
Get their pistols, get pissed on  
Pistolwhipped and shipped, homie  
Left for a minute and they switched on me  
Caught them talking down, tryna bitch on me  
And they snitch on me  
They got shit, on me  
So my guess is death is what they wish, on me  
Blowing on them candles

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