

T.I. Feat. Wyclef Jean "You Know What It Is"

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Aye boy don't spill my drink boy
Pull up! Now listen
Everybody report to the blood clot dance floor
Wyclef all hands on deck
You know the beat!
Yo TIP, talk to them blood

I'm a real nigga homie throw 6 figures on me
Got a pistol you don't want it, boy you know what it is
I'm way flyer, my payÃ¢â€s way higher
If they ever mention sire boy you know what it is

Ã¢â€~Bout that drama, you donÃ¢â€t want no
problems
Gotta love that llama boy you know what it is
I get money, all I got is big money
Think that's all she get from me boy you know what it is

(Aye aye aye aye aye aye boy you know what it is)
Yo TIP, let them niggas rap boys know how you livin'

The wait is over here I go again I'm back into play
Gone sell another couple mill and take it back to the A
Gone take another couple mill and put it back in the
safe
5 cash for the crib on the back of the lake

IÃ¢â€m up in Crucial 2 stepping with the gat at my
waist
TI ain't in the street no more, oh is what they say?
Don't even try him when you see him boy you'd have to
be great
Because this pistol hit you in your face your teeth you'd
have to replace
That's if you're lucky nigga trust me it don't hurt me to
take
A 100 thousand to them Haitians, you'll be murdered
today

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Think that's all she get from me boy you know what it is

Yo TIP some boys want to player hate

(Aye aye aye aye aye aye boy you know what it is)

Let them know who the King of the South is, talk to
them

Women sweating when they see me, I'm apparently hot

Had the album of the year nigga Grammy or not

Remember all day I used to stay in the spot

With 2 revolvers in my pocket picture handling rock

And now chart topping, ain't a car I ain't got

I am the number one customer at my own car lot

You want to know how much I'm making just imagine a
lot

You know I'm probably making more than you'd
imagine I got

Listen close I need to know if you understand me or not
(I need you to be clear)

If you disrespecting me you and your man'll be shot
(Bop bop!)

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(Aye aye aye aye aye aye boy you know what it is)

Why all y'all shock? ~Cause I'm moving?

We'll pass you in the dust boy

Went from the King of the South to the King of the
States

Riding in a car you probably never seen in the States

No idea how much yay I can bring in the States

And you can get 100 on it for a million a day

Frank Lucas ain't the only one to make a million a day
But it's an American gangster right here in your face
And you don't want to see PSC on the scene with a "K"
You think you running up and robbing that ain't even the case
Just because you get away that don't mean
it's ok
You a dead man walking and I mean it, ok, hey

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