

E.Y.C**"Get Ya Weight Up"**Visit "[Get Ya Weight Up](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse One: T.I.]

Call me Rubber Band Man, get as high as I can
Tote a hundred grand in my case
Anotha five in my pants
In dat new LI sedan, bout da size of a van
155 on 85, I be flyin my man
And ain't no catchin T.I.P. silly
But you can try if ya can
Get ya ass laid out, right beside ya man
Sprayed out da clip, left ya wit ya face in da sand
Sent da DA on a cruise, den do a day in da can
Two in da hand I'm jukin, I'm too cool ta dance
I got a bad bitch in Paris, I cut a fool in France
Cool as a fan, betta ask some body who da man
Shut da bout down, clown when I choose to man
I'm da Bankhead ambassador, Atlanta my land
Whether I'm rappin, actin, or trappin, haddlin grands
I give a goddamn, not nan niggaz advance
On da crown, to get anything less da laid down
I stay down

[Chorus][2X]T.I. & [Lil Jon]

We ain't playin dat shit [GET YA WEIGHT UP]
And we dont play dat shit [GET YA WEIGHT UP]
Nigga fuck dat shit [GET YA WEIGHT UP]
Well nigga buck den shit [GET YA WEIGHT UP]

[Verse 2: 8Ball]

I see you lookin at me, wit yo lookin ass
You wanna light it up, you betta pull it fast
I'm not ya homeboy, I'm not ya kinfolk
I got my own drink. I got my own dough
I got my own slab, wit Michael Jordans on it
If you don't kno da lingo, den 23's hommie
You wanna ride on em, you gotta hustlin baby
Some niggaz dying fo em, out here actin crazy
I saw dem niggaz buckin, at da club spennin
Buyin hoes drinks, gettin at all da bithes
Dey got dey bling on, chains and rings on
Dey will stunt until da dj play da wrong song

Now dey on da flo, head split in two
All dey ice gone, and all dey bitches too
Dats why we roll deep, dat's why we hold heat
Dat's why we own streets. Fuck up and you will see..

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Lil' Jon]

Pussy nigga, wut's up, goddamn dat shit
All dat yappin at da mouth 'll getcha fucked up quick
I'ma ATL nigga, and BME's da clique
Crunk Juice in my glass, always givin me lip
I hit dese hoes like boes wit dis platinum dick
My magnum always stay locked, cocked, ready ta hit
I give a goddamn nigga who we rollin wit
Get ya weight up hoe, den approach me bitch

[Verse 4: 8Ball]

Get ya weight up nigga, get ya weight up bitch
I went from hustlin on da corner, to hustlin legit
From ridin 84's ta new school 4-doors
From smokin on dat Reggie to smokin on dat Dro
No mo 18's, niggaz ride 24's
On anything new, ta old school 4-doors
You might be ridin nigga, but dat ain't shit
If you ain't got no feet, be da candy bitch

[Chorus]

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