

Glasses Malone "Call Me T.I."

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Rubber band man, bitch I got stash
Cause I'm a dough boy, what you know about that?
You can call me T.I., handling my bi
I like the gia, I cause I'm a T.I.
I bring them out, cause my bread is low
And this big things popping till I'm dead and gone
You can call me T.I., handling my bi
I like the gia, I cause I'm a T.I.

I my nigger I ask I about me, nigger that's
I could get a hundred years for having this
Lay a hundred down, on one trip
Next year's model, how a nigger
Next top model, on a nigger dick
Word from pictures
What you staring at, take a picture
Now you heard me bitch, go call your men's up
My hustle grand, they got my grands up
We blowing money fast nigger air one
If you do it like g my nigger stand up
And put your hands up, like the law here
Shit but fuck the law, you trying to I here
The top shelf I bring them all here
I we do this all yeah

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The top bag, it's on 24, run upon this bitch and
watch the semi blow
Laid too many down on too many flow
I left them pale, talking Demi Moore
This bread got me eating like it's deneros
Now I'm snatching plates, where your dinner go
Ain't too many real gangsters left in it, bro, nah

Shit I'm like Cortez, these niggers can't
Jack the swag, shout out to rose
Now I'm a rock star, shout out to Coldplay
Coldest cube, shout out to
Just legendary, like the OG
Catch me hitting corners in the clean
Vanilla paint seats, icecream cones
Till the kings home, I'm in the king's throne
Beating on my chest like I'm king Kong

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