

## Duo Herzklang

# "Get Ya Weight Up"

Visit "[Get Ya Weight Up](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://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]

Visit [Duo Herzklang](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.