

My Swag (feat. Wyclef Jean)

T.I.

You gotta get your swagger together, nigga, get your suitcase
Starts on the inside, ya dig, I don't need mine, I got cribs where we goin
If you don't love yourself you can't love nobody
Keep up, nigga, I love myself, you gon' need to travel, ladies
You go and get that Mack diesel, right I'm the man from Atlanta to way out in Cali
Catch me in New York, I'm on the way to Miami
I be in Hawaii then catch me in Paris
I be at home barely, I'll sleep when I'm buried What I need some sleep for? This dope got me geeked up
I went to Japan and made a mil' in a week, bro
These niggaz can't keep up when they see me in London
So I go out in Ibiza, that time I ain't sleep for Bout three days, maybe you'll see me in Haiti
With Wyclef Jean and a selection of ladies
But my folk got that workin like they back in the eighties
See the money's what move me, conversation don't phase me Tell 'em why cause I been around the world
Traveled the seven seas and I be
Poppin bottles with celebrities so you can find me
Flyin high, smokin better trees Girls around the world
They keep callin me, they call me
Paparazzi, they be follow me, they all be
Hopin that they get a shot of me It's my swag, they wonder what's so special 'bout him?
Why they ain't sellin records like him? Tell 'em
It's my swag, how he always look so cool?
And why everybody do what he do, so Gotta be my swag, they wonder why he wear his hat like that?
When girls see him why they act like that? Aye, I don't know
It's my swag, for some reason all the real niggaz love him
Even though their girlfriend wanna fuck him
I guess, gotta be my swag Gettin money in Frisco, wearin my raincoat
See I'm gettin wet and this bitch in the same boat
I came in the game slow, they act like they ain't know
That I wasn't gon' leave until I got what I came fo' I still can't complain though as long as I ain't broke
I came a long way but, shawty, ain't nothin changed though
I still let the tool go, don't get it confused, bro
Run up on me wrong, now what you think I'ma do, bro? Send you to your maker then go to Jamaica
Or either to Cabo, I chill at my condo
My swagger is perfect, hatin on me ain't worth it
Guarantee you, boy, the Earth my turf if that hurts Tell 'em why cause I been around the world
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 It's my swag, for some reason all the real niggaz love him
 Even though their girlfriend wanna fuck him
 I guess, gotta be my swag Regardless what haters say I'm as real as they come
 I'm chasin that paper, baby, however it come
 I'm singin a song and movin yay by the ton
 You never seen a nigga gettin money so young How I get from the pen all the way to Berlin
 I've been to Switzerland, skiing and pimpin, goin again
 It ain't nothin to catch me in the south of France
 In a coffee shop smokin dro in Amsterdam It ain't nothin to fly all the way to Dubai
 St. Barts, St. Lucia, any day we can try
 G-5 to Moscow and they say I'ma lie
 I'ma ball like a dog 'til the day that I die Tell 'em why cause I been around the world
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 It's my swag, for some reason all the real niggaz love him
 Even though their girlfriend wanna fuck him
 I guess, gotta be my swag This is impeccable pimpin
 You couldn't duplicate this shit if I told you how to, man
 Ha, y'all, niggaz, keep up
 By the time you get to Puerto Rico, my nigga, I'll be in Cuba By the time you get to Cuba I'll be in Haiti
 By the time you get to Haiti I'll be way over in Africa, man
 You know what Im sayin? South of France in my land, man
 The Earth's my turf, my nigga

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