

G Shit (Feat. Young Jeezy, WatchTheDuck)

T.I.

I'm a rich nigga like I don't know
I can change if I wanna, but I won't though
Do it right even when I'm on the wrong road
Real talk from the heart what I'm known for
Skinny jeans, I don't do those
I'm the start us up part or the shoot for
Fully automatic chopper, you could shoot though
Now I'm moving five mill when I shoot dough
Audemar, Hublot
One point five on the two-do'
Old hustle, new flow
Old money, new ho
Sucker-free and I'mma chill, bro, I'm too cold
Long as I'm around fuck they need you for?
Riding in the Chevy toting three bricks
Since nobody wanna make G shit This is for the gangsters, for the pimps and hoes
This is for the dopeboy trappers selling halves and hoes
(Since nobody wanna make G shit)
They want G shit, give it to 'em
They want G shit, give it to 'em If you don't know me let me tell you something, shawty
Still got that chopper, make you run for it
Camouflage, dog tags
Got 'em following, when you see me better haul ass
Keep it G at all costs, whatchu call that
Crack rock, hip hop, I done all that
Certified trap nigga, sucker, fall back
A broke nigga he may entertain all that
All left field, keep it true, nigga
Save the flash in the dance for a new nigga
Keep speaking for the ones who ain't got a voice
Kill 'em dead only when they leave no other choice
How I see it, if you ain't gotta die about it?
Don't waste my time, slime, why the fuck we talking about it?
Still riding in the Chevy toting three bricks
Since nobody wanna make G shit This is for the gangsters, for the pimps and hoes
This is for the dopeboy trappers selling halves and hoes
(Since nobody wanna make G shit)
They want G shit, give it to 'em
They want G shit, give it to 'em Now what the fuck is an ounce? We smoking bout an LB

We don't even do the nine, sell it by the whole ki
And I'mma take this shit to trial, they got nothing on me
Avion, the Champagne, bitch, I'm 'bout to OD
I got a bag full of birds and motherfuckers getting bought
Bars on the trap doors got it looking like a vault
Used to hit the highway over twenty of them things
Young nigga hit the club with the twenty of them chains
When Jay was beefing with Nas I was selling cocaine
When Game was beefing with 50 I was doing the same thing
I was at the hospital, nigga, Meechy got shot
Fuck you niggas talking 'bout? I love that nigga like Pac
This is for the gangsters, for the pimps and hoes
This is for the dopeboy trappers selling halves and hoes
(Since nobody wanna make G shit)
They want G shit, give it to 'em
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Songwriters

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