

# Touchdown (Ft. Eminem)

T.I.

When we touchdown[Chorus]  
In the Midwest we OK  
Everybody know them southern boys love that bass  
Atlanta go bananas, Alabama, Louisiana  
Mississippi tenekeys, every mothafuckin' state  
When we touchdown  
Go right from the plane to the range  
When we touchdown  
On the private plane gettin' brain, till we  
Touchdown, eh ain't no way to keep 'em quiet  
Wit T.I. and Shady baby we bout to insight a riot  
When we touchdownWhen we get in town, you know how we getting down  
Pull a cling an hop on out, snatch all the freaks then walk on out  
I'm livin' what they talkin' bout, shinin' if it dark or not  
That one hundred D-X double R, you'll find that in the parkin' lot  
You barkin' up the wrong tree, I do this shit for zone 3  
4, 5 and 6 as well as 1, atlanta I'm forever son  
Still be on whatever coat, grindin' blowin' heavy smoke  
Him you better tell 'em fo, won't hesitate to let him go  
They know I put that green light on them haters  
Keep on tryin' me I'll put that beam right on ya tater  
(Bow wow wow wow)  
You don't wanna see T.I.P he irate  
Try to keep in a cage but some how he keep escapin'  
That's why I be on vacation, Virgin Islands I be takin'  
Private planes out to Spain, now keep on flyin' I ain't fakin'  
The money ain't a thing, think I'm lyin' your mistaken  
You can find long lines, and all kinds of bitches your way  
When we touchdown[Chorus>Welcome to the Midwest, yes  
Where the Detroit players, ball like you have no idea  
The boy is here  
Got the whole place lookin' like its candy painted, ain't it  
Like we left the kids at home and just let 'em loose with the crayons  
Fuck, I just hit a jogger  
People lookin' like frogger  
They hoppin' out the way whenever they see Marshal's car comin'  
The kids painted my windows with black, permanent marker  
And left the rest of the car color cover like swirl pops  
And I got the bass thumpin' but I'm bound to bump into something

Kids are flyin' through the air lookin' like they're crumpin', the way they're tumbling

I gotta do something

But soon as I hit the carwash, to get the tar off

Then it's right back at it tomorrow

They're like dad, this is in, so get with the trend

This is for the pimps, listenin' to MIMS, nail polish on the rims

And now it's custom chrome, but I gotta go do a show

So go on with your bad self, just have it back to normal when I

Touchdown[Chorus]From my arrival, to my departure

I guarantee I put this d-i-c-k in somebody daughter, ey

I still have my way with the ladies across the water

Flew from Paris to Haiti, just some shit that I thought of

Its ironic kind of shit that we buy man

Make us psychotic

Threat to corporate America, then why they runnin' from me

How could they be so ignorant look at what hip hop den done

Its allowed us to run a business, we should of made it our money

Got us out the ghettos, relocated our mommies

I made it all the way here, ain't no way you takin' it from me

So excuse me Oprah honey I'm sorry really I promise

But niggas bitches and hoes do exist I'm just bein' honest

But why am I bein' punished why is you so astonished

Now I ain't got a degree just intelligence and abundance

So you ain't gotta like me I know millions folks that love me

Well u can tell how they yellin' and screamin'

An waitin' for me

When I touchdown[Chorus]

Songwriters

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