im straight (ft. b.g., young j

T.I.

[T.I.]
Yeah, yeah, uh, aye! What the fuck I gotta worry about now?
Nigga you think after weatherin' the storm and comin' from the extremes I came from
You think I'ma call all the way and get scared? Ahah!
Nah nigga.. I'ma motherfuckin' win
Nigga if all this shit go out the window right now man
I'm all too familiar with this shit
My nigga I'm straight ya dig? Please believe that shit man. Hey! {*echoes*}[Chorus I: T.I.]
You can keep the car, the clothes, the money and the hoes
Just gimme a couple of O's, drop me off at the sto'
And I'm straaaiiiggghhhttt... hey shawty I'm straaaiiiggghhhttt
Hey you can keep the dancers and the boppers, the plexers and the poppers
Let me fill up my Impala, boy holla at my partners
And I'm straaaiiiggghhhttt... hey shawty I'm straaaiiiggghhhttt[T.I.]
I gotta couple of V's wit' the kits, MPV's on my wrist
A lot of glamour and glit's, but shawty I don't need that
My beginnin' was a humble one, a hustler I'ma son of one
Taught me how to number run, I went from that to number one
Had a hundred ones, I bought a slab flipped another one
Sold my little three-eighty east, and said I need another gun
The littlest in the trap, and gotta pack of ice and bubble gum
Junkies hatin' on my stacks, sayin' I'm nuttin but a young
Buck, niggaz say, "What?" Then he see me raise up
Just wanna see the little boy wit' nuts exchange old niggaz whole face soon
'Cause I spray the nigga's whole face up, wet the nigga from the waist up
They try you once and you pull a fall, and then tell 'em shaw' don't play wit 'em
I'm fourteen in the dope game and don't care of catchin' no case bruh
You can sell to me, that's intentionally, another nigga that it's too late for
Hey wait bruh, bet any nigga came from that?
Who lose it all the day, I bet he say he changed from that[Chorus II: T.I.]
Hey you can keep the game and the fame, the haters and the lames
Just gimme some cocaine and some wood I can slang
And I'm straaaiiiggghhhttt... hey shawty I'm straaaiiiggghhhttt
Hey you can keep the clones and the clowns, the throne and the crown
Well-known in the town that I'm holdin' it down
So I'm straaaiiiggghhhttt... hey shawty I'm straaaiiiggghhhttt[B.G.]
Okay now, now when I spit it, I spit it how I live it
Every verse I ever gave ya, it was fact, nothin' fiction
I'ma +Livin' Legend+.. no stuntin', no reppin'

You can check my track record, I'm highly respected
I'ma gangsta in the game, go ask Lil' Wayne
Ask Judge Johnson, how many times he saw my face
For, "pistol here, pistol there," "violation here, violation here"
Betta ask Rank, I ran the jail when I was there
I held it down, where-ever I go
When I'm in the A wit' the +King+, or in Detroit in the snow
I'ma pro, whether it's movin' snow or movin' 'dro
That's between me and you, I can get it for the low
But that's nuttin, everybody say they gotta story
Mine on "Larry King," theirs is on "Maury"
At the end of the day, it seems to won't go away
I guarantee +The Heart of the Streetz+ that you pray[Chorus I][Young Jeezy]
Snowman bitch (bitch), I ride two-seaters (vroom!!)
It's a cold world, so I keep two heaters (geyeah!)
I'm straaaiiiggghhhttt, you betta ask somebody (body)
Matter fact nigga you can just ask me (me)
A little over aggressive, yeah I just might be
But half the niggaz in the hood just like me (damn!)
You wonder why a nigga talk eight balls all day?
You should try standin' around wit' eight balls all day (YEEEAAAHHH!!)
Somebody pray for me, I don't know nothin' else (AYE!)
Why should I help you, when you ain't tryin' to help yourself
I came in this game, fresh out the streets (yeah)
Who you kiddin' nigga, I put my life on these beats (YEAH!)
Fuck bein' broke, this a reality check (check)
While you mad at ya girl, ya betta check reality (AHAH!)
Gotta crawl 'fore you walk, you gotta think before you talk
Damn right they gon' hate (geyeah!), 'cause them niggaz aren't straight
(AHAH!)[Chorus II][Pimp see - talking after song ends]
Say what it do? Young Pimp see know what I'm talkin 'bout?
Yeah, nigga want me to speak on some "king" shit, know what I'm sayin'?
On the cool why'know.. young nigga T.I. jumped out there
Said he was the king of the south
He ruffled a whole lotta niggaz' feathers
But niggaz didn't really understand what the nigga was talkin 'bout
Why'know.. and uh.. so everybody had it twisted but..
Me I understood from the get go
That what the nigga was tryin' to put
In these motherfuckin' stupid ass niggaz' faces!!
Was the fact that it's a whole bunch of kings down here
And as long as you takin' care of yo' business and doin' king shit you a king!
What these niggaz shoulda been tryin' to do was tryin' to get close to the nigga
And get some understandin' about the type of game
He was tryin' to put in these motherfuckin' niggaz' ear holes!

Understand what I'm sayin'?
So I'm layin' back I'm watchin' the game from the sideline
Know what I'm talkin 'bout?
And I'm seein' all these ol' pussy ass niggaz out here
Talkin 'bout they this and they that, but they really ain't doin' nothin!
'Cause they motherfuckin' paper ain't right
When I see them in the street, they diamonds fake! Know what I'm talkin 'bout?
They shit ain't cut right, ya shit ain't right!
Shit cloudy and chipped up, know what I'm talkin 'bout?
And them niggaz talkin 'bout they "trill niggaz"
Don't even know what the motherfuckin' word mean!
Know what I'm talkin 'bout? This comin' from the O.G. style trill
Know what I'm talkin 'bout? Not these ol' fake ass niggaz
Tryin' to come on the scene later on and tryin' to take glory for some shit
Some other niggaz paid dues for, know what I'm talkin 'bout?
So this is what is.. we bringin' Georgia and Texas together
All you ol' BITCH ASS NIGGAS that ain't down wit' the play
Move on to the side, all you old school rappers like 'Pac say
You niggaz flabby, lookin' like Larry Holmes
BACK YO' BITCH ASS UP!! And, and, and, and move around for the South
'Cause it's our time to shine, know what I'm talkin 'bout?
Now let's do this shit!

Songwriters
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