

Bring Em Out (Produced By Swizz Beats)

T.I.

(Bring 'em out, Its hard to yell when the barrels in ya mouth) Swizzie!
(Bring 'em out, bring 'em out) Aye!
(Bring 'em out, bring 'em out) TI
(Bring 'em out, bring 'em out) Aye! TIP coming live from the VIP, heard the night life lost life when I leave
Both the Feds and the State want to see my need
The whole city got bizzerk he got treat
Another nigga got a hit but shawty he not me
Who set the city on fire as soon as he got freed
The king back now hoes don't even know how to act now
Hit the club strippers give neck 'fore I sit down
Still balling money stack taller than Shaq now
Still push a button to let the roof on the 'Lac down
I'm on the road doing shows putting my mack down
Mississippi to Philly Albuquerque to Chatt Town I got the crowd yelling (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out)
Aye, all my hotgirls yelling (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out)
Aye, all the Dope Boyz yelling (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out)
Aye, from the back they yelling (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out) Once again what other rap nigga hooeder than this
I got rich and I'm still on some hoolagin' shit
You be rapping bout blow I was moving the shit
You talking bout shooting out and I was doing the shit
If I hit you in the face you goin' be suing and shit
And if I catch another case I know I'm true to be missed
So I'ma keep it cool head stay out of the news
Headlines and shows other rappers its bedtime (bedtime)
It's clear to see that I'm ahead of my time
I copped a chromed out hard top Carrera to shine
I got some time, it ain't shit cause I get better wit time
Who got a flow and a live show better than mine I got the crowd yelling (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out)
Aye, all my hotgirls yelling (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out)
Aye, all the Dope Boyz yelling (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out)
Aye, from the back they yelling (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out) Mic check 1-2 1-2, you want to beef wit the king
what is you goin' do
Will you show up on the scene wit 2 guns drew
Or you and ya friend and play a little two on two
If you knew half of what I knew then you'll be hitting the deck
Got a tool and a vest I can get some respect
I'ma make it hard for a sucker nigga to flex
Sho 'em this ain't the squad for a nigga to test
Pimp my nuts too large and we way too fresh

Work well wit Nines AK's and Techs
And quick to check a lame like a game of chess
You want beef you can bring ya best and we'll be standing I got the crowd yelling (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out)
Aye, all my hotgirls yelling (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out)
Aye, all the Dope Boyz yelling (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out)
Aye, from the back they yelling (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out) I got the crowd yelling (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out)
Aye, all my hotgirls yelling (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out)
Aye, all the Dope Boyz yelling (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out)
Aye, from the back they yelling (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out) Hands, in the, air, now!
Hands, in the, air, now!
Hands hands in the in the air air now!
Hands, in the, air, now! Hands, in the, air, now!
Hands, in the, air, now!
Hands hands in the in the air air now!
Hands, in the, air, now! (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out)

Songwriters

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