

I Can't Quit

T.I.

Huh, hell naw I can't quit,
Hell naw man we got too much money to be getting shot up
Stay down, Grand HustleLook, I'm this far from being a star and just that close to quitting
I never should of came close to missing
But I want to be a musician pimping not a politician
Listen, feel my position it's a rough transition
Plus I'm way too deep in the game to be trying to change
For fortune and fame and glamor I can be in the slammer
Or six feet up under Atlanta
It's a blessing to breathe
I walk the streets with seven felonies I'm blessed to be free
Long as somebody up in heaven who keep blessing a G
T.I.P. will still be blessing CD's
So haters you can see these
Cause I'm back now with something to prove
Everything to gain pimping nothing to lose
I ought to start smacking niggas when it's nothing to do
They too big shoot them in the leg and even the odds
Cause you ain't hard
Unless you ran with Cap and see-Rod
Trapped with K.T. and robbed with J.R
Fucked hoes with D.P
Broke bread with J.G
Switched labels like K.P
Who the fuck did all that, pimp?
Me, even though I'd rather go back to slanging drugs and shit
It's a gang of niggas and bitches really love this shit
I can't quit[Chorus]
Even though polices hate I'm legit
And rappers hate it cause they know I'm the shit
Hell no I can't quit
Some niggas hating on the money I'm getting
Most of them hate it cause I'm fucking they bitches
No pimping I can't quit
Some niggas hating on the rocks and the rings
Some of them hate cause they know I'm the King
Hell no I can't quit
People hate it when you better than them
They ain't hating start worrying then

Aye I'm winning I can't quit[Verse Two]
It's been ten years a album and two deals
For real we all know I should have sold two mill, at least
It's all good though I flow for the streets
I do it for y'all
Every weekend see who in the mall
Still in the trap signing your shirts giving you dap
Kicking it with you then get you and your folk in the club
Posing for pictures with girls
Give them kisses and hugs
Pouring out liquor at shows
Passing niggas the dro
One of the realest rappers niggas will know
But niggas be hating
To the point that they be calling the station ?Don't play his record?
But they respect it cause I'm ready and focused
And I see they petty and bogus
I want you to know this
But most of you know this
Niggas in the game ain't real
Gotta stay selling records cause the fame ain't shit
And fuck the units that they name will sell
It'll break your heart to see your favorite rappers lame as hell
I can't quit[Chorus][Verse Three]
Some of the people some of the times pick with rhymes
But they may not like one of the lines
I'll tell you what
I'll let you criticize me one at a time
Those of you who think I'm too cocky get in front of the line
Whether you don't like my ego or my arrogant flow
Don't like that when you say I'm tight I say I already know
Don't like how I was talking shit before my album could blow
Thinking I need to calm it down be like the average Joe
So, fuck you, them thoughts, and that little house you think I'm in
Get a Benz I'll value your opinion then
Think I give a fuck how many time my record spin
Fuck what you recommend
I'm back again! (Look pimping)
I can't quit[Chorus]