

Undertaker (ft. Young Buck & Young Dro)

T.I.

I'm a pimp tight, nigga ridin clean after midnight,
Ready for the gun play, prepared for a fistfight,
Run up on your bitch and ask her what that pussy hit like?
At first she actin' funny, but in a minute I knew she'd get right,
Get down, got her fuckin' with another bitch now,
I'm king of all ice so remember this tip town,
And you ain't ready pussy nigga better set it down,
We mag night and rock steady nigga spittin rounds,
Turn you're stomach to spaghetti when you hit the ground,
Toss the choppas in the chevy now we mashin down,
Camilton, countin' all your benjamins and hamiltons,
As far as I'm concerned your just a job for the janitors,
Don't disregard I'm a guard your an amateur,
Hidin' behind your body guards and your manager,
I pimp hard through all the pages in the calendar,
Bitch is Pimp Squad, its all action no cameras,[Chorus]
You know what it is, You know what it is,
You know what it is, You know what is is,
Shorty we bury niggaz, Shorty we bury niggaz,
Shorty we bury niggaz, Shorty we bury niggaz, ... THE UNDERTAKER
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Yo, standin on the trap with me,
mashin' me is best for me
1000 round magazine, my partner say no attemptin me
I'm A to the average be, respiratory??. fruit chevy, H-IC, my lyrics hit like HIV
Spray by me, state patrol, murder comes like day to me,
Bullets chip your l-I-p and dirty all your h-I-p's
Shout out to your homies where they're feedin um through they IV,
From the westside where they say I be,
The way I be, the ruler of all I survery I be,
Laid back, Yay's back, Triple Kiwi Maybach,
Weed match the benz, Cush triple kiwi'd 80 pack,
Old school baby crack, I'm tryin' to bring the 80's back,
Haitians give me hated crack, 'cause my momma hated crack,
Til' we got evicted and I came through and done ate his ass,
Playa back, we rhyme we I live, I'm a zone 3 hustla niggaz know what it is,[Chorus]
May we all bow our heads,
and pray for this nigga,

The undertakers comin any day for this nigga,
They hate um' in the hood, from the dreams he been sellin',
I read the paperwork and it seems you was tellin',
You know what it is, and you know who I'm talkin' bout,
When the feds came, I didn't open up my mouth,
What you scared for?, niggaz know you've been a hoe,
It was like homie, shit was all good just a week ago,
Get the goons ready start up your vehicle,
And shoot at any fuckin' car you ain't seen before,
Pick up the shells, and we use an automatic,
They gave 50 years to my nigga lil' travis,
See I'm movin trap, and let um trip over the wires,
And then he'll be layin', right by the preacher and the choir,
Catch um before I do, T.I. go and handle your biz,
When you see me holler at me homie you know what it is ...[Chorus]

Songwriters

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