

# I Can't Help It

T.i.

Hey you know me bitch nigga, I'm all of that  
Hit your broad with a big dick, didn't call her back  
Relax lil' cat, let the big dog attack  
Thought it was over for me homie, did you fall for that?  
You turn rigor red, no cardiac  
Get your hand out of my pocket, what with all of that?  
Tell the sheriff if he can get these fuckin' charges back  
Eleven months, still gotta thank God for that  
Regardless, Big Bang can't fold it up  
Ain't another nigga flowin' who as cold as bruh  
Quarter mill for the show, really though, wassup?  
Louis duffel bag stay loaded up  
Get her to the hotel, betta know what's up  
With the niggas out there get the holdin' up  
We ain't never had a problem getting ho's to fuck  
Suck dick, lick, spit from the shoulders up  
I let this nut get all over her  
Another thick bitch kissing all over her  
Bust the pussy wide open, can't close it up  
Make her bounce that shit, when you found that bitch  
She was layin' on the ground, panties down  
Six chicks with a trash bag of money, tryna count that shit  
Never will find me around that bitch  
Unless she got them lips wrapped around that dick  
Other niggas wanna make love, fuck that  
I bing, bang, pound, beat down that clit  
Sit with it like E-40 then  
Fill up every ho in Georgia, show with 'em  
This K.I.N.G. a.k.a. Big Bang a.k.a. Shawty Pimp  
A.k.a. Shawty Pimp  
Big Bank, a.k.a. Shawty Pimp  
I get money, I can't help it  
You can't stop it, you gotta accept it  
You can't knock it, you gotta respect it  
This is who I am nigga, I can't help it, I can't help it  
In the ghetto with a drop Rolls Royce  
They say keep at one hundred, I ain't got no choice  
(I can't help it)  
Always Big Bang, I'm so trill and you ain't

Cut it down, bitch I can't  
(I can't help it)  
See how I do it, I'm so hood  
Cut it off, go Hollywood, bitch I would if I could  
(I can't help it)  
The city wouldn't be shit without me  
15 million dollar houses, still can't get this trap up out me  
(I can't help it)  
I'm a hustla all the way down to the bone  
Terrorist everyday, out with that bomb  
Stay on a date from the night to the morn'  
Ain't gon' serve you nothin' under a zone  
No fuckin' favors, don't ask for no loan  
Shop with ya dog if ya tryna get on  
Come on my spot, lemme call on my phone  
You ain't tryna suck, leave me alone  
Grindin' for days, I haven't been home  
Don't plan on goin' until it's all gone  
Playin' it strong on whatever you want  
Gotta get right, give a fuck if it's wrong  
Shots of Patron, whole lotta strong  
800's on, boy ya know what I'm on  
Yo bitch wanna fuck, let she know that I'm on  
I don't wanna fuck her, I just want some dome  
Kill me nigga, I got that tone  
Need no help, I can handle my own  
I terror yo squad, but I ain't from the Bronx  
One in the bag, still play with that horn  
Just know I don't play no radio homes  
No radio play every song that I'm on  
Case ya ain't know, I'm Rocko the Don  
Zone 4 Camp'll tell you where I'm from  
Gucci my hat, Gucci my drawers  
Gucci my ass cheeks, Gs cover my balls  
Gucci my pants, Gucci my shirt  
Gucci duffel bag where I keep all that twerk  
Gucci bandanna on top my shirt  
Gucci boots on, I trap in the dirt  
Get money everywhere I go  
G code, G code, that's all I know  
I get money, I can't help it  
You can't stop it, you gotta accept it  
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