

F*ck Da City Up (Outro)

T.I.

This for my niggas on the block dodging one time
Grinding hard, burning up at least one nine
Put ya middle fingers in the air one time
Ride wit me, fuck the city up one time
Fuck the city up
Fuck the city up
Fuck the city up
Fuck the city up one time
Fuck the city up
Fuck the city up
Fuck the city up
Fuck the city up one time
Fresh out the bed getting head in a Range Rove
All about that bread, rubberbands on my bankroll
Bankhead, Simpson Road this Atlanta bitch
So fly, so gangsta, gutter, glamorous
We living out your fantasies, suckas can't handle this
They know we run the city shawty it's unanimous
Shout it out sold yay, nine forty-four
K, Quarter, half, whole thang nigga like the old days?
Hey, dope boy trap nigga swag
Hundred karat chain, quarter mil in the bag
I'm no longer poppin' tags I just let 'em hang
Sucka nigga doing bad I just do my thang
And I ain't frontin', straight by the book--G Code
Bad bitch, a flat stomach, fat booty, deep throat
Twenty grand in my pants, fifty in my peacoat
Jeezy fuckin' wit me and we fuckin' up the city ho
I seen Jizzle in traffic with his top off
So much Louie shit it looking like it knock off
Violation, that'll get ya ass knocked off
Texas Pete nigga get ya ass hot sauce
Ever see me in the club with my shades off
It was a cool contest I guess the shades lost
28-5 yeah that's my cost
Bitch my closet so big I swear I got lost
What? Yeah I think I'm gon' need a map
We throw them birdies in the pool make 'em swim a lap
Whip it counterclockwise, that's the backstroke

Bitch my chain so big look like my back broke
Yeah we 'bout to fuck the city up, go broke
Bitch I'm balling so hard I need the whole court
Six spots in one night they call it club hopping
That new Tip and Jizzle shit, it got the club rocking I'm talkin' A-Town shit, ex lean pound bit
Chopper, fifty round clip
Keep it with me, I 'on't slip
Anyone around Tip bout that drama boy I promise
Got a O of presidential, bitch I'm blowin' that Obama Yeah I'm talkin' plenty choppers, scopes on the A-R
You know how I do it, Forgiatos on the car
When I came up out the womb all I wanna be a star
Hope the feds don't stop me, life sentence in the car Hey boy we spittin', reminiscin' bout when we was in the
kitchen
Representin', niggas payin' bitches need to pay attention
And we on for the city freaks, this A-T-L
Do it for my nigga Big Meech and B.M.F. nigga Nigga, all I blow is strong bitch I'm straight for the week
Order 5000 dollars, threw it all on the freaks
Order twenty-five bricks, I put em all on the streets
Bitch it's shaketown and we turnt up while you sleep
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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