

Touchdown

T.I.

When we touchdown
There's no need to ask me, okay
Everybody know them Southern boys love that bass
Atlanta go bananas, Alabama, Louisiana
Mississippi, Tenekeys, every muthafuckin' state When we touchdown
Go right from the plane to the range
When we touchdown
On the private plane, gettin' brain Till we touchdown
There ain't no way to keep 'em quiet
With T.I. and Shady, baby, we 'bout to move inside a ride
When we touchdown When we get in town you know how we getting down
Pull a cling and hop on out, snatch all the freaks then walk on out
I'm livin', what they talkin' 'bout? I'm shinin' if it dark or not
That one hundred DX double R, you'll find that in the parkin' lot You barkin' up the wrong tree, I do this shit
for Zone 3
4, 5 and 6 as well as 1, Atlanta, I'm forever, son
Still be on whatever coast, grindin', blowin' heavy smoke
Him you better tell 'em 'fore, won't hesitate to let him go They know I put that green light on them haters
Keep on tryin' me, I'll put that beam right on ya tater
Now you don't wanna see T.I.P. be irate
Just try to keep him in a cage but some how he keep escapin' That's why I be on vacation, Virgin Island I be
takin'
Private planes out to Spain, now keep on flyin', I ain't fakin'
The money ain't a thing, think I'm lyin', you're mistaken
You can find long lines and all kinds of bitches your way And when we touchdown
There's no need to ask me, okay
Everybody know them Southern boys love that bass
Atlanta go bananas, Alabama, Louisiana
Mississippi, Tenekeys, every muthafuckin' state When we touchdown
Go right from the plane to the range
When we touchdown
On the private plane, gettin' brain Till we touchdown
There ain't no way to keep 'em quiet
With T.I. and Shady, baby, we 'bout to move inside a ride
When we touchdown Welcome to the Midwest, yes
Where them Detroit players ball like you have no idea, the boy is here
Got the whole place lookin' like its candy painted, ain't it?
Like we left the kids at home and just let 'em loose with the crayons Fuck, I just hit a jogger, people lookin' like
frogger

They Hoppin' out the way whenever they see Marshall's car comin'
The kids painted my windows with black, permanent marker
And left the rest of the car color cover like swirl pops And I got the bass thumpin' but I'm bound to bump into
something
Kids are flyin' through the air, lookin' like they're crumpin'
The way they're tumbling I gotta do something
But soon as I hit the car wash to get the tar off
Then it's right back at it tomorrow They're like dead, this is in so get with the trend
This is for the pimps listenin' to me, nail polish on the rims
And now it's custom chrome but I gotta go do a show
So go on with your bad self, just have it back to normal When I touch down
There's no need to ask me, okay
Everybody know them Southern boys love that bass
Atlanta go bananas, Alabama, Louisiana
Mississippi, Tenekeys, every muthafuckin' state When we touchdown
Go right from the plane to the range
When we touchdown
On the private plane, gettin' brain Till we touchdown
There ain't no way to keep 'em quiet
With T.I. and Shady, baby, we 'bout to move inside a ride
When we touchdown From my arrival until my departure
Guarantee I put this D I C K in somebody daughter, aye
I still have my way with the ladies across the water
Flew to Paris from Haiti, just some shit that I thought of It's ironic kind of shit that we buy, man
Make us psychotical threat to corporate America
Then why they runnin' from me? How could they be so ignorant? Look at what hip hop den done
It's allowed us to run a business, legitimated our monies
Got us out the ghettos and relocated out mommies
I made it all the way here, ain't no way you takin' it from me So excuse me, Oprah, honey, I'm sorry, really I
promise
But niggas, bitches and hoes do exist, I'm just bein' honest
But that am I bein' punished, why are you so astonished?
Now I ain't got a degree, just intelligence in abundance So you ain't gotta like me, I know millions of folks who
love me
You can see it how they yellin' and screamin and waitin' for me When I touchdown
There's no need to ask me, okay
Everybody know them Southern boys love that bass
Atlanta go bananas, Alabama, Louisiana
Mississippi, Tenekeys, every muthafuckin' state When we touchdown
Go right from the plane to the range
When we touchdown
On the private plane, gettin' brain Till we touchdown
There ain't no way to keep 'em quiet
With T.I. and Shady, baby, we 'bout to move inside a ride
When we touchdown

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>