Why U Mad At Me

T.i.

I got a question fo' you hatin' ass niggaz out there, ay

Why you mad at me, ay

Oh, lame ass nigga, why you mad at me

Sucka ass nigga, why you mad at meRemember late nights, earn stripes, servin' straight white

Talk shit, slap box clear into the day light

Might fuss, may fight but stay tight

Keep what the 'J' need for the lighter hit the base pipeIf the trap was the ocean or the sea

You could consider me and them the killa whales and great whites

Befo' a nigga tried to click it make them think twice

'Cause they knew Cap would kill a nigga fo' blink twiceDay right, I'm recitin' my life

Nigga I was there no matter what through sirens on a silent night

Cold Sundays, slow Mondays, hot Friday nights

Tuesday Thursdays servin' whether or not they ride tonightOn peaceful days hostful evenings even violent nights

Chip on my shoulder hold a grudge 'cause you can die tonight

I swear you niggaz had no idea what my life was like

Befo' the bright lights and a half a mil just to grab the micIs it 'cause I came from the bottom to the top

(Why you mad at me)

Maybe 'cause I spent a hundred on a drop

(Why you mad at me)

Is it 'cause I kept it pimpin' and stayed down

(Why you mad at me)

Or is it 'cause I am the a town

(That's why you mad at me)Is 'cause you a lame and I'm a 'G'

(Why you mad at me)

Is it 'cause I got love in the streets

(Why you mad at me)

Is 'cause you know yo' time runnin' out

(That's why you mad at me)

Is it 'cause you know I'm king of the south

(That's why you mad at me)Niggaz mad 'cause I got it like this

Gold on my wrist hoes on my dick, my dick

But I could give a fuck about this industry

I'm a be the same tip 'til the end of meThat's something you know automatically if you a friend of me

Question that will think other wise now you offend me

I came in this game not looking for a friend or enemy

Found them both now that niggaz in to meGot little rap niggaz liking into me

Major labels and polices want to censor me

Feds on my ass 'cause I'm in the streets

Think I still slang listen to lame niggaz who lie to snitch on meIt ain't my fault that you can't picture me Ridin' in a phantom and I swear I never fathom

All the fame that a nigga can gain from Atlanta

Now I'm just tryin' to maintain for AtlantaBefo' niggaz would say in Atlanta

I was Rhode Park Doug high stayed in Atlanta

Now true enough I sold yay in Atlanta

But is that compared to contributions, I made to AtlantaIs it 'cause I came from the bottom to the top (Why you mad at me)

Maybe 'cause I spent a hundred on a drop

(Why you mad at me)

Is it 'cause I kept it pimpin' and stayed down

(Why you mad at me)

Or is it 'cause I am the a town

(That's why you mad at me)Is 'cause you a lame and I'm a 'G'

(Why you mad at me)

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(Why you mad at me)

Is 'cause you know yo' time runnin' out

(That's why you mad at me)

Is it 'cause you know I'm king of the south

(That's why you mad at me)A pick a reason any reason all excuses would do

But man you lucky, I ain't buckin' like I used to do fool

While you was throwin' one's and two's, I was liftin' up tools and then

Shoot at his shoes just to see if he moveOr either bust at his head to check if he dead man

Don't talk around 'cause I heard he the Fed's man

They offer him time and they knowin' he scared and tell him

Give me they names or you doin' the stretch manOr wear a wire go record what he said

And then you can tell his lawyer that his clients a dead man

A rat I'm smellin', blow I ain't sellin'

Where you got that impressin' ain't no tellin'Yes, I'm a felon why was that in question

What about all these records I'm sellin'

I'm bank head born and bank head bread

And when a nigga die, I'm gone be bank head deadIs it 'cause I came from the bottom to the top

(Why you mad at me)

Maybe 'cause I spent a hundred on a drop

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(That's why you mad at me)

Is it 'cause you know I'm king of the south (That's why you mad at me)

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