

# F\*ck Da City Up (Feat. Young Jeezy)

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, Forgias 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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