

Like So

T.I.

Ay suckas hate to see me get it like so, so
Bitches say they dig the way I kick it like so, so
Filthy rich and still I keep it pimping like so
Still the realest nigga in it with a image like so, so
Shawty just might pull up in a ride like so, so
With a bad bitch with him inside like so, like so
Super fly like so, niggas lying like "So?"

Still spit it how I live it on the Hill, here I go, goHey all I do is go and go by this and that to so-and-so

Lil' PeeWee say "They hate to see ya ballin' bro," you know I know
So what though? They can't stop it, they just watch it as this dough I blow
With millions in my pocket, shut it down in every store I go
Atlanta on my shoulders, oh I tow it like a soldier though
Suckers I expose or minimize in exposure so

They trying to make me kill 'em, I'm controlling my emotions though
Why you niggas lookin' so surprised? They not supposed to blow?

From trapping to the club scene, rapping to the big screen
Fashion, television, listen shawty doin' big things
Get team money, fuck a bitch if she ain't coming
So conceited ain't funny, if she ain't fly well she ain't for me

Pretty face, fat booty with a magazine stomach
Catch me somewhere where it's sunny, it ain't us if we ain't stunting

Say we running we ain't fronting, they be tripping, ain't nothing

If they kick it we be putting in, man I'm tryna teach you something manAy suckas hate to see me get it like so,
so

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Still spit it how I live it on the Hill, here I go, goIs there a message from the greatest? Yeah, go get yourself
some paper playa'

Try to do as I do, God but I anticipate you'd fail
It could be that my greasy yellow deuces make them hate me where
They try me bruh, they get tore up just like Drake did his ACL
Respected foreign and domestic in the A as well
Feel like 'Pac did when he said y'all act like y'all want me to stay in jail
I'm raisin hell today cause yeah I heard about you suckas
Use my absence as a present, so fuckin' ass time to suffer

Rappers keep on tryin' to catch-up(ketchup) but they just can't cut the mustard, huh?

I'm way ahead, gone stay ahead, so fuck if they say such-and-such

You keep the credit, what I need a trophy and a statue for?

Millions stackin' up and I don't give a fuck what awards show pass me up

My movie agent Brian always ask me what I'm rapping for

It's passion, I wouldn't trade it for all the diamonds out in Africa

Sahara hot, everything you dropping coming after us

My character is rare and for that reason they be starin', huh?

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