Grand Royal

Graphic Melee

[T.I. - talking]What? (Nigga, what.)
I'm the King of the Motherfuckin south. (Huh, what? I'm T.I.P nigga.)
Picture that, nigga. (Try me then nigga. King of the South.)
I ain't got no hits.
Nigga, kiss my ass, nigga. (Bust me then, sucka. Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.)
Nigga, I been bustin'. You don't like it. Outbust me then, nigga.
Nigga, I can fight nigga. I can say what the fuck I wanna say, nigga. (PSC.)
King of the got damn south. Bust me then, nigga.
[Verse 1]Might see T.I.P in one of them drop things
Way down the block, man
Swervin in and out of lanes, gettin some hot brain
I'm tellin ya, I'm hot man
From here to Scott Lane
You know the day I drop, man
Shawty, I'm not playin
Now hold up, st-stop dammit
Shawty, you're not jammin'
If you hear one more, got dammit
I-I-I can't stand it
I'm taking over spots to damage that B.I.G and Pac image you got
Stop dick ridin, your shit's tired
I doubt if even your bitch buy it for six 'ollars
I can't see how niggas who not spittin ask why they not winnin'
Or why their record not spinnin, why niggas not feelin it
Cause that shit is not real, and we know you're not out killin shit
[Chorus 2X]Crown grand royalty
Shawty, I must be
Whoever wanna shut me, uh-up
Just outbust me
Until then I'm king hood, don't act like you ain't know it
You wanna be supreme, hood, go get 16 for it
[Verse 2]I been spittin since way back like the seats in the Lac, nigga
Since the days of 97 sats in the back of the trap, nigga
I ain't a rap nigga, I just happen to rap
what is different?
I ain't gotta act and still i'm hotta than that nigga
I think all of ya wack niggas should give your plaques
to the real killas and crack dealers writing your script
get a grip, you need your ass whipped, for tryin to be famous

everybody know my flow is chainless and that's how i remain
is T-I-P, K-I-N-G, O-F-D-A-S-O, a U-T-H
labeled as one of the greatest when it comes to the flow
give a damn what you think
cause if the legends of the south ain't complainin
like Outkast and Goodie Mob
what the hell and the fuck do i care what you sayin
I'm T.I.P.
[Chorus 2X]What, what, what
Yal still ain't heard
Pussy nigga, yal still ain't heard

T.I.P., King of the South, shut your motherfuckin mouth
Or come see bout me, homie
[Verse 3]Well, whether you can't live with it
Or you just can't love it
One thing that you can't say
is shawty we ain't bustin
I was the King of the South before my single was out
I gave you everything from the ho to the dope game
Now hold up, wa-uh-wait shawty, wanna buy at 8 shorties
So go and get the weight shawty, out of the safe for me
They all can go for 140, meet me at 1:40
Now hey, don't play no games with me
I ain't no lame sissy
All I'ma bring wit me, is the niggas who hang with me
They smoke and drank and slang with me
So they'll bang with me
Know if they came with me, that they dyin to die for me
Or bust a 45 at the blink of a eye for me
Now don't be fuckin round, f-fore you be duckin down
You ain't goin hear that bustin sound
Til right 'fore you touch the ground
Now know that AK'll turn you browner than Bobby
and I were raised in the yay, rappin just was my hobby
I'm king hood
[Chorus 3x][T.I. - talking]What?
King of the South
Motherfuck yal niggas
What?
Nigga, yal don't know
This my city, nigga
ATL, nigga
What?
I washawty born and raised, nigga

Die here
Born and raised, nigga
Bankhead-born, Bankhead-bred
One nigga down goin be Bankhead dead
Nigga, what?
Outbust me then
ATL in this motherfucker
You don't like it, nigga
Kiss my motherfuckin ass
Get a Benz then talk, nigga
I don't give a fuck what you think about that little bitty-ass house you got
Nigga, get a house on a lake
Then come tell me somethin, nigga
You don't like down south
Fuck you then
Got plenty dick for your mouth
Ho ass nigga
I can fight
Come see bout me
Ho ass nigga
PSC in this muthafucka

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