

I Swear

T.I.

Artificial drug dealer
Make believe thug, wanna be a killer
Court room seat filler
And I over see villa water front
Won't blink
Think of Martin Luther King, we shall overcome
G3, layin' every bad bitch you wanna cuff
Get a run for they money
Havi'g fun for the money
UGK Alumni
Yeah that's how I run my shit
Sittin' in the Bentley make her sell a Hyundai
Take extraordinary measures to some temporary pleasures
And my view from the pool say the world could be better
To the naked eye bunch of naked thighs, naked asses
They fake and they don't matter, pretty titties out dancin'
And I leave the advance of the young black man
But my flesh ain't as strong and my mind is man
Wanna make it great again when the time is man
400 years later motherfuckers still playin'
Like the cotton fields, some wounds time never heals
Tossin' culture and religion to the side, gave us hits
Askin' God with the perfect pair of ties at the service
Every sermon all I hear is what I owe and what he earn
Seems that the world turnin' like the whole world burnin'
Leavin' hell here and this shit just gettin' worse every year
Hell ya, say money, hoes, cars, clothes
What my life was all about but that's before I thought about it
What the world would be like when my daughter 25
Would I prevent or contribute to my grandson dyin'
Like my nigga Thugga daughter I was motherfuckin' tired
Dead asleep when the meal came, I ain't never had shit
But the dream that the team live above average
Multi million dollar mansion, million plus advances
He knowin' the advancement and takin' our chances
And knowin' they'd rather see me in prison than at Stanford
I swear

Songwriters

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