

# Be Easy

T.i.

[Intro]

Hey, where the piano at shawty?  
Y'all ain't never seen a dope boy play the piano and rap at the same time  
Have you?

I'ma show you somethin', dig this[Verse 1]  
I'm 22 and a vet in the game  
Say I'm, supercoo', still a threat at the same  
Time, rhyme bout the times I invested in 'caine  
Pleasure and pain in every aspect of the game  
I'm the answer to yo prayers if you prayin' for change  
So, I dare you compare us and say we the same  
When I'm, climbin' the ladder, they stuck in the same  
Mind frame, they accomplishments are nothin' to gain  
Eventually, see I'm outta yo range  
Except this rose gold glow from my wrist and my chain  
I entertain young niggas who slang  
Like a picture, no frame, see it's simple and plain  
My shit bang, spit flames, put niggas to shame  
Flow so insane, lyrics sick and derranged  
Now you can't, mention my city unless you mention my name  
T-I-P-I-M-P, I'm the man[Chorus]

Hey be easy, you don't want no trouble with me  
Just be easy, the drama ain't nothin' to me  
Hey be easy, before you have problems just breathe  
Hey be easy, you ain't worth dyin', believe me  
Just be easy, you don't want yo mama to grieve  
Be easy, well mind yo bizness, don't bother the G  
Be easy, swear you stuntin' but you frontin' to me  
Be easy, behind the scenes or behind yo greasy  
Hey, be easy[Verse 2]

See y'all kissin' ass when I came to leave  
Set the standard for Atlanta, rearranged the lead  
Okay, so what the fuck is fame to me?  
I been plottin' since kindergarten, you's a lame to me  
I give the niggas what they came to see  
A reflection of one self where they aim to be  
As you can see it ain't no change in me  
And you won't meet another nigga off the chain as me  
I'm so fly, no lie, don't deny it, ya feel it

So inspired by my style, decided to try it yourself  
Bet you won't, meet nobody ranked as high as myself  
The checks you waitin' on, homes, I can sign them myself  
Tote gats, dro smoked that, now I'm high  
Seats way back in the Maybach I ride  
Through the streets of the westside, I slap five  
And throw dubs, show love, nigga[Chorus][Outro]  
(Be easy)  
What it is pimp? T.I.P., Trap Muzik, understand that?  
Grand Hustle pimp! Ay, whats happenin' Toomp?  
Let's ride out homie! What it is man?  
P\$C, Pimp Squad Click, shawty!  
Uh, uh, a-town, stay down..  
Keep it pimpin', pimpin'!

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