

# T.i. Vs. T.i.p.

## T.i.

I wanna talk to you shawty, why? 'Cause you be trippin' sometimes  
Man I'm just tryin' stay true to what I say in my rhymes  
It ain't a doubt in my mind, but you got a lot on the line  
You need to think 'bout yo' actions, you be overreactin', Man  
Look at Cap and K.T. listen to K.P.  
(What about 'em? Where the fuck this shit come from?)  
Or to a J.G. to your mama or D.P  
Or somebody shawty shit you be makin' me sick  
(Nigga fuck you!)  
You'd be a motherfuckin' fool if you blow this lick  
(Alright, alright)  
This the chance of a lifetime, you know this shit  
Remember what Jarmel told us stay focused Tip  
(I remember nigga, man but they be tryin' me shawty)  
Niggaz be tryin' you how? Ay let them tell it  
You was just another guy in the crowd  
(Naw, but they be talkin' too loud)  
No, man you be listenin' too hard  
Just pay these niggaz no attention and keep fuckin' they broads  
(Alright)  
I know you harder than these niggaz and smarter than these niggaz  
More heart than these niggaz, quit worryin' 'bout these niggaz  
Ay man fuck these niggaz I'm from Bankhead  
And I don't know where you stayed at  
But talkin' sideways behind my back, I never played that  
Since you become a payed cat T.I. you been so layed back  
I wonder where lil' bad ass Tip from back in the day at  
Man that nigga had to stay back there so we could be that  
Nigga on TV and FYI we got the P back  
Hold up shawty freeze Jack, lame I'll never be that  
Changed my name a thousand times and still a G believe that  
Oh, yeah good we go Ki's, that nigga from overseas back  
You see what I be sayin' 'bout this nigga What man? Shit  
I don't believe that you ain't listenin' is ya?  
You got issues I got kids, 2 boys a lil' girl  
(Ay I know nigga they my kids too)  
You know it's one false move and it's back to the big house  
The judge told our ass one more time and we ain't gettin' out  
(I wouldn't say that)

Be thinkin' 'bout standin' outside in the sunshine  
Watchin' nigga's heads get buck for cuttin' the lunchline  
Ay shawty you ain't 'posed to make  
The same mistake more than one time  
And I ain't made the same mistake twice since uh '99  
Please, boy stop don't get me started folk it's not the time  
And let's just do this shit my way get paid and have a lot of time  
Plenty fine bitches, who gon' pull shawty you is?  
Man you know Tip got the hoes and Tip hoes got gold teeth  
(What that mean? What you tryna say nigga?)  
Mine got jobs, good credit and they own features  
And mine boost clothes, sell 'dro, got the blow cheap  
I guess it's just depend on what ya like folk, that's right folk  
And I was just kiddin' 'bout them kites folk, heh, alright folk  
I'm really glad we had a chance to sit it down and rap a tad  
I admit you had a couple points, sometimes I act a ass  
Ay but it is so important to keep it real though just like ya said  
No record deal, no amount of mil' shall go to my head  
And with that said can't nobody tell us shit, so fuck the hatin'  
How many niggaz real enough to stand and give theyself a straightenin'?

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