You Know Who

T.I.

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Alright man, y'all win

I won't say it, at least for this song, heyI said they lookin' for the realest, well, I'm real as it get

Rap to the nigga dealin' hard who live in the 'jects

'Til some better nigga wit her, ain't delivered 'em yet

My mouth is, but I got a pistol bigger than thatI live and die by my respect so I honor the code

Peep niggaz who be out here flexin', stuntin' for hoes

And if you ain't never chose to remember nothin' before

Just know the game is some you win and some you don'tBut you already begin again, start, it go

Learn to shoot a pistol, flip a O, how hard it go

Man, if you ain't ever heard of Pimp Squad before

You better ask a real nigga or a broad you know'Cause you ain't ready for the pros, get it outta ya brain

You in over your head, way out of your lane

I been sayin' I'm filthy rich and got it from Caine

So would you say them niggaz know if they done got it the same, right?'Cause you know who, you know what

Of the you know where, goin' against us, too unfair

'Cause everywhere you do a show, we got kinfolk there

And now you know I ain't no more, not a tin folk thereIt's you know who, you know what

Of the you know where, beef now don't you go there

And if you do, do not use our copy producers, he won't care

If he leave the hood alone, pimpin' he won't share manI know you think you out there gettin' it in

But whatcha doin', I done did it once and did it again

I had a trap between runnin' while living in sin

He done settlin' down, turnin' nine million or tenI give a damn if I never sell a million again

I gotta thank you a million for just lettin' me in

But now I'm settlin' in, gettin' used to the view

On top, won't stop 'til I'm huger than youGon' flop? Who? Me, pimp you losin' your screws

We gotta dope if you lettin' niggaz shoot into you

No, you ain't ready for the shit I'm introducin' to you

The roof in the back of the park ain't translucent as youSo now your nigga dressin' up, man, do what you do

I got style, pimp, it's more than just the suit and the shoe

This been proven, I'm the truth, stamp government seal

I'm more than any of these other niggaz

Just Southern with deals, for real'Cause you know who, you know what
Of the you know where, goin' against us, too unfair
'Cause everywhere you do a show, we got kinfolk there
And now you know I ain't no more, not a tin folk thereIt's you know who, you know what
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