

What's Yo Name?

T.i.

Yo

A come on, T I P

Come on, come on, come on, come on

I said, "Come on, come on, come on, come on"

A hour train spit game from the get green

Ay T I P been bangin' thick dames since he was fifteen

The click came ran trains if her shit clean

The same broad fronted y'all like she Miss Thang

And damn how da bitch seem she's a dick fiend

All though I won't elaborate I'll say she lick things and get green

She fuck wit me because I got big dreams

Along wit a face she think she seen on the big screen

I give it to her since she whine and her back hurt

Then drive her crazy since she crying and she act worse

Yeah, I'm a rapper, I'm a man, but I'm a mac first

I need a broad wit a bank and a fat purse and that's first

I'm a P I M, ahh, M P, told y'all niggaz before about me

Plenty Remi to the H E, ahh, A D

Somebody buy some more dro' so we can smoke please

Now what's yo name? I'm pussy bumper number one

Yeah, I said, "What's yo name? I'm pussy bumper number one"

Man trying to stop pimpin' like shooting a bee-bee gun at a freight train

So comparing us is like whine to a grape stain

My reputations great man, and I got a great name

I hate lames, I stay clean, and I break dames

I like 'em small or bigger with a figure eight frame

So if she fine I bet she mine when I find time

Man I ain't lying, mine dimes I don't wine or dine

Like clothes line hoes mine, I'm a goldmine

Ay I'm the 'King of Da South' and the throne mine

I got the chrome in the Chevy and the broan mine

Ay man I'm young but I been doing it for a long time

That ain't my fault that bitch grown she got her own mind, an-and I'm

I'm a P I M, ahh, M P, told y'all niggaz before about me

Plenty Remi to the H E, ahh, A D

Somebody buy some more dro' so we can smoke please

Now what's yo name? I'm pussy bumper number one

Yeah, I said what's yo name? I'm pussy bumper number one

I bet some niggas think I cake her when I take her out
But come that week just watch me rape her fucking bank account
Eventually the PSC hey we gone take the south
They grab the earth by the ankles and shake the paper out
Nigga 'bout my paper route, so I'm gone make a route
Anybody blocking my road to riches, I'm gone take 'em out
Keep run yo mouth making up your mind you got to be's wit out
Me I'm a get a ho, who gone make show my pockets seen about
P I M P I N G is all I be's about
I break a ho in break 'em till they broke and then I ease 'em out
They out of pocket, I'm a lock 'em out and leave 'em out
And that don't change man, season in season out
Open up The Source shawty and see who just you reads about
If it ain't concernin' T I P, a PSC ya
Ain't nothing if you ain't cuttin' then you don't see the house
Because you know I got to practice what I preach about
I'm a P I M, ahh, M P, told y'all niggaz before about me
Plenty Remi to the H E, ahh, A D
Somebody buy some more dro' so we can smoke please
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Come on, come on, come on, come on"
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