

I'm Back

T.I.

I never let you down I'm a shine on sight
Keep your mind on your grind and off mine alright
Hard I'm a ball on them squares I float
Quarter million dollar cars everywhere I go
I know in the lead it may see it might be
But no matter what they doing they don't do it like me
Like a G I hold it down for the town I'm at
And I flash like that
Recognize I'm back!
Strike a match catch a fire Any moment I decide that's enough of all your lies
Boy your buzz just died
Step inside super fly to the shoes in their coupe
Then exit out with all the bitches like we always do
My desire to retire growing every new coupe
Cause these guys just don't ride like mi nigga you too
Tight jeans, funny hair, cause dancing on the screen
It's about the real niggas in the game so it seems
Just pretending holla pimpin' get a sh-t a black eye eye
Next he say he trapping in my head I'm like why
Be yourself, you ain't gotta pimp bone in your body
I can tell ya ain't never bought a key or caught a body
Nigga probably just seen Wayne, Gucci Mane, Me and Boosie all go to prison
And they flip their whole image nigga tripping
Listen, do for you that ain't in the cars
Think the power is in your gun but over all it's in your heart
Nowadays I don't know whats up with niggas in the A
Guess he think he in the game but he really in the way
Violating, I was having conversations in the joint
But guess who done it and I promised I would put you on point
I'm disappointed in you dog you ain't hold it down at all
But I ain't going in your jaw just gon' show ya how to ball
Standin' tall through the storm on the yard or in the dorm
Cats in prison who expecting me to represent for em I never let you down I'm a shine on sight
Keep your mind on your grind and off mine alright
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But no matter what they doing they don't do it like me
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And I flash like that
Recognize I'm back!
Strike a match catch a fire Catch a fire see T.I add gas
Whats a Molotov cocktail to never break a glass
Scary ass nigga wanna come for me you better bring it
I ain't mad I forgive em, God I know they ain't mean it
Yeah I seen it all before, hey, I'm popping and they ain't
Rack they brain try to think how to stop it and they can't
Ain't that lame but then that hatred manifest to pure malice
I'm no longer being careless so I'm gon' let you niggas have it
Won't be satisfied till somebody dies and I'm patient
Waiting on me and the reaper on a first name basis now
I'm a let you make it now, stay totally out the way for you
But know that we can take it any place you wanna take it to
Hating in your blood, cause, guess it's just too late for you
All I could do is pray for you or organize a wake for you
Your choice, clearly I ain't hearing your voice
Keep it up and I'm gon' send your ass to '
Hey, you can the bottom partner I'm gon' bring the sky box
I got shit locked down nigga why stop now
I'm so above you hover over suckers why drop down
I'm so profound its goes down and I never let you down

Songwriters

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