

My Swag Feat Wyclef Jean

T.I.

[T.I.]

You gotta get your swagger together nigga (ay)
Get your suit fitted (ay)
Starts on the inside, ya dig?
I don't need mine, I got cribs where we goin' (okay)
If you don't love yourself you can't love nobody
Keep up nigga (okay) I love myself
You goin' need to travel ladies, you go and got that Mack diesel right

[T.I.]

I'm the man from Atlanta, to way out in Cali
Catch me in New York, I'm on the way to Miami
I be in Hawaii, then catch me in Paris
I be at home barely, I'll sleep when I'm buried
What I need some sleep for? This dope got me geeked up
I went to Japan and made a mil' in a week bro
These niggas can't keep up cause they see me in London
Or out in Ibiza, that time I ain't sleep for
Bout three days maybe, you see me in Haiti
With Wyclef Jean and a selection of ladies
But my folk got that work in like they back in the 80's
See the money's what move me, conversation don't phase me

[Chorus: Wyclef Jean (T.I.)]

(Tell 'em why cause I) Been around the world
Traveled the seven seas (and I be)
Poppin' bottles with celebrities (so you can find me)
Flyin' high, smokin' better trees (ay, oh-ay-ay)
Girls around the world (yo, yo)
They keep callin' me (they call me)
Paparazzi they be follow me (they all be)
Hopin' that they get a shot of me
It's my swag (they wonder what's so special 'bout him)
(Why they ain't sellin' records like him, tell 'em)
It's my swag (how he always look so cool)
(That why everybody do what he do, tell 'em)
Gotta be my swag (they wonder why he wear his hat like that)
(When girls see him why they act like that, hey, I don't know)
It's my swag (for some reason all the real niggas love him)

(Even though they girlfriend wanna fuck him, I guess)
Gotta be my swag

[T.I.]

Gettin' money in Frisco, wearin' my raincoat
See I'm gettin' wet, and this bitch in the same boat
I came in the game slow, they act like they ain't know
That I wasn't gon' leave until I got what I came fo'
I still can't complain though, as long as I ain't broke
I came a long way but shorty ain't nothin' changed though
I still let the tool go, don't get it confused bro
Run up on me wrong, now what you think I'ma do bro?
Send you to your maker, then go to Jamaica
Or either to Cabo, I chill at my condo
My swagger is perfect, hatin' on me ain't worth it
Guarantee you boy, the Earth my turf, if it hurts

[Chorus]

[T.I.]

Regardless what haters say I'm as real as they come
I'm chasin' that paper baby however it come
I'm singin' a song and movin' yay by the ton
I bet you never seen a nigga gettin' money so young
How I get from the pen', all the way to Berlin
I've been to Switzerland skiing and pimp I'm goin' again
It ain't nothing to catch me in the south of France
In a coffee shop smokin' dro in Amsterdam
And ain't nothin' to fly, all the way to Dubai
St. Barts, St. Lucia, any day we can try
G-5 to Moscow and they say I'ma lie
I'ma ball like a dog 'til the day that I die

[Chorus]

[T.I.]

This is impeccable pimping
You couldn't duplicate this shit if I told you how to man
Ha, y'all niggas keep up
By the time you get to Puerto Rico my nigga I'll be in Cuba
By the time you get to Cuba I'll be in Haiti
By the time you get to Haiti I'll be way over in Africa man
You know what I'm saying? South of France in my land man
The Earth's my turf my nigga

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