

24's

T.i.

[Chorus: x2]

Money, hoes, cars and clothes
That's how all my niggaz know
Blowin dro, twenty-fo'
That's how all my niggaz roll[T.I.]
In a drop top Chevy with the roof wide open
My partners looking at me to see if my eyes open
Cause I've been drankin, and I've been smoking
Flying down 285 but I'm focused
Four fifty four's, I race Porsches
White leather seats, as fresh as Air Forces
Doing bout a hundred but the track still bumping
Number 8 on N.W.A., "Straight Outta Compton"
Pull up at your apartment sitting on 20 somethings
And the dope boys hollin "what's happening", kid running in
The clicks start dancing and the broads start choosing
And the cars been parked but the rims keep moving
Sign pictures by the hundred, to the youngins in the hood
Cause I ain't Hollywood, I come from the hood
I'm used to it, if your rear view shaking and your seats vibrating
24 inch Dayton's got the Chevrolet shaking[Chorus][T.I.]
I'll make a mill' and I'm satisfied, I'll get the rest
Underaged civilian in the tightest ride, I want the best
I refuse to get a 9 to 5, I'm a flip my ki's
Been paying my dues since eighty-nine, trying to get my cheese
Diamonds gleam when I'm on the scene, they know its me
Ain't no dream or no fantasy (bitch) it's T-I-P
Brought busting, like a baby do a blanket
Five karat VVS's on my motherfucking pinkie
Half of Hennessy and Belvedere
What we drinking, pimp squad send for broads
What the hell you niggas thinking
Young nigga spending weekends on the islands in the fall
24 inch rim shining when I'm riding cause I'm balling
I'm calling out shots like a pool shark
My tools spark in the dark when I fool marks
Y'all fools hearts in the wrong place at the wrong time
I got a strong mind to grab my chrome nine
And shoot at your ass for a long time

But I'm a get that ass hauled off, fuck around with the click
They'll be looking for your dick wit a stick
Nigga y'all soft, so y'all lost, cause I'ma ball at all costs
Spit game at a dame, make her ride on this thing
Til she falls off and sucks balls off, I got the [Chorus] [T.I.]
I'm not bouncing little shorty, I'm relaxing right now
I probably still be trapping if I wasn't rapping right now
Bragging about pistols at the house, I want 'em strapped right now
Keep on talking folk, I'll lay you on your back right now
Want ta act right now, get smacked right now
I'm a buck a motherfucker, I don't know to back down
Clown down here faking, fronting
Talking bout what you making, nothing
I'm 21 and 10 years deep, that shit to me ain't nothing
I'm raised by the niggas getting head from the jays
Lose your leg when I spray, end up dead from the 'K
Stay ready for the raid, paid heavy from the yay
I told my class to kiss my ass, I smoke 11 everyday [Chorus]

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