

You Ain't Missin' Nothing

T.I.

Hey... Say pimp, this to everybody stretched out behind the wall,
Countin' days on their calendar...
Flippin' pages, month to month
Hey man... I don't give a damn 'bout how other folks treat you man

[Intro:]

I just wanna let you know pimp,
You ain't missin' nothin' homeboy
Real Talk

[Chorus:]

I know the times seem long,
Just try and keep strong
Put on your headphones and rewind this song
Remember you ain't missin' nothin' homes,
I promise you ain't missin' nothin' homes

Hey, just now the club on hold and the broads on pause
You get home, it's gonna be waitin' on y'all
So dog, just know, for real
You ain't missin nothin homes
I promise you ain't missin' nothin' homes
On Everything

[Verse 1:]

My uncle did a decade,
Came home, hit the ground runnin' gettin' paid like he never did a day
Hit the streets, nigga still in the same place they were 'fore we went in the chain gang,
And doin' the same thing
'Cause the game go on, you only did two days in the joint -
The day you get locked up and the day you go home
I know it feels like the world passin' you by,
Like shit happenin' every day out there that you don't know 'bout
Everytime you call home your baby momma show out,
And your partners don't even send you flicks from when they go out
But don't worry 'bout it or stress it, cause shawty know what?
The time'll do itself, all you gotta do is show up
Keep layin' down wakin' up,
And thankin' the Lord
And 'fore you know it they gonna open the doors

True story, just prepare yourself for it,
If you ain't got a plan what you need was a second chance,
Shit, you gonna blow it!
Learn and visualize what you try to do,
And do the time homeboy, don't let the time do you
They say the time just flew on the street,
Hard to believe from me never but you'll see soon as you on the streets

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

Probably thinkin' it's easy for me to say from here in the booth,
But they showed ya, they'd put me in there with you
Right now, locked down in the state of the fed, lay in the bed
Prayin' it's over and over as you say in your head
Yeah, next time I'm a be straight
Just count down to my release date... peace of cake
My nigga Kap right now, servin' a life sentence for a murder he committed,
In self defense
And in such good spirits, shawty ain't even trippin'
And I could be right in there with him, no bull shittin'
He on his ninth year now, just waitin' to get out
Got me thinkin' my shit ain't even worth complainin' about
'Cause it could still be worse for sho'
So you waitin' on me to lose ho, you got to kill me first
I talked to my nigga Big Meedge, had to tell him the streets miss him just as much as he miss the streets
Had to let him know whenever he released,
We hittin' the club like '03, this time it's on me
Yeah we laugh, reminisce for a minute and then I tell him just nobody ever did it as big
It'll never be the same in this city again, closest you'll get is me and Jeezy and them
So dog, if it seems like you left behind, ten steps behind, just know it only gets better with time

[Chorus]

Lyrics submitted by Leandra.

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