

We Don't Get Down Like Y'all

T.i.

[Intro: B.o.B]We don't get down like y'all

Na na na na naa na na na na

Na na na na na na na

Na na na na naa na na na na

We don't get down like y'all

Sucka nigga

We don't get down like y'all

[Verse 1: T.I.]Hey, its been a lot of back and forth over this and that

So I don't pick the bobble no more I just get a fact

Listen pimpin', let me tell you what the business is

Y'all are lost imma tell you what the difference is

See we old school, you just old news

We used to move blow and you just blow dude

See we the talk of the town me and my whole crew

You run around town gossip like the hoe do

See your name drop when nobody knows you

We get them lames out our section like we supposed to

My crew we cop the Bentley, Brooklyn and the Rolls too

You give her roses I'm the one she brings the rose to

So you say your shinin' well i guess I'm shinin' more

So high up I'm soaring thirty and I'm like a dinosaur

Carnivore, meat eater, G's they respect

Me to you like comparing a vet to a cadet nigga

Haa!!

[Chorus: B.o.B]We don't get down like y'all

I ball, I do

You talk, I'm real

You flaw, pussy nigga

We don't get down like y'all

Sucka nigga

We don't get down like y'all

[Verse 2: T.I.]Don't call it a comeback

Again ride been from the fed pen

Pull up on them suckers pop the trunk and tell them get in

Huh, thought I lost a step but guess again

Back to ballin', getting bread, bringing checks in

Yeah, like we did on my last case

I show you how to make a blessing out of bad breaks

Let me set these niggas ass straight
Hoe want there cloth bags loosen up fag babe
Them hot pants bad for your prostate
Lime green, hot pink, a drag queen hot date
In stores asking for the same size the bitches buy
They say its hip, but where I'm from we call it sissified
[Chorus: B.o.B]We don't get down like y'all
I ball, I do
You talk, I'm real
You flaw, pussy nigga
We don't get down like y'all
Sucka nigga
We don't get down like y'all
[Verse 3: T.I.]Ay, before us there was none
After us no more they'll ever be
This the greatest show on earth you'll ever see
I still do it for my niggas in the streets getting to it
Blowing money like my nigga Big Meech used to do it
Say we blowing money fast, big old money bag
Three, four hundred carats just to make them sucka's mad
Back in the saddle the winner of every battle
Been the best since I was rapping in a rattle word travel
As you comment on the rumors of what have you bewared dude
Prayer cant prepare you how dare you
Disrespect my presence, peasants I will tear you
A new one, I poop on your egos and move on
Rolls Royce back seat, no grey poupon
A true don, three piece Paul Smith suit on
Pion, see it ain't no neon in my new one
Tear the truth on every song I spew on (blaww!!)
[Chorus: B.o.B]We don't get down like y'all
I ball, I do
You talk, I'm real
You flaw, pussy nigga
We don't get down like y'all
Sucka nigga
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