

# I'm Straight

## B.G.; T.I.; Young Jeezy

Yeah, yeah, what the fuck I gotta worry about now?  
Nigga you think after weatherin' the storm  
And comin' from the extremes I came from  
You think I'ma call all the way and get scared?  
Nah nigga I'ma motherfuckin' win  
Nigga if all this shit go out the window right now man  
I'm all too familiar with this shit  
My nigga I'm straight ya dig? Please believe that shit man hey  
You can keep the car, the clothes, the money and the hoes  
Just gimme a couple of O's, drop me off at the sto'  
And I'm straight hey shawty, I'm straight  
Hey you can keep the dancers and the boppers  
The plexers and the poppers  
Let me fill up my Impala, boy holla at my partners  
And I'm straight hey shawty I'm straight  
I gotta couple of V's wit' the kits, MPV's on my wrist  
A lot of glamour and glit's but shawty I don't need that  
My beginnin' was a humble one, a hustler I'ma son of one  
Taught me how to number run, I went from that to number one  
Had a hundred ones, I bought a slab flipped another one  
Sold my little three eighty east and said I need another gun  
The littlest in the trap, and got it poppin' like some bubblegum  
Junkies hatin' on my stacks, sayin' I'm nuttin' but a young  
Buck, niggaz say, What? Then he see me raise up  
Just wanna see the little boy wit' nuts exchange  
Old niggaz whole face soon  
'Cause I spray the nigga's whole face up  
Wet the nigga from the waist up  
They try you once and you pull a fall  
And then tell 'em shaw' don't play wit' em  
I'm fourteen in the dope game and don't care of catchin' no case bruh  
You can sell to me, that's intentionally  
Another nigga that it's too late for  
Hey wait bruh, bet any nigga came from that?  
Who lose it all the day  
I bet he say he changed from that  
Hey you can keep the game and the fame, the haters and the lames  
Just gimme some cocaine and some wood I can slang  
And I'm straight hey, shawty I'm straight

Hey you can keep the clones and the clowns, the throne and the crown  
Well-known in the town that I'm holdin' it down  
So I'm straight hey shawty I'm straight  
Okay now, now when I spit it, I spit it how I live it  
Every verse I ever gave ya, it was fact, nothin' fiction  
I'ma Livin' Legend no stuntin', no reppin'  
You can check my track record, I'm highly respected  
I'ma gangsta in the game, go ask Lil' Wayne  
Ask Judge Johnson, how many times he saw my face  
For, 'pistol here, pistol there,' 'violation here, violation here'  
Betta ask Rank, I ran the jail when I was there  
I held it down, where ever I go  
When I'm in the A wit' the King, or in Detroit in the snow  
I'ma pro, whether it's movin' snow or movin' 'dro  
That's between me and you, I can get it for the low  
But that's nuttin', everybody say they gotta story  
Mine on 'Larry King,' theirs is on 'Maury'  
At the end of the day, it seems to won't go away  
I guarantee The Heart of the Streetz that you pray  
You can keep the car, the clothes, the money and the hoes  
Just gimme a couple of O's, drop me off at the sto'  
And I'm straight hey shawty, I'm straight  
Hey you can keep the dancers and the boppers  
The plexers and the poppers  
Let me fill up my Impala, boy holla at my partners  
And I'm straight hey shawty I'm straight  
Snowman bitch, I ride two seaters  
It's a cold world, so I keep two heaters  
I'm straight, you betta ask somebody  
Matter fact nigga you can just ask me me  
A little over aggressive, yeah, I just might be  
But half the niggaz in the hood just like me damn  
You wonder why a nigga talk eight balls all day?  
You should try standin' around wit' eight balls all day  
Somebody pray for me, I don't know nothin' else  
Why should I help you, when you ain't tryin' to help yourself  
I came in this game, fresh out the streets, yeah  
Who you kiddin' nigga, I put my life on these beats, yeah  
Fuck bein' broke, this a reality check  
While you mad at ya girl, ya betta check reality  
Gotta crawl 'fore you walk, you gotta think before you talk  
Damn right they gon' hate, 'cause them niggaz aren't straight  
Hey you can keep the game and the fame, the haters and the lames  
Just gimme some cocaine and some wood I can slang  
And I'm straight hey, shawty I'm straight

Hey you can keep the clones and the clowns, the throne and the crown  
Well known in the town that I'm holdin' it down  
So I'm straight hey shawty I'm straight

Say what it do? Young Pimp C know what I'm talkin' 'bout?  
Yeah, nigga want me to speak on some 'king' shit, know what I'm sayin'?  
On the cool y'know young nigga T.I. jumped out there  
Said he was the king of the south  
He ruffled a whole lotta niggaz' feathers

But niggaz didn't really understand what the nigga was talkin' 'bout  
Y'know and uh so everybody had it twisted but  
Me I understood from the get go that what the nigga was tryin' to put  
In these motherfuckin' stupid ass niggaz' faces

Was the fact that it's a whole bunch of kings down here  
And as long as you takin' care of yo' business  
And doin' king shit you a king  
What these niggaz shoulda been tryin' to do  
Was tryin' to get close to the nigga

And get some understandin' about the type of game  
He was tryin' to put in these motherfuckin' niggaz' ear holes  
Understand what I'm sayin'?  
So I'm layin' back I'm watchin' the game from the sideline  
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout?  
And I'm seein' all these ol' pussy ass niggaz out here

Talkin' 'bout they this and they that, but they really ain't doin' nothin'  
'Cause they motherfuckin' paper ain't right  
When I see them in the street, they diamonds fake  
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout?  
They shit ain't cut right, ya shit ain't right  
Shit cloudy and chipped up, know what I'm talkin' 'bout?  
And them niggaz talkin' 'bout they trill niggaz'

Don't even know what the motherfuckin' word mean  
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout? This comin' from the O.G. style trill  
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout? Not these ol' fake ass niggaz  
Tryin' to come on the scene later on and tryin' to take glory for some shit  
Some other niggaz paid dues for, know what I'm talkin' 'bout?  
So this is what is, we bringin' Georgia and Texas together  
All you ol' bitch ass niggaz that ain't down wit' the play  
Move on to the side, all you old school rappers like 'Pac say  
You niggaz flabby, lookin' like Larry Holmes  
Back yo bitch ass up and, and, and, and move around for the south  
'Cause it's our time to shine, know what I'm talkin' 'bout?  
Now let's do this shit