

I'm Straight (feat. BG and Young Jeezy)

T.I.

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
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

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