

# Act II (t.i.)

## T.i.

Umm, uh what the fuck, what time is it?  
I swear I parked my car, shit  
Aye, light hit my face sun brought the heat  
Open my eyes, see my car parked across the street  
And then it hit, I ain't really slept that long in a week  
Matter fact I don't even remember falling asleep  
Atlantic office claimin' J just keep calling the heat  
Is it an emergency or something you need to talk to me?  
J said, "I thought you needed to talk to me  
If it's a change made aware I think I outta be  
You making ultimatums now you don't talk to me  
You make shit way worse then it outta be"  
I ain't arguin' on the phone, come talk to me  
I'll be waitin' on you, dawg at the office, peace  
Now I'm thinkin' hard as I walk to my house  
The fuck have I done now, what could he be talkin' 'bout?  
I been stayin' outta trouble, shit I bin on the couch  
You were workin' on the album, I was listenin' now  
Then Doug called, "Ay you spoke to J?"  
Yeah, is it something I don't know that I was supposed to say?  
All I know before the hour I awoke today  
Nigga commin' wit' the realist and he chose today  
I'm real close to J, I seen ups and downs hit  
But I ain't never heard him sound the way that he sounded  
Really caught a nigga by surprise, I was astounded  
He a real cool dude but why he call me clownin'?  
You say'n you don't know bout it? Know bout what?  
Atlantic records said you called the office and went nuts  
Makin' death threats, talkin' loud, gettin' buck  
Man, they said I did what? Folks I'm just gettin' up  
Say you waitin' out your deal till you hear it's up  
Planin' to make away with 20 million bucks  
You bullshitin' me, right? Is you serious brugh?  
Yeah, they said you found out the rapper T.I.P wit' us  
I talked to Craig, Jewels and Kais a long time  
Long story short they said you don lost ya damn mind  
And I runnin' off deep and across ya damn mind  
You crossed the thin line, I'm hearin' 'em tell Atlantic  
It's so much shit about cha, they don't give a shit about cha

Say'n you ain't doin' nothing they couldn't have done without cha  
You ain't never been hotta, worked a whole lotta years  
And came up to go way back to the bottom, what?  
Man, what the hell is y'all talkin' 'bout?  
I been in the house all night  
I don't know nothing 'bout that shit, man  
I got the album right here, man, send this to 'em

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