

All She Wrote (Mastered)

T.I.

Now I don't really care what you call me
Just as long as you don't call me bro'
I bet they knew as soon as they saw me
"Goodnight its over with" that's all she wrote
Streets like cold Chicago
Ain't nothing new I've seen it all before
But still I ball like no tomorrow
Goodnight it's over with that's all she wrote
All she wrote, all she wroteI said it's over with that's all she wrote
All she wrote, all she wrote
Goodnight its over with that's all she wroteIts stupid how I'm going on everybody knowing that
I'm sewing up the game, destroying like they hate me for it
Eventually see they cant beat than with me they join
Others sworn under oath, or banished left completely scorn
You tell lies, get caught, nigga kick rocks
You never did blend in with the big shots
On the fast track, ain't no need for no pit stops
I just laugh at, nigga wishing it was this hot
Guess they mad at me huh, really pissed off
Better that than pissed on
I'm the Jetsons you the Flintstones
Catch me in the end zone
High stepping prime time
Thought you niggas been on
Ain't no blocking my shine
Like my new air Yeezy's, you can see me in the night time
I get rich off living life, you check to check reciting rhymes
So call me what you want, wanna hate, have a nice time
While I get stupid paper, hey my dough ain't in its right mind
(mind, mind)Now I don't really care what you call me
Just as long as you don't call me bro'
I bet they knew as soon as they saw me
"Goodnight its over with" that's all she wrote
Streets like cold Chicago
Ain't nothing new I've seen it all before
But still I ball like no tomorrow
Goodnight it's over with that's all she wroteYour staring straight into a barrel of hate
Terrible fate,
Not even a slim chance to make a narrow escape

Cupid shot his arrow and missed
Wait Sarah you're late, your train left.
Mascara and egg smeared on your face
Nights over goodbye, hoe
I thought that I told ya' the spilled nut ain't nothing to cry over
Never shoulda' came within Range of my Rover
Shoulda' known I was trouble soon as I rolled up,
Any chick who's coming up after I blind fold her,
She still comes back to my crib,
Must want me to mess with her mind hold up.
She must've took me for some high roller.
But I wont buy her a soda
Unless it's rock n' rye cola. (Satans cheaper)
Buy you a bag of fritos I wouldn't let you eat the fucking chip on my shoulder.
If you was bleach and I was hair I wouldn't die for ya
Tryna pull five bucks from me is like tryna pulling five molars
You get your eyes swole up I'm on my straight grizzly
So why would I buy you a gassed teddy you're already bi-polar Now I don't really care what you call me
You can even call me cold
These bitches know as soon as they saw me
Its never me to get the privilege to know 'em
I roll like a desperado, now I never know where I'm gonna go
Still I ball like there's no tomorrow
Until its over and that's all she wrote The credit roller, curtain closer, movie over with
But don't get mad at me
Go blame the chick who wrote this shit
Ya life is sure a bitch
But she know I'm rich
That why she give me what I want and I just throw her dick
Here I go again,
I kick this shit, they get to pouring in
Peso, Euro, yeah, ah ha, I'm paid never gon' be broke again
See me posted in anything, wearing any chain
Never gon' see me toting anything
All you gon' see is bang!
Its so nice where I kick it,
Hate you never get to visit
Yeah I'm on another level
But you niggas still can get it
Its all over 'fore you finish
Sorry bro this road we end it
Won't give you the satisfaction of me giving you the business Yeah I guess life is a bitcha ain't it Tip
And this one can say this shit
Shirt off my back, I wouldn't give you the dirt off my handkerchief
I'm giving these hoes a dose of there own medicine

Let em get a good taste of it
I'm sure you got that relationship memo by now,
But in case you didn't
This is so bad, better stick your nose to your forehead and staple it
Life is too short and I got no time to sit around just wasting it
So I pace this shit a little bit quicker
That clock come racing in double time in it
But I still spit triple the amount of insults in a tenth of the time
It may take you pricks to catch on
While you strong arm like Stretch Armstrong
Man I still say K-mart's like there's an apostrophes on it dog
And they say McDonald's isn't a restaurant well I guess I'm wrong
But if you gon' tell me that the A & W
Ain't the spot for the best hot dogs you can get the "F" on dog And on my throne I remain, all alone in my lane
I'm as strong as they came
They were gone 'fore they came
Now I don't wanna hang, I slap fire with them rap guys
They just wanna sabotage my hustle shawty that's why (why, why) Now I don't really care what you call me
You can even call me cold
I bet they knew as soon as they saw me
Goodnight it's over with, that's all she wrote
I roll like a desperado, now I never know where I'm gonna go
But still I ball like there's no tomorrow
Good night is over with that's all she wrote
All she wrote, all she wrote
I said its over with
That's all she wrote, all she wrote, all she wrote
"Goodnight it's over with" that's all she wrote

Songwriters

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