

# Touchdown

T.i.

When we touchdown  
There's no need to ask me, okay  
Everybody know them Southern boys love that bass  
Atlanta go bananas, Alabama, Louisiana  
Mississippi, Tenekeys, every muthafuckin' state  
When we touchdown  
Go right from the plane to the range  
When we touchdown  
On the private plane, gettin' brain  
Till we touchdown  
There ain't no way to keep 'em quiet  
With T.I. and Shady, baby, we 'bout to move inside a ride  
When we touchdown  
When we get in town you know how we getting down  
Pull a cling and hop on out, snatch all the freaks then walk on out  
I'm livin', what they talkin' 'bout? I'm shinin' if it dark or not  
That one hundred DX double R, you'll find that in the parkin' lot  
You barkin' up the wrong tree, I do this shit for Zone 3  
4, 5 and 6 as well as 1, Atlanta, I'm forever, son  
Still be on whatever coast, grindin', blowin' heavy smoke  
Him you better tell 'em 'fore, won't hesitate to let him go  
They know I put that green light on them haters  
Keep on tryin' me, I'll put that beam right on ya tater  
Now you don't wanna see T.I.P. be irate  
Just try to keep him in a cage but some how he keep escapin'  
That's why I be on vacation, Virgin Island I be takin'  
Private planes out to Spain, now keep on flyin', I ain't fakin'  
The money ain't a thing, think I'm lyin', you're mistaken  
You can find long lines and all kinds of bitches your way  
And when we touchdown  
There's no need to ask me, okay  
Everybody know them Southern boys love that bass  
Atlanta go bananas, Alabama, Louisiana  
Mississippi, Tenekeys, every muthafuckin' state  
When we touchdown  
Go right from the plane to the range  
When we touchdown  
On the private plane, gettin' brain  
Till we touchdown

There ain't no way to keep 'em quiet  
With T.I. and Shady, baby, we 'bout to move inside a ride  
When we touchdown  
Welcome to the Midwest, yes  
Where them Detroit players ball like you have no idea, the boy is here  
Got the whole place lookin' like its candy painted, ain't it?  
Like we left the kids at home and just let 'em loose with the crayons  
Fuck, I just hit a jogger, people lookin' like frogger  
They Hoppin' out the way whenever they see Marshall's car comin'  
The kids painted my windows with black, permanent marker  
And left the rest of the car color cover like swirl pops  
And I got the bass thumpin' but I'm bound to bump into something  
Kids are flyin' through the air, lookin' like they're crumpin'  
The way they're tumbling I gotta do something  
But soon as I hit the car wash to get the tar off  
Then it's right back at it tomorrow  
They're like dead, this is in so get with the trend  
This is for the pimps listenin' to me, nail polish on the rims  
And now it's custom chrome but I gotta go do a show  
So go on with your bad self, just have it back to normal  
When I touch down  
There's no need to ask me, okay  
Everybody know them Southern boys love that bass  
Atlanta go bananas, Alabama, Louisiana  
Mississippi, Tenekeys, every muthafuckin' state  
When we touchdown  
Go right from the plane to the range  
When we touchdown  
On the private plane, gettin' brain  
Till we touchdown  
There ain't no way to keep 'em quiet  
With T.I. and Shady, baby, we 'bout to move inside a ride  
When we touchdown  
From my arrival until my departure  
Guarantee I put this D I C K in somebody daughter, aye  
I still have my way with the ladies across the water  
Flew to Paris from Haiti, just some shit that I thought of  
It's ironic kind of shit that we buy, man  
Make us psychotical threat to corporate America  
Then why they runnin' from me?  
How could they be so ignorant? Look at what hip hop den done  
It's allowed us to run a business, legitimated our monies  
Got us out the ghettos and relocated out mommies  
I made it all the way here, ain't no way you takin' it from me  
So excuse me, Oprah, honey, I'm sorry, really I promise

But niggas, bitches and hoes do exist, I'm just bein' honest  
But that am I bein' punished, why are you so astonished?  
Now I ain't got a degree, just intelligence in abundance  
So you ain't gotta like me, I know millions of folks who love me  
You can see it how they yellin' and screamin and waitin' for me  
When I touchdown  
There's no need to ask me, okay  
Everybody know them Southern boys love that bass  
Atlanta go bananas, Alabama, Louisiana  
Mississippi, Tenekeys, every muthafuckin' state  
When we touchdown  
Go right from the plane to the range  
When we touchdown  
On the private plane, gettin' brain  
Till we touchdown  
There ain't no way to keep 'em quiet  
With T.I. and Shady, baby, we 'bout to move inside a ride  
When we touchdown

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>