

# My Swag

## T.I.

You gotta get your swagger together, nigga, get your suitcase  
Starts on the inside, ya dig, I don't need mine, I got cribs where we goin  
If you don't love yourself you can't love nobody  
Keep up, nigga, I love myself, you gon' need to travel, ladies  
You go and get that Mack diesel, right I'm the man from Atlanta to way out in Cali  
Catch me in New York, I'm on the way to Miami  
I be in Hawaii then catch me in Paris  
I be at home barely, I'll sleep when I'm buried What I need some sleep for? This dope got me geeked up  
I went to Japan and made a mil' in a week, bro  
These niggaz can't keep up when they see me in London  
So I go out in Ibiza, that time I ain't sleep for Bout three days, maybe you'll see me in Haiti  
With Wyclef Jean and a selection of ladies  
But my folk got that workin like they back in the eighties  
See the money's what move me, conversation don't phase me Tell 'em why cause I been around the world  
Traveled the seven seas and I be  
Poppin bottles with celebrities so you can find me  
Flyin high, smokin better trees Girls around the world  
They keep callin me, they call me  
Paparazzi, they be follow me, they all be  
Hopin that they get a shot of me It's my swag, they wonder what's so special 'bout him?  
Why they ain't sellin records like him? Tell 'em  
It's my swag, how he always look so cool?  
And why everybody do what he do, so Gotta be my swag, they wonder why he wear his hat like that?  
When girls see him why they act like that? Aye, I don't know  
It's my swag, for some reason all the real niggaz love him  
Even though their girlfriend wanna fuck him  
I guess, gotta be my swag Gettin money in Frisco, wearin my raincoat  
See I'm gettin wet and this bitch in the same boat  
I came in the game slow, they act like they ain't know  
That I wasn't gon' leave until I got what I came fo' I still can't complain though as long as I ain't broke  
I came a long way but, shawty, ain't nothin changed though  
I still let the tool go, don't get it confused, bro  
Run up on me wrong, now what you think I'ma do, bro? Send you to your maker then go to Jamaica  
Or either to Cabo, I chill at my condo  
My swagger is perfect, hatin on me ain't worth it  
Guarantee you, boy, the Earth my turf if that hurts Tell 'em why cause I been around the world  
Traveled the seven seas and I be  
Poppin bottles with celebrities so you can find me  
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I guess, gotta be my swagRegardless what haters say I'm as real as they come  
I'm chasin that paper, baby, however it come  
I'm singin a song and movin yay by the ton  
You never seen a nigga gettin money so youngHow I get from the pen all the way to Berlin  
I've been to Switzerland, skiing and pimpin, goin again  
It ain't nothin to catch me in the south of France  
In a coffee shop smokin dro in AmsterdamIt ain't nothin to fly all the way to Dubai  
St. Barts, St. Lucia, any day we can try  
G-5 to Moscow and they say I'ma lie  
I'ma ball like a dog 'til the day that I dieTell 'em why cause I been around the world  
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Even though their girlfriend wanna fuck him  
I guess, gotta be my swagThis is impeccable pimpin  
You couldn't duplicate this shit if I told you how to, man  
Ha, y'all, niggaz, keep up  
By the time you get to Puerto Rico, my nigga, I'll be in CubaBy the time you get to Cuba I'll be in Haiti  
By the time you get to Haiti I'll be way over in Africa, man  
You know what Im sayin? South of France in my land, man  
The Earth's my turf, my nigga

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