

# All She Wrote (feat. Eminem)

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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