

# Hurt (feat. Alfa Mega & Busta Rhymes)

T.I.

Ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba  
You, pussy nigga, finna make me kill one of y'all  
Ain't a damn thang change, I still keep that thang  
Right up under my shirt, better tell them I ain't playin'  
Because it's all fun and games until somebody get hurt  
Ain't a damn thang change, I still keep that thang  
Right up under my shirt when I pull away, hang and bang  
'Cause it all fun and games until somebody get hurt  
When you finna get hurt, murked, put 'em in the dirt  
Boy, you better catch me first  
So you finna get hurt, murked, put 'em in the dirt  
Boy, you better catch me first  
So you finna get hurt, murked, put 'em in the dirt  
Boy, you better catch me first  
So you finna get hurt, murked, put 'em in the dirt  
A lot of pussy nigga talk like bro, little runnin' their mouth  
That is till run in their house, put the gun in their mouth  
Tell 'em, "Nigga, talk shit now", they think you know they gonna  
I ain't scared of the law, now I'm 'bout to go to war  
What it is, nigga? Where you lose your jaw?  
I never get caught murkin' y'all 'cause it ain't watcha do  
The question is who saw when I'm way to raw?  
Catch me any day you want, you can think I'm a playa if you want  
But the facts that remain, if I got an AK you don't  
Well, then, playa, you gone  
Don't get me wrong, pussy niggas wanna kill me too  
But this ain't 'bout shit 'cause it's very well known where I'm at  
They can catch me in the booth right now if they really like that  
Now nigga needing hoe get 'em in the hole, shit  
The fo fo is big and all that ole' shit, protect the heart of you, both it  
You betta check ya gun 'cause you so sick  
If the chopper leave you with no dick  
[Incomprehensible] holdin' your shit  
At least six of you and a couple more of you bitches  
And I don't miss 'cause I'm focused  
Ain't a damn thang change, I still keep that thang  
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Boy, you better catch me first  
Boy, you might talk loud, act real but they don't really want this here  
Pussy niggas, better act right, lay low, we know where your family live  
Trust me, you don't want me up in your grill  
With a ski mask on, duct taping your kids  
You can pray all you want but I don't forgive  
You should have been doin' nothing but what you did what you did  
I ain't gotta spell it out, pimp, you know what it is  
Where your gangsta, your real man? You know what it is  
Plus I got a hundred goons with me dressed in black  
Fifty at the front door, fifty at the back, half got k's, half got mags  
Bring 'em out, bring 'em out, show 'em  
where they at  
We can do them right here, we can catch them in a trap  
Run up on this nigga, put a hole in his hat  
Put his brains on the dash in the stalks  
He has some dumb fifty more with him and tell them to hold that  
Lights out, no hasta manana, asta la vista, sara  
nara  
Y tu, no tomorrow, no remorse and no sorrow  
And the next one of y'all, niggas, try me like that  
I swear to God, man, Im really gonna snap  
Ain't a damn thang change, I still keep that thang  
Right up under my shirt, better tell them I ain't playin'  
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Right now [Incomprehensible] make a nigga beg please  
When a bullet goes by probably feel a little breeze, drop to yo knees  
I can see the big barrel of the chrome flip  
Double grip handle where to squeeze  
I keep a couple lit off for the niggas who talk shit  
When I go to Jacob and I cop that brain  
If he tried to see me Ima cop that thang  
And Ima pop that thang and the shots gonna stay  
The nigga 'bout to set the trunk with me  
For the most part, nigga, youre stuck with me  
I'd tell you something if you was really smart and you knew better  
People probably tell ya, Don't fuck with me  
Front if you want, muthafucka, you can catch it  
The smile on my face even if I got a ratchet  
Ah, pop off, police, pull me over, believe I got a compartment  
If I gotta stash it, must I just remind ya, niggas  
when I come through?  
Know that I am a find ya, niggas  
Take two bust so many shots, come now I'll probably blind y'all, niggas  
Now okay, lets go, see you don't really wanna feel moshpit blow

Crap up a nigga then I cap up a nigga  
When I finish then we'll turn it into an ob search, yo Look, listen and you better observe, yo,  
You listening from the bullet that the glock burst slow  
Shoulda probably tweaked you up just a little and had your body leanin  
Lookin' like a quarter past four  
Stay down better, checkin' for a nigga who can put yo body in the dirt  
I don't play bitch, if you really need to go the other way  
You know I got it under way, sir Ain't a damn thang change, I still keep that thang  
Right up under my shirt, better tell them I ain't playin'  
Because it's all fun and games until somebody get hurt  
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