Undertaker (Featuring Young Buck & Young Dro)

T.I.

Y'all niggaz really thought we wasn't goin' to do it again Come on man, grand Hustle nigga, you know what it is

T.I.P, DJ the fuck Drama, Young Dro, Young Buck

I said P and C what's happenin' niggaI'ma pimp type, nigga ridin' clean after midnight

Ready for the gun play, prepared for a fist fight

Roll up on yo bitch and ask her what that pussy hit like

First she acting funny, in a minute she gon' get rightGet down, got her fuckin' with another bitch now

I'm king of all that I survey, remember this is T.I.P. town

Hey, you ain't ready pussy nigga better sit it down

We Mac-90, rock steady nigga spit roundsTurn yo stomach to spaghetti when it hit the ground

Toss the choppers in the Chevy than we mashing down

Camelton counting all yo Benjamin's and Hamilton's

As far I'm concerned you just a job for the janitorsDon't disregard I'ma God you a amateur

Hide behind ya bodyguards and ya manager

I pimp hard throughout all the pages and calendar

Bitch it's Pimp Squad all action no cameras You know what it is, you know what it do

And you know what it is, and you know what it do

You know what it is, you know what it do

And you know what it is, and you know what it doShorty we bury niggaz, shorty we bury niggaz

Shorty we bury niggaz, shorty we bury niggaz

The undertakerYou know what it is, you know what it do

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The undertakerHey, stand in on the trap with me

Mashin' me is blasphemy, 1000 round magazine

My partnas say no attackin' me

I'm aged to the average beef, respiratory flamin' beats

Fruit Chevy H.I.C, my lyrics hit like HIVSpray by me, Sniper Dro, murder come today by me

Bullet chip yo L I P and dirty all yo H I Ps

Shot both of yo homies, now they feedin' them through a I.V.

The tray I be from the west side, where they say I beMay I be the ruler over all that I survey I be

Laid back, yaze black, triple kiwi Maybach

Weed match the Benz, kush triple kiwi 80 pack

Old school baby crack I'm tryin' to bring the 80's backHaitians get me Haiti crack, plus my momma hated crack

'Til we got a evicted and I came through with them 80 stacks

Play it back, rewind where I live, I'ma zone three hustla

Niggaz know what it is You know what it is, you know what it do

And you know what it is, and you know what it do

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The undertakerMay we all bow our heads and pray for this nigga

The undertaker's comin' any day for this nigga

They hate him in the hood, for the dreams he been sellin'

I read the paperwork and it seems you was tellin'You know what it is and you know who I'm talkin' bout

When the feds came, I didn't open up my mouth

What you scared fo', niggaz know you been a ho

It's like, homies shit was all good just a week agoGet the goons ready, start up your vehicle

And shoot at any fuckin' car you ain't seen before

Pick up the shells and then use a automatic

They gave 50 years to my nigga Lil' TravisSet a boobie-trap, let him trip over the wire

Then he gon' be laying, right by the preacher and the choir

And before I do, T.I. go and handle yo biz

When you see me holla at me homie, you know what it is You know what it is, you know what it do

And you know what it is, and you know what it do

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Shorty we bury niggaz, shorty we bury niggaz

The undertaker, oh

Songwriters

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