

T.I., Every Chance I Get

[Intro: T.I.]

Real talk, true story (uh-huh)
No nuts, no glory (uh-uh)
Y'knowmsayin? (Real talk)
Ay dawg (yeah yeah)
I'ma tell you like this

[Chorus: T.I.]

Hey I'm so raw, and I'm so rich
And you so flawed niggaz ain't 'bout shit
I'll take yo' broad, I can fuck yo' bitch
Know that I'm gon' ball every chance I get
Every chance I get, real talk, no shit
Every chance I get, make money on this
I'll take yo' broad, I can fuck yo' bitch
Know that I'm gon' ball every chance I get, every chance I get

[T.I.]

They say it's lonely at the top, but I don't feel lonely
Got my homies out in Hollywood so I don't feel phony
Ain't another nigga colder, cribs all over
Flash-in-pan, these other rappers catch a number, Coca-Cola
I'm exceedin expectations, you barely meetin quota
I give it to 'em straight, you cut it with baking soda
You said I ain't Zone One, nigga ha, that's a funny one
I'm King like my 3 year-old, Major like my youngest son
Got one named Domani, so you know what I'm gettin (guap)
Deyjah and Neek-Neek and Messiah like "Daddy, get 'em"
Got an angel named Leah here to keep me outta prison
And my partner Jason Geter to help me see about a billion
Listen; Grand Hustle, best respect this vision
My records sell about a million, but shit that just the beginnin
What with Club Crucial and Grand Hustle film division
Multiplication to get the paper, I let the clique do the division
Break bread, StreetCred.com makin a killin
Plus "A King of Oneself," high fashion, I'm flashin
I'm, ready for whatever though, trained to go you better know
Put dick up in whoever hoe, let 'em know

[Chorus]

[T.I.]

I gotta thank my lucky stars cause it came so far
Dope game, rap game, 'bout the same so far
Brag about your lil' Benz, nigga that ain't no car
I got some shit in my garage that requires a chauffeur
High as gas is, the country at war and people are starvin
And I pay a million dollars for Ferrari's, retarded, huh?
Sorry bruh, been a dick that been ballin since it started up
Season hoe, get 'em all to fuck cause they know this dough stack tall as fuck
Nah, it ain't that I'm rich that they hate so much
Least I could do it, not rub it in niggaz face so much
So I'm tryin now while I'm rhyming not to brag about the island
Or the crib in Hawaii where all the walls slide in
House is wide open, we could bring the outside in
I think you should hear about it, but fuck it I'll be quiet
I just spit it how I live it homie I don't be lyin
Would it make you feel better if I put my pockets on the die?
If I made less money, started to dress bummy
Would the haters and the critics have more respect for me?
Should I downgrade the crib and the way I live?
Now how about I don't and we just say I did, nigga

[Chorus]

[Outro: T.I.]

Ay say homeboy

It's real talk comin at you live and direct homeboy, you dig that?

Heh, you could hate all you want partna

I'ma give you somethin to hate on, bitch nigga

Ha ha! Grand Hustle, you understand?

DJ Toomp you did yo' muh'fuckin thang as usual

Ay-hey look, P\$C partna, Pimp Squad Click

Ay, Big Kuntry you up next homie

It's the king, BITCH!

Yeahhhhhh, they say I ain't Zone One, bitch nigga

My grandmama been livin on Center Hill 43 years, hoe-ass nigga

You understand that? Nigga come meet me nigga

See me nigga! You know?

Why niggaz gotta wait 'til a nigga got the police watchin you
and start kickin that fuck shit, you know?

You know how I get down, you know what it was nigga

You know you don't wanna see me, bitch nigga!

Yeahhhhhh, AY!

[Chorus]