

# 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]