

# T.I., I'm Illy

[Intro:]

Rebel for the hell of it, hella rich  
Never have to sell a brick again, must I tell a bitch again  
The bullshit I'm addressing check I'm on some next level shit  
Never been fucked in the game, I'm celibate  
Rarely out my element, barely out the ghetto with  
One foot out and one foot in as intelligent as fellas get  
Listen let's settle then, be clear I could fall back seven years  
And still ain't no one ahead of me

[Verse 1:]

Consider it a blessing if you get to stand next to me  
Five star general, O.G. veteran  
Caked like Entenmann, blowing that celery  
Stack that cash like the U.S. treasury  
Every single thing I ever did was done heavily  
Rap until your seventy, still ain't no catching me  
Put it on my pops, big phil aunt beverly  
Be standing on the top still after they bury me  
Nose in the air so stuck up arrogant  
Ain't got long hot songs best cherish it  
Cuz when I drop mine that's ova, finito  
You paying for your foul like a free-throw (thou)  
Now how could a nigga think that he could see me  
Other than the magazine covers or the t.v.  
You know I sold more mixtapes than your cd  
You're waiting on your big break praying you can beat me  
You ain't made it far as DC on the low  
I been all around the globe like a god how they treat me  
Broads hit they knees eyes closed when they greet me  
Mouth wide open just begging me to skeet skeet  
You in a deep sleep stop dreaming  
I'm six albums in for 10 years I been fire hot steamin  
The limelights mine I'm gleaming beaming  
That's why I say I'm KING bitch I got my reasons

[Chorus:]

Wrist so frosty, neck so chilly  
All on my mind is to get more millies  
Niggas talk shit that's silly  
Shawty he ain't 'bout that really, is he?  
Nigga I'm illy  
Hey I run this city clearly  
Tell em get lost I'm busy really  
Nigga I'm illy

[Verse 2:]

Where niggas get off piss off  
Me and mine oughta take time to pop a lid off  
Shit all over the way bouncing me is ya'll  
Sick in yo fucking mind you figuring I would fizz off  
Never cooled off Tip scorching  
Minimal injury though they wishin me maximum misfortune  
Number one hands down flow paints portraits  
Everybody think you stink like horse shit  
House full of chicks on some girl next door shit  
A King Of Oneself 30 mill out the store quick  
Of course this case lost all my endorsements  
Tripled up on real estate still buying more shit  
But Tip bankrupt according to your sources  
I'm still caked up along with more reinforcements  
Tore shit up from the ladder to the rooftops  
Officially the hottest nigga rapping since Tupac  
Before you rap bout me best ask bout me

I'm out my fucking mind need counseling  
Please don't doubt me trust me drama ain't nothing  
It's all fun and games till somebody start bustin  
Limit my discussion when rappers be battling  
I find out about it better get to skedaddling  
Pack your family's bags move em out to Seattle and  
we ever cross paths you'll need ambulance and bandages  
Live life glamorous so extravagant  
Mandarin oriental worldwide traveling  
Hip hop champion for real though  
You couldn't fuck with me with a Brazil hoe nigga  
But still though

[Chorus:](2x)  
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