

# T.I., King Of Da South

I been a menace to society  
Since when?  
Since menace to society  
Still refused to become a legitimate citizen quietly  
Felt like my labor hidin' me  
But here I am anyway  
I might be back to slangin' grams any day  
And if this record flop  
Well I'll be--back  
Wit' a bomb of heart  
Wit' C-Rod and the squad  
This whole industry's a faade  
Man this ain't real life  
Half these rappers don't know what sacrifice feel like  
Man these niggaz is all hype  
Not even rappin' on real mics  
They just get high and say whatever the fuck they feel like  
They make me feel like bustin' these niggaz one at a time  
And I'm still outbustin' these niggaz  
Hoe pick a rhyme  
Ay, what these other niggaz talkin'  
I don't believe that shit  
I'm the king 'cause I said it  
And I mean that shit  
Ay, what's so special 'bout him  
Ay, he ain't all that shit  
I set the city in fire  
Have you seen that shit?  
Ay, what these other niggaz talkin'  
I don't believe that shit  
I'm the king 'cause I said it  
And I mean that shit  
Ay, what's the big deal about him?  
He ain't even that shit  
I set the city on fire  
Have you seen that shit?  
It's only five rappers outta Atlanta who bustin'  
And I'm one of 'em  
The other four, you know who you are  
But if you gotta think twice  
Well shawty you ain't nice  
Regardless of your publishing deal  
You can't write  
I'm the best thing left blowin' breath on the mic  
The king of the south  
Nothin' else will suffice  
You wanna bet?  
Well put yo' budget up  
Match the price  
Me and you like putting matches to ice  
You won't make it  
Before I had a deal  
I was still butt naked  
God signed this, like keeping' the Lord's promise  
The truth nigga  
Like Beenie's first LP  
You can do a song with N'Sync  
And couldn't outsell me  
I'm a legend in my own time  
A prophet in my own rhymes  
A king wit' a concubine  
Niggaz like you, a dime a dozen  
They come and go  
So why I'm runnin' now

And I ain't never run before  
Grab choppers, cock 'em and blow  
Stoppin' the show  
Bet or owe 'em, droppin' the hoes  
You just keep watchin' the door  
Pop 'em, watch 'em drop to the floor  
Fluff his pockets and go  
Put a quarter block on his nose  
And a glock in his clothes  
He can keep his watches and gold  
For his momma to hold  
She'll be there buyin' the hoes  
Before the drama unfolds  
They know shawty outta control  
Got me hot as a stove  
Puttin' holes in yo' Girbaud  
Wettin' up yo' polos  
44's and Callico's  
a black and a chrome  
lettin' loose and splackin' your dome  
hoppin' back in the Brougham  
known for kickin' in yo' door  
wavin' gats in yo' home  
clearin' it out  
I'm sorry I ain't hearin' you out  
You hearin' about  
The squad pumpin' Fe in your heart  
Because you know sacrifice  
Was near and dear to your heart  
Ay, my niggaz  
Y'all already know what it is  
T-I-P, Grand Hustle, Pimp Squad  
For life nigga  
Sanchez on the beat, dig this man  
I'ma keep it always pimpin'  
I'm stayin' down  
Y'all niggaz gone send yo' demos in  
Get cha little motherfuckin' deal  
Go sell records  
Nigga I got houses, I got blow, I got dro  
Nigga I got hoes, nigga I got property nigga  
What you wanna do nigga?  
Fuck y'all niggaz  
Come see about me if you don't like it  
King of da God damn south  
Rubberband man in this bitch  
Uh, oh, oh