

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