

T.I., Let My Beat Pound

[Chorus]

People see me in the street now
they wave at me and they ask me turn my beat down
turn my beat down, turn my beat down
I tell 'em never I forever let my beat pound

[Verse 1]

I keep my speakers in the trunk just like that YAY
everybody where I'm from like that like that bass
just can't wait till i get that woopy just to ride through the hood
buy yourself an amp and hook some woofers up to it
if your motor running good and your 808 bumpin
that's all that really matter you can't tell a nigga nothing
never mind what you ride when it's dark outside
and there's broads outside, you just park outside
pop your trunk and cut your music up loud
now watch the crowd around bet they dig a nigga now
and my beat down low and my top let back
now I cut it to the max like i never said that (hey)

[Chorus]

People see me in the street now
they wave at me and they ask me turn my beat down
turn my beat down, turn my beat down
I tell 'em never I forever let my beat pound (hey)
police ask me turn my beat down
he let me go, I turn the corner let my beat pound
turn my beat down , won't turn my beat down
I tell em never I forever let my beat pound

[Verse 2]

When my girl ride with me, gotta cover my seat
cuz that thang go to skeetin, and when I cut up my beat
pumpin something Grand Hustle in a 96 ???
even amplify my tweeters so my music ain't muffled
your ass in trouble if you pull up next to me
when it's really up high you cant hear yourself think
cause my speaker box the biggest trunk sound like a midget
tryna get up out of there 15's stay hittin
we be coming from a distance out of everybody's vision
It don't matter what I'm playing, I make everybody listen
see I'm turning around wondering how i get so loud
ears ringing all day cuz my shit so loud

[Chorus]

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I tell em never I forever let my beat pound
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turn my beat down , wont turn my beat down
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[Verse 3]

When I pull up to the light and my shit so high
people mad I don't see them cuz I'm sitting so high
looking at me like they stupid they can't hear their own music
but ain't nothing they can do they just gotta listen to it
Jackie Chan in my trunk just like Young Dro
I love that song cuz the bass so low
they be setting off alarms
the sound like I drop bombs
pumpin trick www . DUB . com

R.I.P. Pimp C number 3 ridin' dirty
own it first I cut it up and make sure everybody heard it
shaving swerving bumping Young Jeezy
got him on the map best believe me when you hear me say I got it in my lap
in the trap bumpin old B gizzle hot boy
old lady on the porch hollin what's that noise?
People asking me to cut it off
I roll my window down and tell 'em it ain't nothing dawg

[Chorus]