

T.I., Rubber Band Man (Remix)

(feat. Twista, Trick Daddy & Mack 10)

[Intro - T.I.]

Is that T.I. over there? is that him?
Is that you? Rubber Band Man
Boyyyyyy..... is that T.I.? Whoooo..
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
Remix Playa, yeah, y'all already know what it is man
T.I.P, came from the south, Rubber Band man boyyyyyy..
Connected with my folk from the West Mack
My folk from the Chi' Twista
And T Double D, from the bottom

[Hook - T.I.]

Rubber Band man, wild as the Taliban
Nine in my right, forty-five in my other hand
I'm in trouble man, always in trouble man
Worth a couple hundred grand
Chevy's all colors man, who I'm isss...?

[Verse One - T.I.]

I'm young pimpin', way out of ya vision
don't set your sights on my position, I'm way out ya division
I was grindin' while you was tryin' to figure out your division
I'm sittin' on the block and watchin' hustlas makin' and killin'
until I, jumped in the game without my uncle's permission
Makin', solvin' my family's wishes through whatever conditions
I'm workin' trappin' servin' kitchens with intentions to get in
my mittens under cover millions workin' off of comission
everyday I'm on a mission with heavy haters so listen
Divide it, flip it, weigh and ship it, 'til you cook it and sniff it
When I talk, G's listen they can see I been livin' the same, life that I'm spittin'
I ain't frontin' and trippin'
I came, out of the trap I ain't come here to visit
I named the album Trap Muzik 'cause I'm being specific
To my niggaz still investin' in caine
I'm wearin' rubber bands just out of respect for the game

[Verse Two - Mack 10] (T.I.)

(Who I'm isss...) Mack the dope mayn
Who bang is the game and we 'bout heroine you jam in your fame
It's simple and plain my cocaine off the chain
My ballin' fatsbreak, you got that half-court game
Y'all just talkin' and ramblin' ain't really grindin' and gamblin'
but in my hood, the kids is all black like gramlin
Stay scramblin', hustle hard on the boulevard
Rob ya, leave ya scarred, and pull ya whole card
I got that wizerk, dawg I got them birdies that don't chizerp
Bought an X pill filthy green and the purple sizzurp
And no matter where I'm at, is west coast or up front
I'm low key I can't stunt and move a hundred bricks a month
In the east they like my swagger, them broads be up on me
In the south they love me, cause I'm down and dirty homie
And if you get it how you live as a gangsta then stand up
Mack10 a 'D boy', so my cash is rubberbanned up

[Verse Three - Trick Daddy] (T.I.)

(Who I'm isss...) I represent for the Tre-o-five
Down with the rubberband man, y'all call him young T.I.
See I been an O.G., far from O.D.'n and this is
T double D don't even call me Maurice, now listen
My description is tall, dark, skinny, and ill-mannered
a hood negro with a little bit of spanish be like

Say yo papi, I got, yayo papi if your price is right come on down and y'all copy
watch me, I'm gettin' money like it's 1984
got so much cash Bill Gates could kiss my ass (yeah)
I'm such a player they call me Juan Pierre
been ballin' since my younger years like ya boy Cabrera
I ain't no sentimental nigga, I'm sittin' on spinners nigga
and when I'm, draggin' my denim don't you bustas try to get 'em mmm..
I'm from the parts where the stars like them (??)
stars quality sound beatin' down each and every car

[Verse Four - Twista] (T.I.)

(Who I'm isss...) I'm a windy city man, the one that take sip and run it to the brain
love to get it crunk in the south where my cousins from, and shawty shake that thang
take the hipno' to the dome, smokin when I'm rollin, wood on chrome
thump if it ain't Kamikaze or Trap Muzik then I dont put it on
when I'm on the court call my pacman, yell out that I got that dro', watchin for that po'
you can get that Jag for a hundred but I'm givin out the ounces for fo', let a nigga kno'
Call me the rain man from the place where they gang bang
where them thangs bang, and the brains hang, where we gotta main-tain
Can I cutt and hit it girl, come on let me get it get it girl
I love the girls from New Orleans, to ATL, to St. Louis, and the "the Windy City" girls
Blow fire man, when that hoe slide down the pole like a fireman
smoke dro so fire we could throw it at the wall it stick like spiderman
'Cause you messin with the 'icky, hit the tip up in the alley for the fifty
steady ballin in the club sippin moet and crissy, come on y'all kick it with me
why, cause it ain't no thang man, Twista gone chop that change man
cause I'm number one on Billboard with a bullet but I ain't gone change man

[Hook - Twista]

I'm the Slow Jam man, rollin' wit' the rubber band man
Got some niggas in my right
with a Three Fifty-seven off in my other hand
(Who I'm isss..) I'm in trouble man, always in trouble man
Worth a couple hundred grand
Chevy's all colors man, who I'm isss..?