

T.I., Why U Mad At Me

[T.I. Talking]

I got a question fo you hatin ass niggaz out there,Ay
Why you mad at me,Ay
Oh lame ass nigga why you mad at me
Sucka ass nigga why you mad at me

[Verse 1]

Remember late nights earn stripes servin straight white
Talk shit slap box clear into the day light
Might fuss may fight but stay tight
Keep what the " need for the lighter hit the base pipe
If the trap was the ocean or the sea
You could consider me and them the killa whales and great whites
Befo a nigga tried to click it make them think twice
Cause they knew Cap would kill a nigga fo blink twice
Day right I'm recitein my life
Nigga I was there no matter what through sirens on a silent night
Cold sundays slow mondays hot friday nights
Tuesday thursdays servin whether or not they ride tonight
On peaceful days hostful evenings even violent nights
Chip on my sholder hold a grudge cause you can die tonight
I swear you niggaz had no idea what my life was like
Befo the bright lights and a half a mil just to grab the mic

[Chorus]

Is it cause I came from the bottom to the top
Why you mad at me
Maybe cause I Spent a hundred on a drop
Why you mad at me
Is it cause I kept it pimpin and stayed down
Why you mad at me
Or is it cause I am the a town
Why you mad at me
Is cause you a lame and I'm a "G";
Why you mad at me
Is it cause I got love in the streets
Why you mad at me
Is cause you know yo time runnin out
Why you mad at me
Is it cause you know I'm king of the south

[Verse 2]

Niggaz mad cause I got it like this
Gold on my wrist hoes on my dick, my dick
But I could give a fuck about this industry
I'm a be the same tip til the end of me
Thats something you know automatically if you a friend of me
Question that will think other wise now you offend me
I came in this game not looking for a friend or enemy
Found them both now that niggaz in to me
Got little rap niggaz liking into me
Major lables and police want to censor me
Feds on my ass cause I'm in the streets
Think I still slang listen to lame niggaz who lie to snitch on me
It ain't my fault that you can't piture me
Ridein in a phatom and I swear I never favthom
All the fame that a nigga can gain from atlanta
Now I'm just tryin to maintain for atlanta
Befo niggaz would say in atlanta
I was rhode park doug high stayed in atlanta
Now true enough I sold yay in atlanta
But is that compared to contributions I made to atlanta

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

A pick a reason any reason all excuses would do
But man you lucky I ain't buckin like I used to do fool
While you was throwin one's and two's
I was liftin up tools and then
Shoot at his shoes just to see if he move
Or either bust at his head to check if he dead man
Don't talk around cause I heard he the fed's man
They offer him time and they knowin he scared and tell him
Give me they names or you doin the stretch man
Or wear a wire go record what he said
And then you can tell his lawyer that his clients a dead man
A rat I'm smellin blow I ain't sellin
Where you got that impressin ain't no tellin
Yes I'm a felon why was that in question
What about all these records I'm sellin
I'm bankhead born and bankhead bread
And when a nigga die I'm gone be bankhead dead

[Chorus]