

T.I., 24's

money, hoes, cars and clothes, thats how all my niggaz roll
blowing dro on 24's,
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[T.I.]

in a drop top chevy with the roof wide open my partners looking at me to see if my eyes open cause
I've
been smokin and flying down 285 but I'm focused its a four fifty four SS, I raise Porches white leather
as fresh
as air forces doing 'bout a hundred but the track still bumping number 8 on NWA straight out of Compton
apartment sitting on 20 something and the dope boys, saying the kids running in the clicks start deciding
choosing and the cars been parked but the rims keep moving
sign pictures by the hundred, to the youngins in the hood cause I
ain't Hollywood, I come from the hood I'm use to it, if your rear view shaking and your seats vibrating
chevrolet shaking

[Chorus]

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[T.I.]

I'll make a mill and I'm satisfied, I'll get the rest at the age of seventeen, entertaining the rides, I will
refuse
to get a 9 to 5, I'm a flip my keys been paying my dues since 89, trying to get my cheese diamonds
scene, they know its me aint no dream or no fantasy b*tch its T I P brought busting, like a baby do
motherfucking pinkie, half of hennessy and belevedere what we drankin, pimps send for broads with
thinkin, yall niggas spend a weekend in the islands in the fall, 24 inch rim shining when I'm riding car
calling out shots like a pool shark my tools spark, when I fool yall, yall fools hard in the wrong place
got a strong mind to grab my dro nine, and shoot at your ass for a long time but I'm a get that ass, I
with
the click get shot like a dick with a stick, cause yall lost cause I'm a ball at all costs, spit game at a
around at this thang till she falls off

[Chorus]

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[T.I.]

I'm not bouncing little shorty, I'm relaxing right now I probably still be trappin if I wasn't rapping right now
about pistols at the house, guess whos strapped right now keep a talking I'm a lay you on your back
right now, get smacked right now, I'm a bankhead motherfucka I don't know to back down, clown do
talking about
what you making I'm 21 in 10 deep, that shit to me ain't nothing , getting played by the niggas getting
change,
my lead wanta spray and your dead with decay, they ain't ready for the raid pay heavy for the yay, t
ass, I make a 11 everyday

[Chorus]

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[Repeats till fades]