

T.I. feat. Wyclef, You Know What It Is

Wyclef Intro:

Aye, boy don't spill my drink boy.

Pull up! Now Listen

Everybody report to the blood clot dance floor..

Wyclef all hands on deck

You know the beat!

Yo T.I.P.talk to them blood...

Chorus (T.I.P.)

I'm a real nigga homie throw 6 figures on me

Got a pistol you don't want it

Boy you know what it is

I'm way flyer

My pay is way higher

If they ever mention sire

Boy you know what it is

Bout that drama, you dont want no problems

Gotta love that lama

Boy you know what it is

I get money all I got is big money

Think that's all she get from me

Boy you know what it is

Wyclef:

Yo T.I.P.

Let them niggas rap boys know how you livin'

Aye aye aye aye... boy you know what it is....

Verse 1:

The wait is over here I go again I'm back into play

Gone sell another couple mill and take it back to the "A"

Gone take another couple mill and put it back in the safe

5 cash for the crib on the back of the lake

Im up in Crucial 2 stepping with the gat at my waist

T.I. aint in the street no more

foe sho is what they say?

Don't even try him when you see him boy you have to be great.

Because this pistol hit you in the face

Your teeth you have to replace.

That's if you lucky trust me don't hurt me today, a 100 thousand to them haitians you'll be murdered

Chorus:

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Wyclef:

Yo T.I.P. some boys want to player hate

Let them know who the King of the South is.

Talk to them

Verse 2:

Women they sweating when they see me

I'm apparently hot

Had the album of the year

Nigga grammy or not

Remember all day I used to stay at the spot

With 2 revolvers in my pocket pitch a hand of that rock

And now chart topping aint a car I ain't got

I am the number one customer at my own car lot

You want to know how much I'm makin just imagine a lot
You know I'm probably making more than you imagine i got
Listen close I need to know if you understand me or not(I need you to be clear)
If you disrespecting me you and your man will be shot (bop bop!)

Chorus:

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T.I.: Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye boy you know what it is

Wyclef:

Why all y'all shock cause I'm moving

We'll pass you in the dust boy.

Verse 3:

Well from the King of the South

To the King of the States

Riding in a car you probably never seen in the states

No idea how much yay I can bring in the states

You can get 100 on it for a million a day

Frank Lucas ain't the only one to make a million a day

But it's an American gangster

I'm right here in your face

You don't want to see PSC on the scene with a "K"

You think you runnin up and robbing that aint even the case

Just because you get away that dont mean its ok

You a dead man walkin and I mean it ok?

Chorus:

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