

# T.I., Get Ya Shit Together

(feat. Lil' Kim)

[Intro - T.I. talking]

As you see the O.G.s from Grand Hustle done laid it down again  
T.I.P. shawty  
Hey yo, this for all my homegirls like to see a baller do his thing  
Get ya shit together come on  
All the eight, nines, and dimes  
I'd like to welcome y'all to the best time of ya life  
Ya understand that  
All the stones is real  
And it's all chrome on the wheels, ya know  
Anything less is uncivilized

[Verse 1 - T.I.]

Pull up to the club, lift both doors up  
Hopped out clean and yo ho chose us  
Walked in the door, make the show hold up  
Cause my neck and my bracelet is so froze up  
The kind of stones bitches wanna see close up  
So we don't approach them, they come and approach us  
Roll the dro up then go post up  
Look down with the west fixin' go sho' nuff  
In the V.I.P. and all eyes on us  
Hoes chill, poppin' pills blowin' dro no dust  
What cha say, got a man so what  
I don't know him baby and he don't know her  
I got a new Phantom and my own chauffeur  
Ya think ya fixin' be thinkin' bout him, no sir  
Probably prefer to tel ya man good night  
Unless you don't wanna know what the good life look like

[Hook - Lil' Kim, T.I.]

[Lil' Kim]

If you ain't gettin' money good night  
I know what a broke nigga look like  
When ya ridin' in ya wheels get ya shit together  
Boy them diamonds ain't real, get ya shit together

[T.I.]

Now we can ball seven days, six nights  
If tht head and that pussy hit right  
Hey, match ya panties with ya bras get ya shit together  
Go get ya hair and nails done get ya shit together

[Verse 2 - T.I.]

Hey, I'm off the scene with Louis the thirteenth  
Chains swings to my jeans, and my T-shirt clean  
In case you been researching, I'm the King  
With a style as mean as the Earth seem  
Chest on ice, and my wrist on gleam  
30 karats in the ring, money ain't no thing  
You think I'm playin' but I ain't joking  
The dro king, if it ain't purple, I ain't smoking  
Rubberband bank rolls, fifty thousand dollar cheddar knots  
Try to shine, is you out your mind, boy you better not  
I walk around with more money than you ever got  
Shrewd attitude like I never had to sell a rock  
Shawty I can get you in whatever spot  
Backstage, front row, what I got to front for  
I'm getting bored, don't even know what I stunt for  
Got a lot of rides, what it hurt to cop one more

[Hook - Lil' Kim, T.I.]

[Verse 3 - T.I.]

To all my hot girls, if you wanna come chill  
Or roll on chrome wheels, let me tell you what it is  
We fixin' throw a little party at the crib  
Where the floors tricked out and the rooms like ill  
The basement's cool, but the pools unreal  
Where that millionaire lives, shit remains concealed  
So pop a pill, put on your blindfold  
I'm hitting the dance floor, and grab eighty-nine more  
Let em' know we on the way where they been trying to go  
I knew I had em' when they asked me "What kind of diamonds are those"  
Headed to the spot pouring double shots of XO  
Play the "Love Below" and watch'em undress slow  
Flicks on the flat screen, make em' want to "Get Low"  
And spit shine this dick of mine until it gets swole  
When they kick it with the king, they don't wanna let go  
So whatcha gonna tell a nigga, when he tell ya "Let's Go"

[Hook x2 - Lil' Kim, T.I.]