T.I., Long Live Da Game

YEA...
Dis for all my niggaz who think dey hard...
[laughing]
You wanna know whats hard(whats hard pimp?)
Goin about yo day nigga losin yo life at the end of it
Now dats whats hard...(MINDING MY MUTHAFUCKING BUSINESS)
Let me tell yall bout the last day i lived nigga

[Verse]

Im in tha 96 Impala with tha gat in my lap
Annihilating any nigga tryin to work in my trap
Now see the feds got me tap'd
So to keep em' off of my bac
I got a crib in tha trap and a crib to relax
Now my indictment was a secret and thats the way that they keep it
If i aint have a hoe givin head to tha feds
Comin bac tellin me exactly what they said
Im a dead man walkin...
Waitin on time in jail
But i'll die before i let em stop my mail
Long as i got another ounce to sell
What tha hell ima bail? a grap my scale
Get another key and ima slang my yayo
Niggaz on tha westside cant re-up becuz its a drought
So i check tha crack house...
DAMN it sold out
So back to tha crib so i can check this stash
Aint sure about how much dope i had
Got a couple keyz in the safe right now
Weigh it up cook it up then chop it down
Now im ready to go and pick up my fetti
But before i leave tha house i cant dip without grabbin my G'z
And my keyz to my brand new V put em in pocket with tha gat to see
Niggaz pleeze nigga you holla bout freeze
Put this red dot to ya ass n squeeze
Now im dippin bac to tha swats
With tha 4-4 and a plastic glock
Turned around and i had to stop
Couldnt trap swarn it wuz cops
Standin there n i still aint scared
Mac Boney nem must have fled
Only cops is i fear is tha feds
On my car flashin blue n red
Damn there dey go now its time to dip
Got tha 4-4 right my hip
9 millimeter wit a extra clip
Dats what yall niggaz get fuckin round wit TIP
Bustin at em
N cussin at em but aint no shakin em
Them bullets dat they wuz bustin at me my vest wuz takin em
Makin dem pigs fall in pain
Turned around cuz one call my name
Took a hot one to tha brain
Yea i died but LONG LIVE THA GAME...