

# T.I., Look What I Got

[ad lib]

Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay  
You think them niggaz is hot  
Well shawty look what I got  
(nigga look what I got)  
You think I'm lying nigga  
Look what I got  
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay  
Shawty look what I got  
Ay, pimpin look what I got  
Look what I got  
My nigga look what I got

[Verse One]

Big wheels still spin when I stop  
Presidential roll, gold rolex watch  
With no rocks  
I save them for the pinky  
Keep you niggaz blinkin'  
He ain't wearin' platinum, Naw  
But I keep you niggaz thinking  
Mink seats sure to keep a nigga sinkin'  
Swear he ain't slangin'  
But I know that nigga creepin'  
Got a condo, in Orlando  
For the weekend  
Homes be so crunk in the club  
We gotta sneak in  
No more room in the V.I.P  
They payin' just to peek in  
When they leave  
They be lookin in a car  
They can't even see in  
And that's just the  
Be-gin-ning  
In the city that he in  
He was rappin' in the cafeteria  
But now that nigga serious  
Heard he got a CL, a EXT on Spreewells  
Several Chevy's on 24's  
(Hold up), &quot;how many records he sell?&quot;  
Man I don't know  
But he got a label now  
Them boys, the PSC (hell)  
I heard Atlantic gave 'em a deal for  
2 or 3 mill. (ay, shawty)  
(for real nigga?)

[chorus]

Look what I got  
A old school, a truck and a drop  
So next time you think them niggaz is hot  
Shawty, look what I got  
The respect of the niggaz and G's  
So next time you say them niggaz is G's  
You probably lookin' at me  
A what, we ballin'  
Bought the bar for the broads  
So next time you think them niggaz is hard  
Shawty, look at the squad  
I'm buyin' yachts, have the streets on lock  
So next time you think yo' peeps on top  
Pimpin, look what I got

[Verse Two]

I'm well known in the hood  
Like the dope man phone number  
Roll anything I can throw some 24's under  
Nigga talk bad 'bout the man  
But I shole wonder  
Why the dope boys fuck with 'em  
And the hoes love 'em  
Very little promotions on this album  
Never heard of 'em  
But it's jammin' like the fuck  
Was jumpin' out the stores  
'cause I was born in the raid  
and I'm made in the streets  
I done played in the days  
In the shade in the streets  
I say I rapped in the trap  
With the best in the streets  
Shot craps in the back  
You know the rest, nigga please  
You doin' business with me  
You best invest in some skills  
I sell slopes of snow  
I don't fuck with little blow nigga  
Got 80 k's, it's gone take a little more (to what?)  
To double up and bring it back  
And make a little more (You movin' slow)  
And movin' slow, now what you take a nigga for?  
I'ma cock hammers and 44's  
And nail yo ass to the floor  
And I ain't braggin', I'm just lettin' niggaz know  
'cause the media and radio can get a nigga so  
Fucked up  
Comparin' me to these niggaz little flow  
I do a song  
Fuck up they whole little show (so shawty)

[chorus]