

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), "how many records he sell?"
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 letting 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]