

T.I., My Swag

(feat. Wyclef Jean)

[Intro: T.I.]

You gotta get your swagger together nigga (ay)
Get your suit fitted (ay)
Starts on the inside, ya dig?
I don't need mine, I got cribs where we goin (okay)
If you don't love yourself you can't love nobody
Keep up nigga (okay) I love myself
You gon' need to travel ladies, you go and got that mack diesel right

[T.I.]

I'm the man from Atlanta, to way out in Cali
Catch me in New York, I'm on the way to Miami
I be in Hawaii, then catch me in Paris
I be at home barely, I'll sleep when I'm buried
What I need some sleep for? This dope got me geeked up
I went to Japan and made a mil' in a week bruh
These niggaz can't keep up cause they see me in London
Or out in Ibiza, that time I ain't sleep for
Bout three days maybe, you see me in Haiti
With Wyclef Jean and a selection of ladies
But my folk got that work in like they back in the 80's
See the money's what move me, conversation don't phase me

[Chorus: Wyclef Jean (T.I.)]

(Tell 'em why cause I) Been around the worrrrrld
Traveled the seven seas (and I be)
Poppin bottles with celebrities (so you can find me)
Flyin high, smokin better trees (ay, oh-ay-ay)
Girls around the worrrrrld (yo, yo)
They keep callin me (they call me)
Paparazzi they be follow me (they all be)
Hopin that they get a shot of me
It's my swaaaaaag (they wonder what's so special 'bout him)
(Why they ain't sellin records like him, tell 'em)
It's my swaaaaaag (how he always look so cool)
(That why e'rybody do what he do, tell 'em)
Gotta be my swaaaaaag (they wonder why he wear his hat like that)
(When girls see him why they act like that, ay, I don't know)
It's my swaaaaaag (for some reason all the real niggaz love him)
(Even though they girlfriend wanna fuck him, I guess)
Gotta be my swaaaaaag

[T.I.]

Gettin money in Frisco, wearin my raincoat
See I'm gettin wet, and this bitch in the same boat
I came in the game slow, they act like they ain't know
that I wasn't gon' leave until I got what I came fo'
I still can't complain though, as long as I ain't broke
I came a long way but shawty ain't nuttin changed though
I still let the tool go, don't get it confused bro
Run up on me wrong, now what you think I'ma do bro?
Send you to your maker, then go to Jamaica
Or either to Cabo, I chill at my condo
My swagger is perfect, hatin on me ain't worth it
Guarantee you boy, the Earth my turf, if it hurts

[Chorus]

[T.I.]

Regardless what haters say I'm as real as they come
I'm chasin that paper baby however it come
I'm singin a song and movin yay by the ton

I bet you never seen a nigga gettin money so young
How I get from the pen', all the way to Berlin
I've been to Switzerland skiing and pimp I'm goin again
It ain't nuttin to catch me in the south of France
In a coffee shop smokin dro in Amsterdam
And ain't nuttin to fly, all the way to Dubai
St. Barts, St. Lucia, any day we can try
G-5 to Moscow and they say I'ma lie
I'ma ball like a dog 'til the day that I die

[Chorus w/ ad libs]

[Outro: T.I.]

This is impeccable pimpin
You couldn't duplicate this shit if I told you how to man
Hahhh, y'all niggaz keep up
By the time you get to Puerto Rico my nigga I'll be in Cuba
By the time you get to Cuba I'll be in Haiti
By the time you get to Haiti I'll be way over in Africa man
Y'knowmsayin? South of France in my land man
The Earth's my turf my nigga [fades out]