

# T.I., Warrior's Theme

You know the streets been fiendin for anotha on of them jackin fa beats ya know  
So dig mane go on and crank this shit up this year. Lets do it

(verse)

Aye!

Keep my name out ya mouth I done said it before  
Cause all them games I ain't bout, tell whoeva you know  
Before I pull this thang out, aim it dead at ya throat  
Or bring the rifle out the house and put ya head in the scope  
Pimpin trained for the drama shawty ready to go  
See me hangin out the Hummer spittin 70 mo'  
You was talkin bout the drought, I was peddlin snow  
And I doubt you get some blow fa cheap as I'm sellin it fo'  
Aye I'm a G, what I'm worried bout a felony fo'  
When I get free bet I be ballin hard as eva before  
Got some Chevy's but a Benz what I'm usually in  
And niggaz hatin on the crew I put a few in the wind  
Keep it pimpin till the end while you chose to pretend  
Shot a video in the pen and I'll do it again  
Made news nation wide from 11 to 10  
Headline CNN Peter Jennings and friends nigga  
I'm so cool been doin this since the old school  
You turned into a gangsta when ya vocals hit the Pro Tools  
Haha Looka here man..  
So don't get it confused you don't know that dude  
I'm hard core no gold teeth no tattoos  
If you don't want no beef nigga don't act rude  
I got a 4-4 fo' yo attitude  
We can... Talk or shoot it out whateva you chose  
Have me back in the county blues on the TV news  
Only... two rules when you walk in my shoes  
1 take no shit number 2 don't lose  
Im throwed off plum fool nigga loosen my screws  
I'ma pass my partner the tool leave you wet as a pool  
Lames get it misconstrued Gs you don't fool  
I know... bustin a grape is somethin you don't do  
Supa cool nothin to prove I been bustin the Reugers  
and givin you bustaz the blues since you was suckaz in school  
Hey this a situation you gon wish you neva persued  
You wanna push me, pussy nigga do what you do  
You think trappin just in my flows nigga oh contrare  
Been sellin blow since I was 12 years old my dear  
Bustin Calicos just to let 'em know I'm hear  
Choppaz in the trunk of every auto I steer  
While you was in the classroom tryin to pick a career  
I was sellin glass countin cash drinkin a beer  
I agree this rap beef shit is so last year  
But ask if I'll tear a new hole in yo ass. Yeah  
Fa flexin and disrespectin I don't play about dat  
But no mo questions I got shit else to say about dat  
But my sentence'll be finished any day and I'm back nigga  
Laughin at ya sucka ass Hollywood rap niggaz  
Fakin and they love it but this ain't fa the public  
So in interviews I choose to stay away from the subject  
I just prove that I'm the truth if you don't like it then fuck it  
We can keep it between me and you and this pistol I'm bustin  
Yeeah!  
Pussy niggaz ain't fuckin wit me  
Cause pistol play in broad day that shit ain't nothin to me  
You need to pinch yaself nigga cause you livin a dream  
And I'm one of the realest niggaz that this industry seen  
Think of me as John Gotti wit a Phd  
Or either Martin Luther King wit a G.A.T  
I'm ridin clean, paint gleamin blowin T.H.C

And for that reason hataz wanna alieviate me  
But I forgive 'em cause I know it ain't the he hate me  
He just hate the situation hate that he ain't me  
OGs say alot of them in me they see  
Cause I'm a scholar no diploma no GED  
Now TIP ain't sweet just so y'all know  
Had to tone it down for ya cause I know y'all slow  
Niggaz tongue wrestle plenty yeah but they all show  
Spread gossip like hoes bout what they don't know  
Got mo lies to tell than a nigga in jail  
All my niggaz in the streets I know remember me well  
From how I use to take a key and put the wieght on the scale  
Now I'm seein how many mill's one record can sell nigga  
You was on the low discussin a G  
When urban legend drop we'll see what the discussion'll be