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 drankin 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