

My Life

T.I.

I know it's your life nigga..you do as you please (That's right)
But you know we be fucking up
Huh, Huh....Yeah Aye, Aye, Aye..Yea, Yea, Yeah (What)
Aye, Aye, Aye.....Yea, Yea, Yeah
That nigga Daz and T.I. is in the motherfuckin house..You know what I mean
It's your life nigga....live or die.....Woooooh!!

Can't ya see I'm on fire, so quit hating on me pimpin, I'm just living my life
Think I ain't gone ride, on all you pussy niggas tryin to put an end to my life
You can't do it, don't try...I know you sucker niggas wish that you was living my life
In white linen, I'm fly..top down in the spiderville, riding for the rest of my life

A-town veteran, started at eleven
When and bought an eight-ball, I was staying down every since
That's why its hard to find a young rapper nigga better than
Bankhead resident, Westside represent, Pimp Squad mobster
Grand Hustle president, heart of a lion and the nuts of an elephant
Trap musik heaven sent, you hating and it's evident
You trying to stack presidents, I'm tryin to set precedents
The comparison is insulting my intelligene
Cause real recognize real, and real you ain't never been
You never will, I catch ya where you chill,
holla at ya where you live nigga, fuck a record deal (what's happenin)
I graduated out the yay, to stack a couple mill
Who would figure it would be a rap nigga I have to kill
My potnaz telling me shawty you have to chill (fuck that shit)
but Ima end Up hating with steel, what is is, still dope boy trap niggas
Worldwide lovin it, haters see the spider and they wanna put a slug in it
Fuck it, I'm a G, I been a rider, I ain't studding it
Better get ya mind of mind, and start hustling

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I should BG banging the stripes, ideas when I strike
Breaking my victims, lining them niggas all with the light
Get it right, hold it tight, blast with all your might
See we hustle for them grands til the early light
Follw my plan on command, leave'em dead where they stand
Ain't no stopping the man nigga with grands in my hands
Living the fast lane, grand hustle the gram when the cash came
(Grand hustle nigga)
The police book me, take my fingerprint and last name
If I'm stuck in a cell, how would I maintain
Lock up all these niggas, the penitentiary mind frame
I strive for perfection, my method is quite collective
Check out the fuckin way I just rep it

This dog pound gangsta in the back take a licking
Rims shining, fresh paint, T.I. counting paper
Big moves stay on deck with the tools
All ya'll niggas and bitches and niggas get sprayed with the tools..Blahhh

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This how we hustle for the paper, cause the hustle get harder
I'm dog pounded out, an Atlanta Brave starter
Money, weed, and bitches, 24 inches conversating
T.I. plotted on getting these niggas, now for my niggas
Murdering, killing, wheeling the spider, on a mission
All my niggas ya'll know how the fuck we kick it
I'ma keep my eye on a meal ticket, hustle it up motherfucker better kick it

All eyes on me, with my westside homie
In a drop 65, on D's, wanna ride on me
I got a forty-five, on me
In a hurry to die homie, get live on me
You charged with tryin to OG
And I'm creepin through the crowd, low key, nigga
You don't know me
I learned from niggas before me
I got insomnia shawty, I don't sleep, I bomb, I don't creep

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Ya'll niggas know how we do this shit
T.I, that nigga Daz....youknowwhatimean
This my life, your life, our life, his life.live it to the fullest
One time for Pac, we miss you nigga...Yeah, Yeah, Yeah
One time for Shorty B, keepin it pimpin' (Aye)
PSC, Grand Hustle, pimp (yeah)
Fuck nigga, let this be a lesson to ya...Yeah, Yeah, Yeah
Ya'll niggas better start training man
You better be a damn good ducker nigga,
When I goddamn let loose with this chopper, you understand that
I ain't playin with ya'll niggas, Once the motherfuckin judge
Slam that goddamn gaffel nigga and let a motherfuckin case beat nigga
I'm at ya'll ass nigga..Mark my motherfuckin words, Fuck boys
I'm laying low for a reason pimp..Ha...Fuck niggas