

# My Type

T.I.

Lets go...

Y'all gon' wish for a nigga like me  
When I ain't here you know what I'm sayin'  
(You think I'm lyin')  
(Say goodbye to the bad guy)

(You don't appreciate a nigga my type  
Once I die there ain't no more niggas my type  
So just remember me right)

Bet you don't appreciate a nigga my type  
But when I die there ain't no more niggas my type  
So just remember me right  
Bet if I let them suckers kill me tonight  
All them haters gon' be filled with delight  
God forgive me aight  
I sacrifice so they can live my life  
If necessary I'll give my life  
What you hear is my life  
Reputation decorated with stripes  
No need crying at the end of my life  
Just remember me right

When your back was against the wall remember where could you go  
Remember who helped you again like he helped you before  
Went out the way to let you know that you ain't never alone  
They disrespect you come here until they left you alone  
He taught you how to be weak, he taught you how to be strong  
Taught you not to accept defeat you go all out or be gone  
But it ain't the same in the streets now that he gone  
He now in heaven on the throne exactly where he belong  
But he left millions devastated and his family mourned  
Sons turn to grown man since their daddy been gone  
Daughters grew like him or not he left his family home  
Even prepared the funeral service he had in the dome  
And then they came to represent for a stand up gent  
Who walked it like he talked it, always said what he meant  
Impossible to stop him had a head like cement  
Maybe now you'll appreciate the nigga like this...

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If they only knew the man outside of the hype  
No matter what the situation he alway try to do right  
Still they gossip and told lies, used to take him for granted  
Often found it hard to relate, some how they can't understand it

'Cause that respect he gon' demand it, theres a problem he handle it  
Looked adversity in the eye, he never ran from a challenge  
They try to knock him off balance when the fed came and got him  
Did the time on the edge came home now he ain't stoppin'  
Now while them niggas used to hate him, but they girl use to jock him  
Swear he had the kinda swagger made the world stop and watch him  
Plus he possessed so much hustle, made it impossible to top him  
Got better every album, haters hate to see him drop em'  
They just talk shit from a distance, when he around they playin' posse  
He use to scare the suckers shitless, probably why them niggas shot him  
Hey what it took nothing else than what they could've ever did about him  
So go on talk shit about him  
At least you ain't forgot about him...

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Wanna say sorry to my mama  
King and lil' mama  
See me go through so much drama  
You could stand a little thunder  
Never let em' see you sweat, stay cool as a cucumber  
Stay ready for whatever, make note I'm a do wonder  
How he died? On his feet like a man with honor  
Showed you the sky was the limit, you can do whatever you wanna  
Death above the money, deja need me  
Don't worry bout me Uncle Phil the ladies with me  
See me with your granddaddy  
I know you gon' miss daddy  
But life ain't always a dream, and horrible shit happens  
Had I let a nigga kill me before I could quit rapping  
And get to spend more time with ya, I know we would a been happy  
But I had to take the chances, You would have been trappin'  
Long as I could keep that from happening  
Ya papi could die happy  
So keep the wind at your back and the sun at your face  
Remember winnin' in your blood you were born with what it take (OK)...

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