

Project Steps

T.I.

Old habit die hard huh
Disrespect will not be disregarded partna
You cross dat line I'm goin' off bout mine
Man woman and child, no exception home boy
no disrespect will be tolerated come hell or high water
You understand that? Ya bitch!
Bankroll mafia, hustle gang ova everythang nigga

I got fake bitches on my timeline
Sucka niggas in my rearview
Wonder why I'm even wasting my time
Even replying to letcha know I don't feel you
Fuck 'em!
Dodging nothin' but a Fed case
Betta know it, tired of holdin' on to dead weight
Goin' let it go
Ain't no turnin' round lookin' back
I Swear to God I'ma drop a gem like cookin' crack
And sell it hard
I'ma, Bankhead nigga to the heart
Tote tools on the boulevard
Its young niggas in a stolen car
With expensive ambition and exquisite pistols we showin' off
Caught that line and we goin' off
And let his mom give a damn, who you goin' call?
You violatin, we ain't lettin' nothin' go at all
We demonstrate and leave your brains on the fuckin' wall
Puss, you disrespectful nigga, got that
I ain't neva been shot at, and I ain't shot back
Bossed up in a cool whip with a hot gat
And still got stacks from back from "What You Know About That?"

I'm just a project nigga on the front steps
And gettin' money is the concept
By any means, and the belt where the gun kept
I let that whole clip ride, till ain't one left in it
Try me, I'ma handle my business, handle my business
Try me, I'ma handle my business
Try me I'ma handle my business, try me

I got fake bitches in my timeline
Hatin' niggas in my rearview
I got naked bitches in the high rise
On the balcony so they could get a clear view
Of the city with my dick up in it
But in the morning won't remember which bitch is it, shit
Ay I'm too rich for this shit but I'm too real to be tried nigga
Going against me just like goin' against God
And I ain't gotta make excuses
I don't fuck whoever, whatchu wanna do about it
Thought not, fuck around get crossed out
You caught slippin' roll down on your ass, .45 start spittin'
Goin' be a long day nigga I start trippin'
Don't be stickin' to the script, drive-by audition, wassup
Whatchu do for dough, guess you do it too slow
And by the looks of your stuff, you ain't doin' enough

I'm poppin' witnesses in the front, leave you in the dust
Kick in your door masked up like, "Who in the fuck?"
Boy you a ho ho, not just a little piece of pussy
Betta watch your ass talkin', you don't me nigga holdup

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All I wanna do is go and chill
Take my mind off the ones I wanna go and kill
Yea, I'm a daddy, love my little girls
But I'll still check a bitch like 'Pac did Lauryn Hill
Hey I ain't grow into it, I was born with it
Used to sell crack to the children of the corn
I'm the reason why your mama warned you
Pray you don't die before you make it to the street corner

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