

The One

T.I.

Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah

Hey Hey Hey [x3]

There ain't never been a question on who runnin' the streets
On second guessin' my profession is like nothin' to me
Don't learn a lesson out here flexin' they get bust in the streets
I told 'em chrome, Smith and Wesson right up under the seats
Ay listen close gotta tote, give a fuck if you see
If you don't wanna die tonight you best stop fuckin' with me
Ay I'm intelligent and hella rich and plus I'm a G
So I can sell a brick and sell a bitch to rush you with me [?]
They call me T.I.P. way off in the chain
Spit a verse, throw you niggas way off of your game
In my opinion, bein' lame it should cost you your fame
In all the hatin' on my name burn it off with' the flame
I'm grippin' new wood grain and the C-L-C's
If I ride through the city on some D-L shit
Niggas say they sell brick that's what we sell bitch
Think I'm lyin' ask anybody and they'll tell bitch

Ay in this shit I'm the one, competition is none
Start hatin' on my niggas, boy you niggas is done
Start sprayin' at you niggas, bet you niggas will run
Start callin' on the phone for some niggas to come
They be like I don't think he got none, I don't think he got none
When the nigga say he runnin, I don't think he got none
They be like I don't think he got none, I don't think he got none
When the nigga say he runnin, I don't think he got none

Know niggas hate to hear me say it, but they know I'm a king
I'm in the roads gettin' choked by the whore of your dreams
Ass swole, pretty toes keep a whore on the scene
And they be rollin' off the chain whore by four of the things [?]
I eat the pussy for an hour, waitin' on the cream
And stuff the pussy fill with' pine to get that blow on the scene
She can damage your self-esteem till that whore on some 'premes
She gonna talk to you like you great till you show her some things
You see me ridin' with a lean, with Big Kuntry and King
C-Rod, Mac and D.P. and all the rest of the kings
I was raised by the greatest gangstas the city has seen
When I talk to you and your partners, nothin' comes in between
Bring all the niggas you can bring, nigga do what you do
But I guarantee the P\$C will be shootin' at you
And we got choppers and if you smart, you'd be shootin them too
No coppin' deuces callin' it off, I'm refusin' the truth