

Wit' Me

T.I.

Bitch! Put my dick on yo face, put my gun in yo purse
Put my work in yo pussy, bitch don't cum on the work
Pass the weed to your slime, these niggas greener than lime
So many knots in my pockets, the bitch need a massage
I was born in the drought, I hope I die in yo mouth
If you're a rat you should've died as a mouse
The weed louder than the opera house, til the fat lady sings
Drop codeine in my punch, I'm bout to take a swing
If niggas thinkin I'm soft, I'll knock yo thinkin cap off
I get blood out these pussies, I'm a stinky tampon
This for my niggas back home, I'm so New Orleans regardless
Got bitches fallin like August could sell bullshit to a tourist
My bitch is badder than me, call that Adam & Eve
I do tricks on my skateboard, not up my sleeve
I kiss yo bitch on the neck, shoot your man in the head
Hit his mama address then send his parents his head
I play with pussy, not these niggas
Crucify these niggas
Kidnap em, call they boss, and ask 'em who gone buy these niggas
Got Lil Wayne on her ass, Lil Tunechi on her titties
To kill me you gotta die wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me
(wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me)

We ain't playin, got 100 racks (wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me)
In the van got 100 gat (wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me)
Streets (wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me)
She's (wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me)
He's (wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me)
(I'm wit you!)

We ain't playin, got 100 racks (wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me)
In the van got 100 gat (wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me)
Strong (wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me)
Gas (wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me)
Drank (wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me)

I ain't never been dumb my nigga
Or a sucka neither, go ahead play around wit it
Cash on deck, they be layin round wit it
Got a K - fuck with us,, I'll be sprayin' rounds with it.
I'm cold! Don't believe me, just ask yo bitch I swear she know her legs up h
igh
She spread eagle and then took in my big ego
I'm stupid, ask Tunechi and them
Let me tell you a little something bout me
I talk shit, bread like Muhammad Ali
Then, whoop a nigga ass like Muhammad Ali
I'm throwed, no catchin me
These niggas in the game - so sad to me
I'm sure no one would care if we
Just put them out their misery
But no sympathy and no green, uh uh
Leave home with no heat? Uh uh
Can niggas talk bullshit on records and see him in public
And they never do nothing
You violator, demonstrations I'mma
Put niggas up on there, wherever we want
I got racks in my pocket right next to my llamas

I'm mowin my bag, the purple mohana
Get after my girl and it's round whatever
So don't be struck down when you seein me nigga
Whoever fuck with me be smoking the Sadie
You ready for war, you bout that life really
You catch me in Cali, you catch me in Philly
See me in Miami, the coppers is wit me
Don't kick no niggas who be gossippin with me
Lookin for yo bitch but she probably (wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me)

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Uh, pussy money weed with me
Before you judge me I plead guilty
I wish a nigga would, I won't get a splinter
Just bought a chicken, bout to break it down into chicken tenders
This block booming, I'm not human
My drop zoomin, my eyes groomin
One giant leap for mankind
I'm high as moon men, how have you been?
Gun ain't on my waist
But it ain't that far away
I'm sparkling like some Chardonnay
Here today, gone today
I play with pussy, not these niggas
Crucify these niggas
Kidnap em call they boss and ask em who gone buy these niggas
Got Lil Wayne on her ass, Lil Tunechi on her titties
To kill me you gotta die wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me

Hey Wayne wait man, these niggas ain't true
Julio on the yard, these niggas can't do
These niggas ain't King, these niggas ain't Tune
Got the game locked up, covered every angle
Got the outside, inside, middle lane too
All sold up nigga, hold up nigga
Pimps on the loop, put yo hoes up nigga
Handcuff that bitch when we roll up nigga
We'll hit that bitch, run pole up in her
And the head and shoulders of another ho up in her
With the legs checkin out
Is she dead? Just about
Then we rollin some loud and leave up out the house
We leave up the house, counting 100's and 50's
And go do a show for 250
We sell out arenas at hundreds of cities
These niggas want trouble? I'm bringing it with me

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They ain't fuckin wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me

No, they ain't fuckin wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me

Yo T.I.

They ain't fuckin with us pimp

AHHH!!

My bad I Didn't mean to scream.

Sorry