

## Bars (RIP T)

Tones And I

I got bars, bars, fucking cars  
Aeroplanes, deep massage  
Bars, bars, fire, fire  
Tell your girl I won't retire

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Woo  
Here I am  
Flying down the street like Superman  
And I won't do it but my best friend can  
I won't do it but my best friend can

We got them blue jeans  
Got them at Costco  
She hates that blue cheese but loves Tabasco  
But everybody knows that I'm your boss, yo  
But everybody knows that I'm the boss though

You know I'm gonna write the words  
I'm gonna play the strings  
And don't forget I still fucking sing  
Even on the street I was a fucking king  
(Even on the street I was a fucking king)

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Woo-hoo  
Tokyo, drifting down the street in my sleek Volvo  
Winding down my window, I let everybody know  
That I bought this car with my papa's dough

Yeah, my best friend, don't need a wine glass  
They love the goon sack, up here it's all class  
But everybody knows that they can shake their ass  
But everybody knows that they can shake their ass

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I've got a feeling I'll be fine  
Left it all behind  
In the house up in the hill that I once called mine  
Left the keys in the van from '69  
To the motherfucking madhouse  
(King T vibes)

I got bitches  
Bitches

Bitches  
And I got

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RIP to the BOG  
Footy MVP  
Yeah, the big King T  
We'll miss you so much  
We love you, T