

T.I., Wit Me (ft. Lil Wayne)

Bitch! Put my dick on yo face, put my gun in yo purse
Put my work in yo pussy, bitch don't come on a word
Bitch the weed til you slime, these niggas greener than lime
So many knives in my pockets, the bitches need em inside
I was born in the drought, I hope I die in yo mouth
If you were right 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 sneaking tampon
This for my niggas back home, I'm still New Orleans regardless
Got bitches fallin like olives 'cause that bullshit to the tallest
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 a text
I play with pussy, not these niggas
Crucify these niggas
Kidnap em cuz they fowl so ask em who gone by 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)
Straight (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 sucka neither, go ahead play ya part wit it
Cash on deck, they be layin round wit it
Gotta cake up, where the suckas playin rounds wit it
I'm cold, doubling this, just ask yo bitch
I swear she know her legs up high
She spread eagle and then took in my big ego
I'm stealthy, I Tunechi them
Let me tell you a little something bout me
I talk shit, break like Muhammad Ali
Damn, whoop a nigga ass like Muhammad Ali
I'm thrown, no catchin me
These niggas in the game ? so sad to me
I'm sure no one would care we
Just put them out their misery
But no sympathy and no green, uh uh
Me home with no heat, uh uh
Can nigga talk bullshit of records at CM 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 lamas
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 f-ck with me be smoking the Sadie
You ready for war, you bout that like really
You catch me in Cali, you catch me in Phily
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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Straight (wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me)
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He's (wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me)
(Talk to em!)
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)
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Drank (wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me)

Uh, pussy money weed with me
Before you judge me I plead guilty
I wish you nigga would, I won't get a splinter
Just bout a chicken, bout to break it down and check in
Turn this glock on and I'm not human
My drop zoomin, my eyes groomin
One giant leap for mankind
I'm high as mooman, how have you been?
Burning 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 cuz they fowl so ask em who gone by 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 kings, these niggas ain't too
Got the game locked up, cuz whatever I ain't going
Got the outside, inside, little lane too
I 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 come pull up
Then her head and shoulders up it never hold in er
When your late checkin up, she match us about
Then we rollin some loud and leave up out the house
We leave up the house, getting 100's and 50's
And go do one up 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 f-ckin wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me
No, they ain't f-ckin wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me
Yo T.I.

They ain't f-ckin with us pimps