

Wit Me (feat. Lil Wayne)

T.I.

Bitch, put my dick in ya face, put my gun in ya purse
Put my work in your 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, them bitches need a massage
I was born in a drought, I hope I die in ya mouth
If you a rat, you should've died as a mouse
The weed louder than the opera house, till the fat lady sing
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 bitches badder than me, call that Adam and Eve
I do tricks on my skateboard, not up my sleeve
I kiss yo' bitch on her neck, shoot ya man in the head
Get 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 gon' 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
Tip
We ain't playin', got a 100 racks (wit me, wit me, wit me)
In the van got 100 Gats (wit me, wit me, wit me)
Streets (wit me, wit me, wit me)
She's (wit me, wit me, wit me)
He's (wit me, wit me, wit me)
I'm wit you (wit me, wit me, wit me)
We ain't playin', got a 100 racks (wit me, wit me, wit me)
In the van got 100 Gats (wit me, wit me, wit me)
Strong (wit me, wit me, wit me)
Gas (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 with it
Cash on deck, they be layin' 'round with it
Gotta cape up when the suckas be sprayin' rounds with it
I'm cold
Don't believe me, 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, 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 thrown
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 they misery
With no sympathy and no grief, uh uh
Leave home with no heat, uh uh
A nigga talk bullshit on records and see him in public
And they never do nothing
You violate 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 now
Cause whoever fuck with me be smoking the city
You ready for war? You 'bout that life really?
You catch me in Cali, you catch me in Phily
See me in Miami, them choppers is with me
Don't kick no niggas who be gossippin' with me
Lookin' for yo' bitch? Well she probably wit me, wit me, wit me, wit me We ain't playin', got a
100 racks (wit me, wit me, wit me)
In the van got 100 Gats (wit me, wit me, wit me)
Streets (wit me, wit me, wit me)
She's (wit me, wit me, wit me)
He's (wit me, wit me, wit me)
Talk to 'em (wit me, wit me, wit me)
We ain't playin', got a 100 racks (wit me, wit me, wit me)
In the van got 100 Gats (wit me, wit me, wit me)
Strong (wit me, wit me, wit me)
Gas (wit me, wit me, wit me)
Drank (wit me, wit me, wit me) 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 in chicken tenders
Block fuming, 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 gon' 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, come pull up in her
Her head and shoulders never hold up in her
With the legs hangin' out, cause she dead just about
Then we rollin' some loud and leave up out the house
We leave up the house countin' 100s and 50s and go do a show for 250
We sell out arenas at hundreds of cities
These niggas want trouble? I'm bringing it wit me
(Wit me, wit me, wit me) We ain't playin', got a 100 racks (wit me, wit me, wit me)
In the van got 100 Gats (wit me, wit me, wit me)
Streets (wit me, wit me, wit me)
She's (wit me, wit me, wit me)
He's (wit me, wit me, wit me)
I'm wit you (wit me, wit me, wit me)
We ain't playin', got a 100 racks (wit me, wit me, wit me)
In the van got 100 Gats (wit me, wit me, wit me)
Strong (wit me, wit me, wit me)
Gas (wit me, wit me, wit me)
Drank (wit me, wit me, wit me) Alright
They ain't fuckin' wit me, wit me, wit me
Nooo, they ain't fuckin' wit me, wit me, wit me
Yo Tip
They ain't fuckin' with us pimp
Ahhhhhhhh!
My bad, I didn't mean to scream like that, sorry

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