

# I'm Illy

## T.I.

Rebel for the hell of it, hella rich  
Never have to sell a brick again, must I tell a bitch again  
The bullshit I'm addressin', check I'm on some next level shit  
Never been fucked in the game I'm celibate Rarely out my element, barely out the ghetto with  
One foot out and one foot in, intelligent as fellas get  
Listen let's settle this, be clear I could fall back 7 years  
Still it ain't no one ahead of me Consider it a blessin' if you get to stand next to me  
Five star general, O.G. veteran  
Caked like Entenmann's, blowin' that celery  
Stack that cash like the U.S. treasury Every single thing I ever did was done heavily  
Rap until you're 70, still ain't no catchin' me  
Put it on my pops, Big Phil, Aunt Beverly  
Be standin' on the top still after they bury me  
Nose in the air so stuck up arrogant  
Ain't got long hot songs, best cherish it  
Cool when I drop mine that's over, finito  
You payin' for your foul like a free throw, baow Now how could a nigga think that he could see  
me  
Other than the magazine covers or the TV?  
Know I sold mo' mixtapes than your CD  
You're waitin' on your big break prayin' you could beat me You ain't made it far as D.C., on the  
low  
I been all around the globe like a God how they treat me  
Broads hit they knees, eyes closed when they greet me  
Mouth wide open just beggin' me to skeet, skeet You in a deep sleep, stop dreamin'  
I'm 6 albums in for 10 years I been 5 hot steamin'  
The limelight's mine, I'm gleamin', beamin'  
That's why I say I'm king bitch, I got my reasons  
Wrist so frosty, neck so chilly  
All on my mind is to get more millies  
Niggaz talk shit that's silly  
Shawty he ain't 'bout that really, is he?  
Nigga, I'm illy Ay, I run this city clearly  
Tell 'em get lost, I'm busy, really?  
Nigga, I'm illy Where niggas get off? Piss off  
Me and mine aughta take time to pop a lid off  
Shit all, over the whereabouts of me, is y'all  
Sick in you' fuckin' mind, you figurin' I'm a fizz off Never cooled off, Tip scorchin'  
Minimal injury thought they wishin' me maximum misfortune  
Number one hand down, flows paint portraits  
Everybody thinks you stink like horse shit House full of chicks on some 'Girl Next Door' shit  
A king who once sell 30 mil' out the store quick

Of course this case lost all my endorsements  
Tripled up on real estate, still buyin' more shit  
But Tip bankrupt accordin' to your sources  
I'm still caked up along with more reinforcements  
Tore shit up from the lab to the rooftops  
Officially the hottest nigga rappin' since 2Pac  
Fore you rap 'bout me, best ask 'bout me  
I'm out my fuckin' mind, need counselin'  
Please don't doubt me, trust me, drama ain't nothin'  
It's all fun and games 'til somebody start butsin'  
Member my discussion when rappers be battlin'  
I find out about it, better get to skedaddlin'  
Pack your family's bag, move 'em out to Seattle and  
We ever cross paths, you'll need ambulance and bandages  
Live life glamorous, so extravagant  
Mandarin, oriental worldwide travelin'  
Hip hop champion for real dough  
You couldn't fuck with me with a Brazil hoe nigga  
But still though  
Wrist so frosty, neck so chilly  
All on my mind is to get more millies  
Niggaz talk shit that's silly  
Shawty, he ain't 'bout that really is he?  
Nigga, I'm illy  
Ay, just remember I do this shit  
When I want to nigga, it's me nigga  
Ay, I run this city, clearly  
Tell 'em get lost, I'm busy, really?  
Nigga, I'm illy  
Wrist so frosty, neck so chilly  
All on my mind is to get more millies  
Niggaz talk shit that's silly  
Shawty, he ain't 'bout that really, is he?  
Nigga, I'm illy  
I don't wanna hear shit 'bout I can't rap like this  
When I ain't did it that way nigga, fuck you partner  
Ay, I run this city, clearly  
Tell 'em get lost, I'm busy, really?  
Nigga, I'm illy  
Yeah, this the king, bitch  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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