

# You Know What It Is (feat. Wyclef Jean)

## T.I.

Aye, boy, don't spill my drink, boy, pull it  
Now listen, everybody report to the bloodclot dance floor  
You love the beat, boy, you know what it is  
Yo, T.I.P., talk to them, bloodclot I'm a real nigga, homie, show six figga's on me  
I got a pistol, you don't want it but you know what it is  
Aye, I'm way flyer, my pay is way higher  
If they ever mention sire, boy, you know what it is About that drama, you don't want no  
problems  
I love that llama but you know what it is  
Aye, I get money, all I count is big money  
Because all she get from me, boy, you know what it is Yo, T.I.P., let them little rock boys know  
how you livin' The wait is over, here we go again, I'm back in the plate  
Gon' sell another couple mill and take it back to the A  
Gon' take that other couple mill and put it back in the safe  
Find cash for the crew up only back in the lake  
I'm up in cruises two steppin' with the gat in the waist  
T.I. ain't in the streets no more, that what they say  
Don't even try it when you sayin', boy, you have to be great  
You can trust to hit ya in ya face your peeps will have to replace  
That's if you like it nigga and trust me it wont hurt me to take  
A hundred thousand to them Haitians, you'll be murdered today I'm a real nigga, homie, show  
six figga's on me  
I got a pistol, you don't want it but you know what it is  
Aye, I'm way flyer, my pay is way higher  
If they ever mention sire, boy, you know what it is About that drama, you don't want no  
problems  
I love that llama but you know what it is  
Aye, I get money, all I count is big money  
Because all she get from me, boy, you know what it is Yo, T.I.P., some boy wanna play our hit  
Let 'em know who the king of the South is  
Talk to them  
Women sweatin' when they see me, I'm apparently hot  
Had the album of the year, nigga, Grammy or not  
Remember, all day I used to stand in the spot  
With 2 revolvers in my pocket pitchin', handlin' rocks Right now, judge tappin', there ain't a car  
I ain't got  
I'm the number one customer at my own car lot  
If you wanna know how much I makin' just imagine a lot  
Even though I pro'lly gettin' more than you'd imagine I got  
Listen close, I need to know if you understand me or not  
If ya disrespectin' me you and your man will get shot I'm a real nigga, homie, show six figga's  
on me

I got a pistol, you don't want it but you know what it is  
Aye, I'm way flyer, my pay is way higher  
If they ever mention sire, boy, you know what it is About that drama, you don't want no  
problems  
I love that llama but you know what it is  
Aye, I get money, all I count is big money  
Because all she get from me, boy, you know what it is Went from the king of the south to the  
king of the states  
Ridin' in a car you probably never seen in the states  
No idea how much yay I can bring in the States  
Hey, you could get a hundred of 'em for a million today Frank Lucas ain't the only one who  
made a million a day  
But it's the American gangster right here in ya face  
And you don't wanna see P\$C on the scene with AK  
You think you running a private, that ain't even the case  
And just because you get away, that don't mean its okay  
You a dead man walking and I mean it, okay I'm a real nigga, homie, show six figga's on me  
I got a pistol, you don't want it but you know what it is  
Aye, I'm way flyer, my pay is way higher  
If they ever mention sire, boy, you know what it is About that drama, you don't want no  
problems  
I love that llama but you know what it is  
Aye, I get money, all I count is big money  
Because all she get from me, boy, you know what it is Some of dem boys want to talk what dey  
have done  
They guns sound like popcorn  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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