

# Hurt (feat. Alfamega & Busta Rhymes)

## T.I.

Ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba  
You pussy niggas finna make me kill one a y'all  
Ain't a damn thang change  
I still keep that thang right up under my shirt  
Betta tell 'em I ain't playin'  
Because it's all fun and games until somebody get hurt  
Ain't a damn thang change  
I still keep that thang right up under my shirt  
Run up on him where he hang and BANG!  
Cause it's all fun and games until somebody get hurt  
Boy you finna get hurt, murked, put him in the dirt  
Boy you betta catch me first  
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Boy you finna get hurt, murked, put him in the dirt  
Boy you betta catch me first  
Alota pussy niggas talk like broads love runnin' they mouth  
That is til I run in they house  
Put the gun in they mouth, tell 'em "Nigga talk shit now"  
You'd think they know the gun go BOW!  
I ain't scared of the law  
Naw I'm about to go to war what it is nigga win lose or draw  
I'll never get caught murkin' y'all cuz it ain't what you do  
The question is: Who saw?  
Shawty I'm way too raw  
Catch me any day you want you could think I'm a play if you want  
But the fact still remain if I got a AK and you don't  
Well then playa you gone  
Don't get me wrong there's some niggas wanna kill me too (Well where they at?)  
But this ain't bout shit cause it's well known where I'm at  
They could catch me in the booth right now if you really like that  
Naw nigga let they ho get him in the whole shit, the 44 spit they holla "Oh shit!"  
Protectin' her and you both hit  
You betta check ya girl cause you be so sick  
If the choppa leave you with no dick  
Or a plastic bag holdin' yo' shit  
Leave 6 in you, a couple more in ya bitch  
And I don't miss cause I'm focused nigga  
(I got you Tip)  
(I'm finna ride homie)  
Fuck niggas might talk loud, act real, but they don't really want this here

Pussy niggas betta act right, lay low, we know where ya family live  
Trust me you don't want me up in ya crib with a ski mask on duck tapin' ya kids  
    You can pray all you want but I don't forgive  
Ya shoulda been doin' that before ya did whatcha did  
    I ain't gotta spell it out pimp you know what it is  
I'll rest you case for ya real man you know what it is  
Plus I got a hundred goons with me, dressed in black  
    Fifty at the front door, fifty at the back  
    Half got K's, half got Macs  
Bring 'em out, bring em out, show me where he at  
We can do him right here, we could catch him in trap  
    Run up on his 'lac put a hole in his hat  
With his brain on the dash, and his thoughts in his lap  
And dump 50 more on him and tell him to hold that  
Lights out, no hasta mañana, hasta la vista, sayonara  
    Y tú no tomorrow, no remorse and no sorrow  
And the next one a y'all niggas try me like that  
I swear to God man I'm really gon' snap  
Right now I'mma give you somethin' that a make a  
    nigga beg "Please"  
When a bullet wiz by, he'll probably feel a little breeze  
    Drop to ya knees, see the big barrel of the chrome  
    Fifth triple grip handles in the squeeze  
I keep a couple of those for the niggas who talk shit  
    When I go to Jacob and cop that ring  
    If you try to see me I'mma cock that thang  
And I'mma pop that thang, and the shots gon' sting (really?)  
The nigga ride inside the truck with me (and) for the most part the nigga stuck with me  
And tell you somethin' if you really were smart and you knew  
    Better people probably tell ya don't fuck with me  
    Front if want motherfucka you can catch it  
    Smile on my face even though I got a ratchet  
Pop off (police) pull me over believe I got a compartment if I gotta stash it  
    Must I just remind y'all niggas when I come through  
    Know that I'mma find y'all niggas, take two (break through)  
Bust so many shots gun powder probably blind y'all niggas now (Okay, okay let's go)  
    See you don't know really wanna feel that Mossberg blow (naw)  
    Clap up a nigga then I cap up a nigga  
    When I finish it'll turn into an absurd show (listen)  
    Then you better observe yo  
    Feel the sizzle from the bullet of the Glock burn slow (ssss)  
Shit'll probably twist you up just a little and have your body leanin' lookin' like a quarter past  
    four  
    Stay down betta (lay down)  
Checkin' for a nigga, come and put your body in the dirt  
    I don't play bitch, you really need to go the other way  
    If you ain't know I got it under my shirt  
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