

## G Shit

T.I.

I'm a rich nigga like I don't know  
I can change if I wanna, but I won't though  
Steer right even when I'm on the wrong road  
Real talk from the heart what I'm known for  
Skinny jeans, I don't do those  
I'm the starter sub-par oughta shoot for  
Fully automatic chopper, you could shoot though  
Now I'm movin' five mil' when I shoot dough  
Audemar, Hublot  
One point five on the two-do'  
Old hustle, new flow  
Old money, new ho  
Suckers prayin' I'm a chill, but I'm too cold  
Long as I'm around, fuck they need you for?  
Ridin' in the Chevy totin' three bricks  
Since nobody wanna make G shit

This is for the gangsters, for the pimps and hoes  
This is for the dopeboy trappers sellin' halves and wholes  
(Since nobody wanna make G shit)  
They want G shit, give it to 'em  
They want G shit, give it to 'em  
I'm the one to give it to 'em

If you don't know me let me tell you somethin', shawty  
Still got them choppers, make you run from it  
Camouflage, dog tag  
Got 'em followin', when you see me better haul ass  
Keep it G at all costs, what you call that?  
Crack rock, hip hop, I done all that  
Certified trap nigga, sucker, fall back  
A broke nigga he may entertain all that  
All left field, keep it true, nigga  
Save the flash in the dance for a new nigga  
Keep speakin' for the ones who ain't got a voice  
Kill 'em dead only when they leave no other choice  
How I see it, if you ain't down to die 'bout it  
Don't write my time, slime, why the fuck we talking about it?  
Still ridin' in the Chevy totin' three bricks  
Since nobody wanna make G shit

Now what the fuck is an ounce? We smokin' bout an LB  
We don't even do the nine, sell it by the whole ki  
And I'm a take this shit to trial, they got nothin' on me  
They be on the Champagne, bitch, I'm 'bout to OD  
Got a bag full of birds and motherfuckers gettin' robbed  
Bars on the trap doors got it looking like a vault  
Used to hit the highway over twenty of them things  
Young nigga hit the club with the twenty unchanged  
When Jay was beefin' with Nas I was sellin' cocaine  
When Game was beefin' with 50 I was doin' the same thing  
I was at the hospital, nigga, Meechy got shot  
Fuck you niggas talking 'bout? I love that nigga like Pac