

Rubberband Man

T.I.

Hey, who I'm is?
Rubber band man
Wild as the Taliban
9 in my right, 45 in my other hand
Who I'm is?
Call me trouble man, always in trouble man
Worth a couple hundred grand, Chevys, all colors man

Rubber band man, like a one man band
Treat these niggas like the Apollo, and I'm the sandman
Tote a hundred grand canon in the waistband
Look'n fo' a sweet lick? well this is the wrong place man
Seven tyme felon, what I care 'bout a case man?
I'm campaignin' to bury the hate, so say yo' grace man
Ay, I don't talk behind a nigga back, I say it in his face
I'm a thoroughbred nigga, I don't fake and I don't hate
Check my resume nigga, my record's impeccable
Anywhere in the A nigga how T.I.P. is highly respectable
And the M-I-A nigga I'm tryna keep it professional
Cause all this tongue finna have me snap'n, I'm tellin' you
From the bottom of the Duval, Cakalacky to New York
And everybody show'n me love that's one to you all
Yeah, to all my Florida niggas, my Cakalacky niggas, my LA niggas

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(2x)

Call me trouble man, stay'd in some trouble man
Some niggas still hate'n on shawty so, they some suckers man
Got a couple fans that love to do nothing other than
Lick, suck, show no 'spect, but still I love 'em man
Dig it, lil' pimpin' got the mind and the muscle
Stay down on his grind put the crown on the hustle
Hey, I could show ya how to juggle anything and make it double
Weed, blow, reel estate, liquor sto' wit' no trouble
Young Cassius clay of my day Marvin gay of my time
Tryin' stay alive, live'n how I say in my rhymes
My cousin used to tell me, take this shit a day at a time
And told me Friday died, Sunday we a day in the ground
I still smile 'cause somehow I know he see'n me now
And so I'm doing all my shows just like he in the crowd
Hey, throw ya lighters up for my cousin Toot, (Rest In Peace)
Aaliyah, Left Eye and Jam Master Jay.

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Grand hustle man mo' hustles than hustle man
But why the rubber band? it representin' the struggle man
My folk gon' trap, until they come up wit' another plan
Stack and crumble bread to get theyself off they momma land
Gangstas who been serving, since you was do'n the run'n man
Went down, did 10, back 'round and rich again
That's why I'm young wit' the soul of a ole man
I'm shell shocked, get shot slow ya roll man
Still ride around with the glock on patrol man
I ain't robbing, I'm just looking for that dro' man
For ma niggas slanging blow, pimpin' hoes
Rollin vogues, 24's
Let these other niggas know

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