

# Bring Em Out

## T.I.

(Bring 'em out, Its hard to yell when the barrels in ya mouth) Swizzie!

(Bring 'em out, bring 'em out) Aye!

(Bring 'em out, bring 'em out) T.I.

(Bring 'em out, bring 'em out) Aye! TIP comin live from the VIP, heard the night life lost life  
when I leave

Both the Feds and the State wanna see my need

The whole city got bizzerk he got treat

Anotha nigga got a hit but shawty he not me

Who set the city on fire as soon as he got freed

Da king back now hoes don't even know how to act now

Hit the club stippers gettin naked 'fore I sat down

Still ballin money stack taller than Shaq now

Still push a button to let the roof on the 'Lac down

I'm on the road doin shows puttin my mack down

Mississippi to Philly Albuquerque to Chatt Town

I got the crowd yellin (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out)

Aye, all my hotgirls yellin (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out)

Aye, all the Dope Boyz yellin (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out)

Aye, from the back they yellin (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out) Once again what other rap nigga  
hooder than this

I got rich and I'm still on some hoolagin shit

You be rappin bout blow I was movin the shit

You talkin bout shootin out and I was doin the shit

If I hit you in the face you gon be suin and shit

And if I catch anotha case I know I'm true to be missed

So I'ma keep it cool head stay out of the news

Headlines and shows other rappers its bedtime (bedtime)

It's clear to see that I'm ahead of my time

I copped a chromed out hard top Carrerra to shine

I got some time, it ain't shit cause I get better wit time

Who got a flow and a live show better than mine

I got a packed house yellin (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out)

Aye, all my hotgirls yellin (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out)

Aye, all the Dope Boyz yellin (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out)

Aye, from the back they yellin (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out) Mic check 1-2 1-2, you wanna  
beef wit the king what is you gon do

Will you show up on the scene wit 2 guns drew

Or you and ya friend and play a little two on two

If you knew half of what I knew then you'll be hittin the deck

Got a tool and a vest I can get some respect

I'ma make it hard for a sucka nigga to flex

Sho 'em this ain't the squad for a nigga to test

Pimp my nutz too large and we way too fresh  
Work well wit Nines AK's and Techs  
And quick to check a lame like a game of chess  
You want beef you can bring ya best and we'll be standin. In ya front yard yellin (Bring 'em out,  
bring 'em out)  
Aye all my hot girls yellin (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out)  
Aye, all the Dope Boyz yellin (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out)  
Aye, from the back they yellin (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out) In ya front yard yellin (Bring 'em  
out, bring 'em out)  
Aye all my hot girls yellin (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out)  
Aye, all the Dope Boyz yellin (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out)  
Aye, from the back they yellin (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out) Hands... In Da... Air... Now!  
Hands... In Da... Air... Now!  
Hands hands in the in the air air now!  
Hands... In Da... Air... Now! Hands... In Da... Air... Now!  
Hands... In Da... Air... Now!  
Hands hands in the in the air air now!  
Hands... In Da... Air... Now! (Bring 'em out, bring 'em out + ad libs to the end of the track)  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>