

That's Right (feat. T.I.)

Big Kuntry King

[- T.I. (Big Kuntry King)

All right Big Kuntry (What it is?)

You better tell them (I'm on it nigga)

All right Big Kuntry

Yeah that's right

(You know who this is mane)Me and my partner popping bottles, throwing money in the air

It's a party over here, nobody care who over there

That's right

If you don't want no trouble better get back from me

I was trained as a youngin, go and get that money

That's right

I'm on the cover of a magazine, I even got an album out

My bad, the streets might of leaked, come on hear the South

I'm the one, everybody want to talk about

Hustle hard, ball harder, that's what I be's about

Trap it out pimping, better never leave your white around

I'm the type of nigga break the whole state of Alaska down

Now since I'm rapping, all these rappers want to come around

Stick they hand out, but them suckers get no pound

All of a sudden they enemies, uh, they some groupies G

They used to look at the chain and ask me "where's T.I.P.?"

Now they realized that Kuntry King the man in the streets

Real man cocaine, yeah if I can get it G

I got Oprah from the '80's wrapped up in rubber bands

Party like a rockstar, but this ain't a rock band

Throwing money in the club, changing up precipitation

If you getting rained on, than you ain't participating

I bet that struck a nerve, I guess that's why the niggas hating

Probably thought I never make, I guess that's what they get for thinking

Why they faking and I saking it, trying to get the soft

Got a pretty face, and her ass very soft

Nice lips make a nigga want to tear her head off

Bet you want to switch places like the movie "Faceoff"

And I'm taking all guap, all you niggas falling off

You used to be the shit, but when that ever counted y'all?I'm the voice of the streets, when I

speak, niggas listen

You can talk street shit, but pimping never in it

You don't know about the quarter rolls, or about the hearing

Snitches ain't snitching, because they like interfering

Through the lyrics, you can hear it, when I spit it how I live it

Getting to the money, about a bundle how I spend it

All my cars tinted, but they know who's in it

Same cool dude on the mic, giving you the business
Same number but half you niggas finished
While I'm going to the Grammys trying to see where I'm sitting
Kuntry King in the building, I was just letting you know
If you're the one famous, why they let you through the door?

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