

That's All She Wrote (feat. Eminem)

T.I.

Now I don't really care what you call me
Just as long as you don't call me broke
I bet they knew as soon as they saw me
Goodnight, it's over with, that's all she wrote
Streets like old Chicago
Ain't nothin' new, I seen it all before
But still, I ball like no tomorrow
Goodnight, it's over with, that's all she wrote
All she wrote, all she wrote
I said, it's over with, that's all she wrote
All she wrote, all she wrote
Goodnight, it's over with, that's all she wrote
It's stupid how I go in
Knowin' everybody knowin'
That I'm sewin' up the game
Destroying like they hate me for it
Eventually, see they can't beat
And then with me, they join
Others sworn under oath, or banished, left completely scorned
You tell lies, get cut, nigga, kick rocks
You never did blend in with the big shots
On the fast track
Ain't no need for no pit stops
I just laugh at
Nigga wishin' they were this hot
Guess they mad at me, huh? Really pissed off
Better that than pissed on
I'm the Jetsons, you the Flintstones
Catch me in the end zone
High-steppin', Prime Time
Thought you niggas been known:
Ain't no blockin' my shine
Like my new Air Yeezy's, you can see me in the nighttime
I get rich off livin' life, you check to check recitin' rhymes
So call me what you want
Wanna hate? Have a nice time
While I get stupid paper
Hey, my dough ain't in its right mind
Now I don't really care what you call me
Just as long as you don't call me broke
I bet they knew as soon as they saw me
Goodnight, it's over with, that's all she wrote

Streets like cold Chicago
Ain't nothin' new, I seen it all before
But still I ball like no tomorrow
Goodnight, it's over with, that's all she wrote You're starin' straight
Into a barrel of hate
Terrible fate
Not even a Slim chance to make a narrow escape
Cupid shot his arrow and missed; wait, Sarah, you're late
Your train left, Mascara and eggs
Smear in your face
Night's over
Goodbye ho
I thought that I told ya
That spilled nut ain't nothing to cry over
Never should've came within range of my Rover
Should've known I was trouble soon as I rolled up
Any chick who's dumb enough after I blindfold her
To still come back to the crib
Must want me to mess with her mind, hold up
She mistook me for some high roller
But I won't buy her soda
Unless it's Rock and Rye cola (Faygo's cheaper)
Buy you a bag of Fritos?
I wouldn't let you eat the fucking chip on my shoulder
If you was bleach and I was hair I wouldn't die for ya
Tryna pull 5 bucks from me is like tryna pull 5 molars
You'll get your eyes swolled up
I'm on my straight-grizzly
So why would I buy you a gay-ass teddy-bear, bitch?
You're already bi-polar Now I don't really care what you call me
You can even call me cold
These bitches knew as soon as they saw me
It's never me they'll get the privilege to know
I roll like a Desperado
Now I never know where I'm gonna go
Still, I ball like there's no tomorrow
Until it's over with, that's all she wrote The credit roll, the curtain close, the movie over with
But don't get mad at me, go blame the chick who wrote this shit
Yeah, life is sure a bitch, but she know I'm rich
That why she give me what I want and I just throw her dick
Here I go again, I kick this shit, give a damn, got it pourin' in
Pesos, Euros, Yen, ah ha, I'm paid never gon' be poor again
See me posted in anything, wearin' any chain
Never gon' see me toting anything, all you gon' see is bang
It's so nice where I kick it, hate you never get to visit
Yeah I'm on another level, but you niggas still can get it
It's all over 'fore you finish, sorry bro this where we end it
Won't give you the satisfaction of me givin' you the business Yeah, I guess life is a bitch, ain't it
Tip

And each one thinks they the shit
Shirt off my back, I wouldn't give you the dirt off my handkerchief
I'm givin' these hoes a dose of their own medicine
Let em get a good taste of it
I'm sure you got that relationship memo by now
But in case you didn't
I'ma stick this whole pad full of sticky notes to your forehead and staple it
Life is too short and I got no time to sit around just wastin' it
So I pace this shit a little bit quicker
That clock I'm racing it, double timing it
But I still spit triple the amount of insults in a tenth of the time
That it may take you pricks to catch on
While you strong arm, I'm like Stretch Armstrong
Man I still say K-Mart's like there's an apostrophe 's' on it, dog
And they say McDonald's isn't a restaurant, well I guess I'm wrong
But if you gon' tell me that the A&W ain't the spot for the best hot dogs
You can get the F on dawg And on my throne I remain, all alone in my lane
I'm as strong as the King, they were gone 'fore they came
Now I don't wanna hang, I slap five with them rap guys
They just wanna sabotage my hustle shawty that's why Now I don't really care what you call me
You can even call me cold
I bet they knew as soon as they saw me
Goodnight it's over with, that's all she wrote
I roll like a desperado, now I never know where I'm gonna go
Still I ball like there's no tomorrow
Goodnight is over with, that's all she wrote
All she wrote, all she wrote
I said its over with, that's all she wrote
All she wrote, all she wrote
Goodnight it's over with, that's all she wrote

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