

What's Yo Name (feat. The Neptunes)

T.I.

F/ The NeptunesYo, Uh, a come on T.I.P.{Neptunes}
Come on, I said come on, come on, come on, come on1: T.I.P.A hour train spit game from the
get green

Ay T.I.P. been bangin' thick dames since he was 15
The click came ran trains if her shit clean
The same broad fronted y'all like she Miss Thang
And damn how da bitch seem she's a dick fiend
All though I won't elaborate I'll say she lick things and get green
She fuck wit me because I got big dreams
And along wit a face she think she seen on the big screen
I give it to her since she whine and her back hurt
Then drive her crazy since she crying and she act worse
Yeah, I'm a rapper, I'm a man, but I'm a mac first
I need a broad wit a bank and a fat purse... and that's first
{T.I. & Neptunes} 1xI'm a p-i-m, ah, m-p,
Told y'all niggaz before about me

Plenty Remi to the h-e, ah, a-dSomebody buy some more dro' so we can smoke please
Now what's yo name?I'm pussy bumper number oneYeah, I said what's yo name?I'm pussy
bumper number one2: T.I.P.

Man trying to stop pimpin like shooting a bee-bee gun at a freight train
So comparing us is like whine to a grape stain
My reputations great man, I got a great name
I hate lames, I stay clean, and I break dames
I like 'em small or bigger with a figure eight frame
So if she fine I bet she mine when I find time
Man I ain't lying, mine dimes I don't wine or dine
Like clothesline hoes mine, I'm a goldmine
Ay I'm the "King of Da South" and the throne mine
I got the chrome in the Chevy and the broan mine
Ay man I'm young but I been doing it for a long time
That ain't my fault that bitch grown she got her own mind
An-and I'm...I bet some niggas think I cake her when I take her out
But come that week just watch me rape her fucking bank account
Eventually the P\$C hey we gone take the south
Then grab the earth by the ankles and shake the paper out
Nigga I'm bout my paper route so I'm gone make a route
Anybody blocking my road to riches man I'm gone take 'em out
Keep run yo mouth making up you mind you got's to be's wit out
Me I'ma git a ho who gone make show my pockets seen about
P-i-m-p-i-n-g is all I be's about
I break a ho in break 'em till they broke and then I ease 'em out
They out of pocket, I'm a lock 'em out and leave 'em out

And that don't change man, season in season out
Open up The Source shawty and see who just you reads about
If it ain't concernin T.I.P. a P\$C a see ya out
Ain't nothing even you ain't cuttin then u don't see the house
Because you know I got to practice what I preach about
Hook: 1x Come on I said come on,
come on, come on, come on
(repeat) I'm a p-i-m, ah, m-p,
Told y'all niggaz before about me
Plenty Remi to the h-e, ah, a-d

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>