## **Countdown (Screwed Version)**

## T.I. & Paul Wall

[Chorus:]

Five (5), Four (4), Three (3), Two (2), One

You done when I see you (David Banner, banner)

Five (5), Four (4), Three (3), (yeah, yeah) Two (2), (ay) One

You done when I see you (ay)

Five (5), Four (4), Three (3), (yeah, yeah, yeah), Two (2), One run

You done when I see (see) you (you) (ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ay)

Five (5), Four (4), Three (3), Two (2), One (what it is pimp I know ya? Il miss me man) You done when I see (see) you (you)

Five (5), Four (4), Three (3), Two (2), (here I am muthafucker), One run You done when I see (see) you (you) (ay)

[Verse 1:]

what it is the king back in the building

Still stacking and building

Still rappin to children

Jeopardizing ya deals, ballin buyin ya wheels

Like it? s back when we was lil and it? s still time to kill

Quick displayin ya skills

Way underpayin ya bills

Spend a day in the field

So how you sayin you real

Niggaz could never live how I live, you ain? t deserving

My lifestyle? s urban, never met me in person

Just my bread suburban, in a red suburban

On 24? s, 20 hoes givin head, I? m swerving

Fuck boys piss they pants, scared and nervous

I? m shell-shocked, black out like I been in the service

Clean cut and reserved, but I tote George Garvin

The closest thang you hoes seen to picture perfect

Your rose gold king, my ring tight as a virgin cop

Your dream I stopped fo I seen the top, nigga

[Chorus (2x):]

Five (5). Four (4), Three (3), Two (2), (what!), One

You done when I see (see), you (you) (ya days are numbered shawty)

Five (5), Four (4), Three (3), Two (2), One run

You done when I see (see), you (you) (countdown pimp)[Verse 2:]

I treat the beats like the streets

On em I do what I want to

I ain? t gotta confront you, I? ll kill you if I want to Roam amongst monsters, kill homes and front you

That lil nigga swearin he bad, eat him for lunch too

Fuck you niggaz, Dominique slam dunk you niggaz

Sucker punch aan one of you niggaz I was being nice at first now I? m runnin thru niggaz Whole crews, not just one or two niggaz Cuz you aint representin the south, you just embarassin See you on tv in New York, them niggaz laugh at us The reason why D.J.? s didn? t have a clue I was fabulous Now a days, not playin my records well, hell it? s hazardous All this cussin, fussin, loud discussion? s out of my character Bustin these niggaz melons and threatnin all of they managers P.\$.C. is Atlanta, so how you playin and handlin Gorillaz wit bananaz, without playin and banishing King of the south, it was said once then Took a while to comprehend, now it all sunk in On the low, deal a mil, I ain? t done, come again Room dead, scene fled, fo the fedz runnin in pimp[Chorus (2x)][Verse 3:] comin live from the terror dome Shinin lights on niggaz who got they skirts on tight wit mascara on All I have ever known, is 28 in the zone Give me a day and its gon, a brick of yay and it? s on You have never known, me to run less I? m gunnin at niggaz domes And runnin em out the own territory Every story got a flip side to it, and ya disc ain? t shit less the click ride to it And I? m gon show you how the Westside do it In the A, not Cali, Bankhead, Simpson Valley Every crack in every alley, sellin crack to every Tom, Dick, and Harry Every Kim, Sue, and Sally, till I tally up A big enough knot to buy me a yacht So then my pistols and my patnaz really all that I got I? m not, playin at all, I? m sprayin em all Still drop em down to size if they say that I? m small man Pussy cats can? t worry ya dawg Throwin stones at the throne, I? m a bury ya all man Know ya faggot niggaz hate that I? m ballin Makin 30k a day and blow it all at the mall and man I Can? t relate to what you rap on stage Nigga cuz I been sellin yay since I was bow wow? s age nigga Hear my daddy and cousin talking to me from the grave And all they sayin is young nigga get paid [Chorus (4x)]

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