

T.I., Wildside (feat. A\$AP Rocky)

Smoking weed, lighting kroll
Only thing I've ever known is walk on the wild side
Welcome to our life
Springing ki's, springing K's
Every day we're getting paid to walk on the wild side
Welcome to our life

Come take a little walk with me through my neighborhood and come spend a day in my trail
Get your paper right and yay so good, but you keep it too to your lair
My lil partner holdin that word
Nigga won't wait to keep it round me
Been there, violate on my turf
Nigga you's in danger, died like that
Ain't no investigation, no statin this
And no whip to see it, we ain't seein shit
Pull up at the door with that jewelry on
To come see a bitch, that what he get
We on dog row with no street lights
That pistol play after fist fights
And them geek mobster walk all night
Well the crack pipe, tryina get it right
Midnight we shoot dice, the whole house smellin like cooked cray
You beat me and you talk shit
You get shot bitch and I took that
Hood racks on deck, that loud is all I blow
This shit to you it might sound loud
But this life is all I know

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Aye, can you picture me back in '93?
Bump it out Dre, well I hit some weed
Cut school, make 10 G's
13, tryina get ki
At 15 I was full grown
Get wrong, get bust on
My uncle gave me a bunch of work and that shit was gone by the next morning
Yo white nigga running with me
Homicide, want nothing at all
Dead bodies, was nothing to see
That pistol play with jet fun at all
I was 19 with 2 felonies, one of my best friends had a life sentence
Had my uncle Fred, just like me
He had a bunch of problems, no longer living
All about that cocaine deal
And no education, no pot to piss in
Old school on chrome wheel
Window tinted, pistol hidden
That the shit that I come from
In my heart fear ain't none
Stand tall, I can't run
From this wild side that I walk on

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All I ever did was pit on
All my old friends tryina get on
Shorty fall out making these songs
Ever talk down when I get home
Niggas, type of niggas you can shit on
Unexposed, brick chrome
Got body, big bones, that's hard body Jim Jones
Niggas other side, how we switch on em
Finna ride like when the tip's on
Finna make a toast, nigga tip home
First get the bread then you get going
On the land of the LAT where they spit chrome
Where most kids don't get to live long
If they pissed off get pissed on
Pistol whip and strip homie
Left for a minute and they switched on me
Caught em talking down turned a bitch on me
And they snitch on me, they got shit on me
So my guess is death is what they wish on me
You're blowing on the candles, those liz and dark eyes
Cuz they snap up part time when you on that wild side

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