

I Can't Help It (feat. Rocko)

T.I.

Yeah, nahh, ok, what? Hey, what? Ay, yep...Hey you know me bitch nigger I'm all of that
Hit your bruh with the kush and then call them back
National cat, let it big dog attack.
Thought it was all for me homie did you fall for that?
You turn paper red no cardiac
get your hand out of my pocket
what's with all of that?
Tell the sheriff if he can get me fucking chargers back
No yell time I gotta thank god for that
Regardless, big bang can't throw it up
And another nigger flow who's as cold as bruh
Quarter mil for the show, really know what's up
Louie duffle bag, say load it off
Give it to the hotel, better know what's up
With the niggers out there get the hold it off
We never had a problem getting hold to fuck
Suck dick lick spit, finna show is up
I let this nut get all over her
Never thick bitch kissing all over her
Once the pussy wide open you can't close it up
Nigga bounce that shit, when you bounce that dick
She was layed on the ground panties down six chicks
With a trag fulla money tryna count that shit
Never will find me around me around that bitch
With that god damn whip wrapped around that dick
Shit other niggers wanna make love fuck that
I've been made, I be down like that
Sick money like E-40 and them...
Fill up every hoe, souhtry him
This K.I.E.G. aka. Big bang aka Shawty pimp...
Ay, Aka Shawty Pimp, Big Bang aka Shawty Pimp...I get money, I can't help it, you can't stop
it, gotta assert it
You can't knock it, you gotta respect it,
This is who I am nigger, I can't help itI can't help itIn the ghetto with the drop rolls royce
They say keep one hundred... I ain't got no choice
I can't help it, always big bank
I'm so trill and you ain't
Cut it down (bitch I can't)
I can't help it... (ay)
See how I do it I'm so hood, gutta all gone hollywood
Bitch I would if I could, I can't help it (ay)
The city won't be shit without you

15 million dollar houses still can't get that trap up out me I can't help it...
I'm a hustle all the way down to the bone
Terrorist everyday, mama with their bone
Stay on the day from the nights til the morn
Ain't gonna say nothin, not under a song
Fuck a favorite, don't ask for no loan
Stop what'cha doin if you're tryna get on
Cover my spot let me cover my phone
Give you a shock, give me your loan
Grinding for days I haven't been home
Mafucka goin on, til the soft morn,
Get whatever you want
Gotta get right, give a fuck if it's wrong
Shots of patron, whole lotta goin
Yeah you know what I'm on
Your bitch wanna fuck the smellin I'm on
Awe motherfucka, I'm jealous of don...Looney loo - I gotta tune
Don't need your help, I can holla my own
I'm tearing your squad but I'm not from the bronx
One of those things I'm carrying that long You ain't know I don't play the radio homes
The Radio play every song that I'm on
Cause you ain't know I'm Rocko the don
So look at one of them camera let them know that it's on Gucci man hat, gucci man draws
Just - so it covers my
Gucci man pants, gucci man shirt
That's why I keep all that twerk
Gucci bandana on top of my shirt
... why I trap in the dirt
She 'round me everywhere I go
She go! I get money, I can't help it, you can't stop it, gotta assert it
You can't knock it, you gotta respect it,
This is who I am nigger, I can't help it I can't help it In the ghetto with the drop rolls royce
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Bitch I would if I could, I can't help it (ay)
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>