

General Patton (feat. Big Rube)

Big Boi

Get the south dick up out your mouth
What you talkin' 'bout
See we know everything you're about
So try another route
Paperboy, you can't destroy what we done built
Pick on somebody your own size and fuck around; get kilt
But not like the kilt above the knees
BB will plant you niggas like seeds
Or fertilizer for the trees
Emergency vehicle last seen speeding from the scene
Nigga take one for the team; now he's bleeding from the spleen
Stay so fresh and oh so motherfucking clean
No blood splatter or evidence, long distance with a beam
We come in peace, while some of ya'll niggas come in greed gluttons
Fucking up the game like ice, heroin, or speedSlow down nigga"Speed it up" like ballad of Ricky Bobby, boy
go fast
Not a hobby, this my life
You disrespect it, that's your ass
As one half of the Outkast return like ghost of Christmas past
It's the son of Chico Dusty
Must be West Savannah bad
Had to go to church on Sundays with Great Grandma and Granddad
Taught me always follow Jesus when the grass didn't have a path
If I ever fell astray, then God will get me back on track
Didn't say that Rico, Ray, and Pat was gettin' with me and three Stax
Then we spittin' cause killing everything that we attack
Special forces of the rap game so you best take heed of that
All the shit you rappers lack: we got plenty; here's a snack
Don't ruin their appetite because your shit is really whackWhack ass nigga
This shit's like breathing to me
Born and bred for it

Songwriters

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