Call Of Da Wild

Outkast

I'll be comin' around the ghetto when I come kickin' one for the treble
Y'all can't stoop to my level, I'm like the devil or whatever
I'm pickin' up and throwin' 'em down like dishes
Call me Kenny Anderson 'cuz I slam those Southern bitches
I ain't braggin', folks draggin' me up and down the road
To be fucked up when I gets into my clownin' mode
Then go to clown up on they ass like Bozo
Oh, no, then dance on top of they asses like I was Jo Jo Dancer
Come Comet, come Dasher, come Prancer
Come niggaz with machine guns, I think that is the answer
But the question 'Should we take that bullshit from them people?'
I'm makin 300 on my SAT and I am equal
Ain't no sequel, no saga, no way out, I'm nervous
I've had it up to fo'head of niggaz tryin' to serve us
To graduate is really becomin' a very stressful journey
I feel like a steerin' wheel, for them is tryin' to turn me
Into a hate monger, and I'm wishin' and I wonder
Damn, will I graduate before I hit the summer?
I think not, Officer Friendly tryin' to dig up in me
He said I'm half assed and got no future
And so he sent me up the creek and shit
Strokin' like hell without no paddle
But niggaz is gettin' smart, we back on the saddle
No longer, y'all know y'all had us down for some years
It's the call of da wild nigga, uh, there it is
I hear voices in my head and they keep callin' me
I hear voices in my head and they keep callin' me
I hear voices in my head and they keep callin' me
I hear voices in my head and they keep callin' me
As I step, the stage is empty
No words 'cuz I serve with my Southern dialect, so I get respect
Don't call me T, it's a T thang with a G swang
Let my nuts hang down to the flo' main
Smokin' that dang dang, makin' mics swang
In my 280Z, nobody can see me
Cruisin' down the block, just like I was a squirrel
In a world full of nuts, damn
I'd probably be mad even if I called him Uncle Sam
So bring dough to the Goodie MoB

T Mo, Khujo, Cee Lo, J and my homie rather be
Don't flex on next, I break necks too
Rollin' with Outkast, PA, Goodie Mob for the 94
Yeah, you know what I'm sayin'?
I hear voices in my head and they keep callin' me
I hear voices in my head and they keep callin' me
I hear voices in my head and they keep callin' me
I hear voices in my head and they keep callin' me
Yeah, I'm steady buckin' muthafuckas
Not duckin' 'em like the goose, I'm heavily strapped, yeah, niggaz
Squeezin' rhymes like that noose around your neck
You can't hang with this, see ain't no thangs to this
I show no pity so take off because I'm dangerous

I breaks 'em off like I was Beat Street, see I be breakin'
Speakin' of breakin', break on how to get your life taken, boy
Fuckin' around with me will get your cabbage cut, your wig split
Simply means I'm bringin' the funk with the hollow tips
Playa shit is how I'm kickin' it
Comin' around the ghetto, victims soft as a tack on a jackass
So fuck it or flip it, I'll still be a playa
Puffy afro with nigga naps off in my hair
Shit, that's quickly how I run my shit and that's how it be
That nigga BIG BOI, that be me, ye
See I'm a playa, got my struggle on
Thinkin about the volume and thickness of my bankroll
You see that cash is in my shit like colon cancer
Even though I never smoke that shit like, yeah
I give a call of da wild to my niggaz around the projects
So don't flex or get served with a pop neck shit
OG, original gangsta, not quite
But maybe when I'm locked up, liftin' weights, gettin' swole right
Life's a bitch with a G string 'cuz these off in your ass with it, hey
So you can see who can really hang
But y'all don't wanna do nothin', y'all can go to hell
Ain't no playas in office 'cuz I'm locked off in a cell
So can you feel me, nigga
I hear voices in my head and they keep callin' me
I hear voices in my head and they keep callin' me
I hear voices in my head and they keep callin' me
I hear voices in my head and they keep callin' me
Khujo, comin' in dope, bring it
I got more problems than the average Joe
So don't come 'round me with your flim flam, hot damn
It's a jack, top of the burbs, and my notebook is a bird

K's madness into cappin'
Throwin' to do more load, so my fire lookin' through the want ads
And only red hot, desire in your pot with somethin' wicked
But you can't feel it, stickin' out your monkey ass
I could let shit rot in the past, now it's time to blast they ass
Shh, Mr. Knighton take off your hat, can't even my wear my locs in
Demon eye scopin', oh, my, peripheral vision got it
Made you go on your hoe's bar
Decisions, decisions to make, oops, here comes the Goodie Mo crew
And they just might want to battle you out with the quickness
The price of livin' is beginnin' to be a risky business
Unkay, Parkay
How do you like the taste of hot butter meltin' through your biscuits?
This is your brain on drugs, this is your brain
Don't cut niggaz I hang with before there were apartments
In Chapel Forest, it's gettin' horrid
The huntin' child is on the prowl, yah
I let out a call to da wild
I let out a call to da wild

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