13th Floor/growing Old

Outkast

Conceive true deception multiplied a million fold
Visualize the yin and yang in a battle so intense
That we get 'em confused
The resident evil specialize in misconstruing
We wanna be at a Presidential level, what are we doing?
Foolin' ourself, clownin' ourself, playin' ourself
By not bein' ourself
We can't babble no more than we can bob our head offbeat
Nimrod by the time we forty 'cause we can't get our meat
While we ask no reason for the misplacement of the season
Look at the picture that's painted
Tainted as the mind who's blinded to the point
Where Sodomites get all the rights
We fall for fights with fistcuffs
Get pissed enough to miss the bus
It disgusts me to see my folks run up on
I say stand up on deception of time all of Revelations
And recognize this mind on the reality of horror known as mankind
Jesus and His Twelve Disciples make thirteen
A righteous number of righteous men
Even Judas the Betrayer came true in the end
The Devil say the end is the beginning
They teach that we were the product of incest
Invest no level of self into their system of Paganomics
Stand with us and don't look back upon it
Just face this mind state
Otherwise Babylon
My memories of yesterday
("Ninety-six gonna be that year")
Yeah
("Ninety-six gonna be that year")
Yeah
("Ninety-six gonna be that year")
Yeah, like that
("Ninety-six gonna be that year")
Yeah
I bet you never heard of a playa with no game
Told the truth to get
What I want but shot it with no shame

Take this music dead serious while others entertain
I see they makin' they paper
So I guess I can't complain or can I?
I feel they disrespectin' the whole thang
Them hooks like sellin' dope to black folks
And I choke when the food they serve ain't tastin' right
My stomach can't digest it even when I bless it
I'm confessin' one mo' lesson
From the South we in the house tonight
Now hootie who wants to oppose? Suppose
We roll through Headland and Delowe
Where me and my niggaz surpassed the flow
And got down for ours like hind catchers
My mind catches flashbacks to the black past
While my close niggaz laugh at
The Southern slang, finger waves and Mojo chicken wangs
I grew up on booty shake we did not know no better thang
So go 'head and, diss it, while real hop-hippers listen
Started by Afrikan Bambaata, so you and your potnah
Gather your thoughts
("Ninety-six gonna be that year")
Something's gotta change
Sounds of laughter and happiness turns my teardrops to rain
Been bearing this burden for too many of my days
Looks like breezes of autumn done finally blew my way
("Ninety-six gonna be that year")
Like memories of yesterday
Uhh, born Antwan Patton but my potnahs they call me Big Boi
It's the nigga the B-I-G,
Be speakin' the truth not talkin' that shit boi
I'm thinkin' of checkin' my traps
And bustin' my raps and throwin' them craps
Seven-eleven is no convenience,
You pumpin' your gas, they're watchin' yo' back
For the robbin' crew, thinkin' they robbin' you,
You must be cautious
To stand up on yo' game and pimpin'
These crows you must be flawless
Like Mortal Kombat, but fuckin' these wombats got you dizzy
My nigga you know of I wanna be playin'
But runnin' up on me like you miss me
You catchin' the wrong vibe, packin' yo' shit
And rollin' yo' eyes back
Flexin' up on the corner tossin' your dice
And rollin your Cadillac

But man it seems I'm reachin' out
And touchin' the wrong nigga
Don't expect me to be pimpin' get your index off the trigger
As we bust, us, we leavin' 'em in the dust
So keep that clean up out of your nose
I said my piece and then I hush
As the candidate keeps flippin', niggaz dippin'
("Ninety-six gonna be that year")
Something's gotta change
Sounds of laughter and happiness turns my teardrops to rain
Been bearing this burden for too many of my days
Looks like breezes of autumn done finally blew my way
("Ninety-six gonna be that year")
Like memories of yesterday
I really be love it we are gathered to life
So pissed to lather we come clean
Some issues need to be addressed like envelopes I mean
Oh like Liberty Bells yes them bullets keep on rangin'
On fire like the Georgia mass choir we keep on sangin'
Bringin' our folks closer together
'Cause they severed us from the get green
Light and we ain't gon' stop until we hit the big screen
Psych because no one is free when others are oppressed
So, we hit the stage and then we fly back to our nest
Growing old
Like some eagles, people don't understand
Just like their parents don't be carin'
I'm speakin' about you playin'
With that phony stuff you sharin'
In your raps Mercedes Benz and all your riches
Thinkin' you got it, but get it get it
But you ain't pimpin' no bitches
'Cause you flaw, in, fallin' like leaves into driveways
Isn't it lovely smokin' good and sloppy head on highways
Friday's are tight but Saturday just makes it old
When tonight's are hot warm enough to feed your soul
Growing old
Something's gotta change
Sounds of laughter and happiness turns my teardrops to rain
Been bearing this burden for too many of my days
Looks like breezes of autumn done finally blew my way
Like memories of yesterday
("Ninety-six gonna be that year")
Something's gotta change
Sounds of laughter and happiness turns my teardrops to rain

("Ninety-six gonna be that year")
Been bearing this burden for too many of my days
("Ninety-six gonna be that year")
Looks like breezes of autumn done finally blew my way
Like memories of yesterday
See all them leaves must fall down, growin' old
Fat titties turn to teardrops as fat ass turns to flab
Sores that was open wounds eventually turn to scab
Trees bright and green turn yellow brown
Autumn called 'em, see all them leaves must fall down, growin' old
Fat titties turn to teardrops as fat ass turns to flab
Sores that was open wounds eventually turn to scab
Trees bright and green turn yellow brown
Autumn called 'em, see all them leaves must fall down, growin' old
Fat titties turn to teardrops as fat ass turns to flab
Sores that was open wounds eventually turn to scab
Trees bright and green turn yellow brown
Autumn called 'em, see all them leaves must fall down, growin' old

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