

Skew It on the Bar-B

OutKast

Old school players to new school fools
'Kast keep it jumpin like kangaroos
But skew it on the barbie we ain't tryin to lose
Say "I be got, dammit they done changed the rules"
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Say "I be got, dammit they done changed the rules" The common denominator, the nigga numerator
Never know who the hater, niggas cater to your ego
I'm sorry like Atari whose the cousin to Coleco, Vision
Caught a Rico, back on the street like Chico, DeBarge
He large and got a 'Llac in the garage
Few parts here and there, I declare hard, my lawd
One at Clark, one at Spelman
Both know each other and it's cool, you can tell when
He step off in the party women jump for joy
But all the wild niggas schemin' they gon' jump the boy
For spittin' all that bourgeoisie, my watch, my car
I'm a star, I'd rather be a comet by far Old school players to new school fools
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Say "I be got, dammit they done changed the rules" Deliver this through your audio, ghetto mafioso
Grow hydro, then bag it up slow
Price that, longevity suggest make moves slow
Take time, grow eight, react nine, blow!
Hydro slide raw like fuck Ronaldo
Fly ride though, shit lookin wild dope
Then glide yo, flippin' the page, I go
Watch five-oh, jump on my meat, ride slow
Watch those, undercovers, cop those, rock those
Glocks blows leave em baggy and collect spot grows
Keep a watch froze, lean on the yacht and wash clothes
Let the chop' blow, bag a half a block plot grows, what? Old school players to new school fools
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Say "I be got, dammit they done changed the rules" Boi, I bust raps like D-boys bust gats, shit
We the type of people that don't bury the axe
Or the hatchet, everytime we see your link we snatch it
Ridin round our hood talkin' that dumb shit, your cabbage
Is cracked, like plumber's ass, and summer's grass
I been in the game for a minute, seen some suckas like y'all passin
Thinkin' you're light skinned, aight then, lil' boy why you frightened?
The Dungeon Family gon' be here nigga so keep writing
I gotta hit The Source, I need my other half a mic
Because that Southerplayalisticadillacmuzik was a classic, right!
College Park, East Point and Decatur they got my back, so
We gon' keep on jammin and stabbin off in the track, ahh
Think it's time to bungee but buddy we will be back
And I'm fin' to put some D's on the 'Llac, know dat! Old school players to new school fools
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Songwriters

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