

# 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 BabylonMy 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")  
YeahI 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  
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