

Spaghetti Junction

Outkast

Yeah yeah, yes Spaghetti Junction, yes yes
Elope ski slopes *coughs* ahh damn.. yeah, check this out Niggas elope wit ski slopes and fall like avalanches
Tootin like it's cool bein a fool, and I can't just
Sit around and watch those nose membranes flame
My ends is loose and you can't stop that rain
When it starts to fall Lookin like Ms. Pac-Man, hammers and Vogues and cat-man
I'm speakin about these pros cause you know nothing bout that man
The nigga the B-I-G is high and fly like ValuJet
You thinkin about the beatin, this my ends is never met, nigga Black man, white man, Jew man ain't no joke
Remember me and my cousin used to sit up on the porch
And talk about when we get older now we up against the ropes
Yeah they kickin niggas door down; cause it ain't no dope on the streets And a quarter pound of feet weed, that's
all a nigga like me need
Talkin about that Southern sess, nigga you all up in that mess
But never shall you test, and never shall you quit
Runnin up on me with that fuck shit will get you nothin but dead nigga Be careful where you roam cause you
might not make it home
In the junction, in the junction
Don't you dare ever get lost cause you get caught up in that sauce
Junction, junction
To all you players play ya brims and you hustla chrome ya rims
'Llac and pimps and macks I love the corners that you bend
Y'all, yes, yes, uhh
Junction, junction A-well I'm drankin on yak while I'm dippin off in that 'llac ('llac)
The junkies around my way are always smokin up on that crack
Be layin them College Park hoes flat on they backs (backs)
Livin the life of pimps steadily makin this paper stack
Niggas don't understand the master plan, crumble yo' herb man
'til they start kickin the do' in, then we ready to blast dem
Out (Out) like 'Kast ('Kast) we bout, to crash (crash)
So mayday, may Dre, knock 'em up off they ass boi We struggle like fat hoes just to get things that those
People got we forgot they always gonna keep a plot
Right up they sleeve you won't believe they deceive like weave
Thieves can't break in your crib and leave in that good life too
So gimme me and then I'm straight, as eight-oh-five
See, blindfolds can't cover three eyes
We wise to the fact so we attack with what we know
Heaven is the only good life, so what you strivin fo'? Yeah Be careful where you roam cause you might not
make it home

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Junction, junction Well like flip-flops and football socks
A nigga be rockin the mic like birthdays
Lil' Jon and Ser-cy, so are you wor-thy?
I'm callin yo' ass a flawed pimp
Yappin about this crew you run wit
Bankhead bouncin to that dumb shit
So what mo' can you come wit? Yes, they can bite, but cannot be us
They can come and pick up little slang but cannot see us
You ought to be ashamed, trying to fit in "My Adidas"
So Run like D.M.C. is me and no, don't got no heater Well we zippin around the corner in that golden stankin
Lincoln
I got my heat up under my seat
Just in case these youngsters tryin to take it
Pullin the pistol on another black man was never the plot
But sometimes my brothers lose theyself and try to take my spot Well, they come like black stallions in the night
Usually around fo' or five, is when they figure the time is right
When you good and sleep, I couldn't sleep until I seen it
Wit my own eyes, 'til they come over the hill - surprised Be careful where you roam cause you might not make
it home
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