

# Snappin' & Trappin' (Feat. Killer Mike)

## OutKast

Our shit don't mix like llao and lukewarm water  
Better make it hotter splash ice and watch it rock up  
I oughta duct tape your infant daughter  
Show y'all soldier ass niggaz  
I'm murder city's Sargeant Slaughter  
Guaranteed to get more cut than a barber  
I betcha I'll drill your heifer like Black & Decker  
This pussy wrecker and white water couldn't get it wetter  
I'm guaranteed to leave her swiss cheese for more cheddar  
I give a fuck, suede bucks and Coogi sweaters  
What's up? Whatever sable fur to lamb leather  
I've seen it all in the trap with fitted caps for cold weather  
And creased denim threats delivered when I send 'em  
Nigga know I, FedEx my shit, overnight express my shit  
Deliver my hits quick, who next on my shit list  
Banana niggaz need to split  
Quit fucking with this thorough Atlanta click  
This here is Slum Lordz we make your terrific shit tragic  
My pen and pixel make violence more graphic  
I take raw coke, cook it crack, saran wrap it  
One muthafuckin' verse and it's already a classic(x2)  
Killer Mike nigga! Don't you be looking at me crazy like ya want to  
The game is over k.b. baby won't you  
Just quit the contemplating cause  
I'll box you in your muthafuckin mouth  
Don't you be looking at me crazy like ya want to  
The game is over k.b. baby won't you  
Just quit the contemplating cause  
I'll box you in your muthafuckin mouth My Cadillac got that boom, boom in it, listen to it drop  
Like cereal in your breakfast bowl just jumpin' off the top  
A nigga don't stop for squares or octagons prepare  
I'm not the one you scared, the Piccolo Pimp done set up shop  
Nigga you pop lock, for pop rocks, but I'm only poppin tweeters  
And woofers and pussies be blowing purple wit' my feet up  
I'mma eat up anybody who tests this, I'm blessed wit'  
Super human powers, poke your chest in, the next of kin  
Gone be the first one like some Mexicans to buck  
Nigga you stuck like a truck in red dirt, you's in church  
And I'm the deacon speakin' while ya tweakin'

The preacher preachin', reachin', teachin', speakin', being, breathin'  
You're not, your clock stop, and now you're laying in a pretty box  
And now pastor is only talking 'bout the pretty parts of your life  
Your brother fuckin' your damn wife  
You look for the pearly white gates, but you realize your fate  
It's too late, 'cause you hate, you hate  
It's too late, 'cause you hate  
Punk pussy ass bitch, game over, who want some?! Don't you be looking at me crazy like ya want to  
The game is over k.b. baby won't you  
Just quit the contemplating cause  
I'll box you in your muthafuckin mouth  
Don't you be looking at me crazy like ya want to  
The game is over k.b. baby won't you  
Just quit the contemplating cause  
I'll box you in your muthafuckin mouth Roll my blunts thick, like I like my bitch  
Lick my blunts and spit, like she do my dick  
Attempted murder dick, for ways I choke chicks  
Spit it in her eye make it hard to focus Killer Mike gonna calm down, things gonna get a little crazy  
Ol' girl might yell rape G, you might as well give her a throat baby  
Goop goobler, goop gravy, no dickin' her down to the ground  
Now you doing the Dirty South, know what I'm talkin' about Big Boi, my mentor, hear what you hollering about  
But fuck that, I'm looking for love all in her mouth  
Need her to gobble up jism, like school lunches  
Need her to take cat beatings and throw punches Like a swarm of locusts, no hocus-pocus  
You wanna approach us, buzzards and vultures  
We two of the dopest mic controllers  
Stack big bank, honey folders  
Even wit' rollers, I'm trying to told ya  
Even loving, lavish, ladies, leaving, landmarks  
Of Lemon-lime, lip gloss on your lavender lapels  
Leaping lizards, keep me slizzard, my mind's expanding  
Readily rappin' and snappin', snappin' and trappin'  
That's just what's happening Don't you be looking at me crazy like ya want to  
The game is over k.b. baby won't you  
Just quit the contemplating cause  
I'll box you in your muthafuckin mouth  
Don't you be looking at me crazy like ya want to  
The game is over k.b. baby won't you  
Just quit the contemplating cause  
I'll box you in your muthafuckin mouth A whey you want come dis  
When you know you nuh fit  
You better move you bombo  
Before me start trip  
Nuff a them a talk OutKast  
Nuff a them a trip

Nuff a them come in like a bitch  
Whey wear slip  
A J-Sweet me name an' me already Chris  
A OutKast me spar wid  
So boy nuh try dis  
If you dis boy shot know go miss  
Gun shot a go teck you just like fits  
Boy hear me song an' thought a remix  
Brand new tune platinum hits  
We nah gon' run and switch like no bitch  
OutKast, J-Sweet, Killer Mike

Songwriters

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