

You Aint No DJ (Stratus Remix)

Big Boi

Boy stop, you ain't no DJ
(Greetings)I double dare, matter of fact nigga I double dog dare
Any rapper that take it there with this playa here
Let's be clear, I'm a leader not your peer
Valedictorian of this rap shit every year (year year year)
Like beer and pretzels with the game I go good
I'm the Hansel to your Gretel, you's a dame, understood
Overstand hoe ass nigga from my hood, I'm embarrassed
By the lack of class, sat in the back of class
But passed with flying colors with yo' backwards ass, you're like the caboose
And I'm the engine locomotive to let loose steam in the booth, scream ah woof!
Dream Team, nigga fuck that pillow talk, keep sleeping
While I'm beating down yo' street up in that green thing
Greetings Earthlings, I've been lurking deep in the shadows
Gathering artillery for the battle
Now, on the front line I stand, microphone in my right hand
Left foot on the gas, don't make me put my foot in yo' ass[Chorus:Repeat x2]
Yo' DJ ain't no DJ, he just make them fuckin' mixtapes
Where they at?
Where they at?
Where they at?
Where they at?
Where they at?
Where they at?
Where they at?
Yo' DJ ain't no DJ, he just hit that instant replay
There they go
There they go
There they go
There they go
There they go
There they go
There they go
There they go
There they go
Yeah, my momma gave birth to a ten pound, six ounce dream
(Dream dream dream dream dream)
And God said, look for the burnin' bush, now I turned to weed
So I jumped in my shell when I saw my momma burnin' trees (hey)
Hard white, I, trickle nickel bags
Ice cold true shit; in the booth with blue lips
On your grave like a tulip, in the bar like a pool stick

8-0-8 Toomp shit, Magic Mike, poof bitch!
Ain't nowhere to rest, nowhere for you to sit
I stole your couch and I took your truck to move it with
Sofa, any one of you wanna get to' up?
I'm a tattoo, Kodak you, close up
Ain't no UFO, no, Yela's a supernova (woof!)
Dogs are barkin as soon as that trooper roll up (woof!)
30 at 6, momma don't gotta load up
Cause I'm from the varsity of maybe hardly and RC Cola
Hold up! [Chorus] Yeah, and, I
Party in poverty with people like, "Yeah you're famous, so what?"
I bet you can't hitch that semi up to this tow truck
Rich with a hundred dollars, soul like a batch of collards
Yeah I'm pale but I'll impale you with an Impala
Roll with pimp scholars, ATLiens
A-L-A-B-A-M-A agains, come and check my weight again
Baby I know I ain't that crazy, the scale says heavy
Must be my dick the way bitches been hangin' on it lately (Yeah, we stay) bangin' on the daily, soul funk
crusader maybe
Tailored alligator souffle, Escalade all in yo' ladies
Space invader, I'm the lyrical Darth Vader
Give thanks pussy nigga I don't expose you as a hater
Got Decatur, East Point, College Park and the SWAT's
Campbellton Road closed, road block, watch out for the cops
Gotta think outside the box, know how to connect the dots
'Fore somebody hit the jackpot playin' in ya slot, boy stop [Chorus] Where they at? {Repeat x8}
There they go {Repeat x7}
Where they at? {Repeat x7}
There they go

Songwriters

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