

Myintrotoletuknow

OutKast

Time and time again see I be thinking about that future
Back in the day when we slaves up everyone's a cool ass nigga
But now we vultures slam my nigga back out
To make his ass black out or even pull your fucking head
To make his whole crew believers you're harder than a bitch full of dicks
But that don't be sounding like he's shit to me
See now in the ghetto or should I say Lakewood
You better be strapped 'cause them niggas over there just ain't good
Just being a hustler, serving on all your customers
Rent was due on the 1st of the month so I'm hustling
I buy you 50 box of Phillies at the Citgo
And niggas be wanting drinks and shit from the fucking sto', yo
But that's alright, tho', 'cause I be getting paid
And every trip I take, there's a dollar to be made
I'm digging through my pockets for my earnings got you five
Deep, there it is, now it's time to smoke that jiveIf you smoke a dime, then I'll smoke a dimeHey 'Dre, Let 'em
know what's upI've been slipping, slowly but surely
Niggas I used to hang wit wants to act like they don't know me
Come and listen to my story, I got a lot of shit up on my mind
I wipe the boo-boo from my brain then I finish your behind
Take a number, I caught you in a slumber
I hit you for a lick, I'm in the slammer for the summer
But now it's the fall, I'm having a ball, making my nickels act strong
To my niggas got to serving when they beep and when they call
I got the Peter, Paul and plus that Mary Jane
I'm rolling reefer out of a Regal, how could I refrain
From being rough, from being tough, from being dangerous
I'm hanging with the P.A. Niggas, ain't no gankin us
See you can try, if you try, if you don't, you don't
If you want to battle, it's either that you will or you won't
See that rap shit is really just like selling smoke
If you got some fly shit, yo, niggas gonna how we tote
Dope, is not what I be slanging on this track
Niggas don't comprehend that it be deeper that Cadillacs
You know that, right, you bite, you fucked up
You won't be getting away this time, I'm real as hell, so what's up
I rip shit wit pimp shit, I'm flinging it from the south
Talk bad about the A town, I'll bust you in your fucking mouth

Songwriters

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