

# 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 gots 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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