

# You Ain't No DJ (ft. Yelawolf)

## 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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