

Bust (feat. Killer Mike)

Outkast

Ghosts and goblins run amock
In the caverns of rhine
Slinging petty corruption
The seventh sign!(Give to you and I'll do what it takes!
To give it to you!)Step into the realms O's space where nobody goes
Only the baddest motherfuckers are the ones that are chose!
Some of the coolest individuals on the planet we said
Best believe that we can buck or give a damn if we cared!
No collision supervision but my family is here
Now my mama taught my niggas that was under the stairs
One of those who chauffeured life and then was unprepared
But my hunger is the thought that no wonder it can't be smothered
Or buttered up, buttercup, melt your sauce
You a Chucky Cheese bouncer chumpin' off the boss
What I'm trying to tell you now is that you're softer that soft
And I'm sick as a cough, did I mention it's raw?
Your predicaments flaw
Flaw means fucked up and serving out the oven not fried, slow roast
No coast, tuck your tail and hide!
You scared?(Give to you and I do what it takes!
To give it to you!)I officially do it with guns on tour
We lock down traps, push caps galore
My wiz cook work 'til it scale like fish
My old earth even known to handle biz
I serve whipped, out of whips, whip out cash
Usually keep a G packed under the dash
Try to test my gangsta, I bring harm
I'm as slick as Freeway Rick and Nicholas Barnes
My uptown knights hold caps and cheddar
My waistline hold a 4-pound Baretta
I'll shoe lace your face just to learn you better
My ox so sharp it cut through leather
My rap name Killer, my street name Skunk
I mastered the music that was born in the Bronx!
I switch my slang spit from my mouth
I'm still all coast, my coast the South!(Give to you and I do what it takes!
To give it to you!)

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