Shutterbug (Dirty)

Big Boi

Uh, I keep it playa while some choose to play it safe
Boy check the resume, it's risky business in the A
And I've been a witness to this history
Ever since the the tenth grade
We went from rockin' braids to temp fades
I twist my A hat to the side just for style
Or throw on the Gucci bucket with the flowers superfly
Wow, the southern pride been known to shut it down
But it ain't so country my nigga this ain't no Gomer Pyle
I'm Sergeant Slaughter
I keep my shit cooked to order in order
To satisfy my people in Georgia and across the water
And across the boarder the essays are getting smarter.
They got flour for tortillas and lettuce for enchiladas.
If you follow wink wink no doubt we don't speak.
In a blink them folks could have you sleeping in the clink.
I'm shittin' on niggas and pee'ing on the seat.
It's the nigga the B-i-g B-o-i outNow party people in the club it's time to cut a rug
And throw the deuce up in the sky just for the shutterbugs.
I'm double fistin' and if you're empty you can grab a cup.
Boy stop, I'm just playing.
Let me dap you up.
Baby, baby you're in my system.
Baby, baby tell me your listening.Boy, it's after twelve, club's like a hive bee,
A bee hive cause not everybody buzzin' around me.
Could it be the way the verse is sounding?
Came up on the Gheto Boys and the Underground Kingz.
Toys, I had a brougham, called it pretty brown thing.
Paint look like root beer when the sun was shining.
Known to keep a bad bitch. No niggas beside me.
Index finger on the trigger in case niggas is clowning.
Not to flex but to protect my neck like the Wu-Tang.
Self-preservation is the rule when you do aim.
Or get in something more sinister.
You gotta be the finisher
To make it sure the doctors, they can't replenish him.
Or bring him back to life.
Back to reality.
Gone get on some hoes leave it alone.

Triple O-G status A town's very own.Now party people in the club it's time to cut a rug
And throw the deuce up in the sky just for the shutterbugs.
I'm double fistin' and if you're empty you can grab a cup.
Boy stop, I'm just playing.
Let me dap you up.
Baby, baby you're in my system.
Baby, baby tell me your listening.Now this goes out to all my playas in the back sippin' yack.
Bendin' 'round corners in the 'lac.
Cut a rug, playa, now cut a rug.
And throw yo' deuce up in the sky for the shutterbug.And this goes out to all my ladies in the front.
What you want? You make me wanna breed.
Girl freeze.
Cut a rug, lady, now cut a rug.
And throw yo' deuce up in the sky for the shutterbug.Now party people in the club it's time to cut a rug
And throw the deuce up in the sky just for the shutterbugs.
I'm double fistin' and if you're empty you can grab a cup.
Boy stop, I'm just playing.
Let me dap you up.
Baby, baby you're in my system.
Baby, baby tell me your listening.Tell me you're listening
Cause you all up in my system I can feel you from my head to my toes.
(You're in my system)
Lucious Leftfoot's got his best foot forward darling Lord have mercy
How them flows stay so cold, froze.
Cut a rug
Cut a rug
Shutterbug
Cut a rug
(Tell me you're listening)

Songwriters
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