

# Claimin' True

## Outkast

Well it is I, the pimp playing nigga that you heard about  
Yeah, I got the money and a half a million dope houses  
I got the hookers on the go and player rhymes that I fuck with  
I buy amps that pops my trunk swift  
I've been a player since the age of two  
That's when I learned to walk, grab my crotch, talk  
Do how them hoe sellers do  
See born and raised as a pimp, that's what I claim to be  
Always claiming true to what I do and then fuck what I see  
I pledge allegiance to the streets, that's where I grewed up  
And make my money 'cause my daddy never showed up  
But fuck it, I'm on my own, I'm in my zone  
And nothing wrong, you don't belong, you left me standing alone  
Yeah, I'm the nigga with the feather in my hat  
Finger waves and snake skins, shit, I got all that  
But you ain't know I'm the one dipping and dodging bullets  
The price you pay when you behind it steady trying to pull it  
So Dolemite, Dolemite not shit, I studied the Mack and Rudy Ray Moore  
They were my idols when I was a kid  
From nappy head, greasy face, eating watermelon  
To drug dealer, armed robber, now, to big felon I wonder how you would react if you was in my shoes  
I put in work and did the dirt, that's how I payed my dues  
Uh, 1-2-3, that's how it be  
So all the real niggas step up like the players that's in back of me  
I wonder how you would react if you was in my shoes  
I put in work and did the dirt, that's how I payed my dues  
Uh, 1-2-3, that's how it be  
So all the real niggas step up like the players that's in back of me All heavenly Father, why do you even bother  
watching over me  
Growin up a little G, my mama thought I'd grow to be  
A lawyer or a doctor but I felt like coming harder  
Packed a shank up in my socks when I started kindergarten  
This ain't no secret garden, so you fly when niggas flee  
If it is one of my own, I'm letting the trigger be  
'cause I got love for any nigga who got love for me  
And then I get a slap of dap when I'm slanging quarter keys  
Just trying to make it, then of age, come through, take it  
I ain't forgot about y'all women who be working niggas butt naked  
At Magic City, shaking titties just to pay the rent

Lord, trying to hustle must be something that was heaven sent  
But I ain't got no sense, that's what I got them thinking  
I think about payback, strap myself and keep on dankin'  
'cause I be taking the rough side of the mountain  
If you cross my path, I'll leave you draining like a fountain  
Yes it's been like that since way back, in 1975  
Been taught to hustle with muscle and even try to strive  
So little botty bwoy better say your prayers  
You better learn some street sense before somebody lay yaI wonder how you would react if you was in my shoes  
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Songwriters

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