

# Aquemini

## Outkast

Even the sun goes down, heroes eventually die  
Horoscopes often lie and sometimes 'Y'  
Nothin' is for sure, nothin' is for certain, nothin' lasts forever  
But until they close the curtain, it's him and I, Aquemini  
Now is the time to get on like Spike Lee, said get on the bus  
Go get your work and keep your beeper chirpin', is a must  
Is you on that dust or cornstarch familiar with that smack man?  
Music is like that green stuff provided to you by sack man  
Pac man, how motherfuck do you think we gon' do that man?  
Ridin' round Old National on 18's without no gat man  
I'm strapped man and ready to bust on any nigga like that man  
Me and my nigga, we roll together like Batman and Robin  
We prayed together through hard times, swung hard when it was fitting  
But now we tappin' the brakes from all them corners that we be bending  
In Volkswagens and Bonnevilles, Chevrolets and Coupe De Villes  
If you ain't got no rims, nigga, don't get no wood grain steering wheel  
For real, you can go on, chill out and still build  
Let your paper stack instead of going into overkill  
Pay ya fuckin' beeper bill, bitch  
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Twice upon a time there was a boy who died  
Lived happily ever after but that's another chapter  
Live from 'Home Of The Brave' with dirty dollars  
Beauty parlors, baby bottles, bowling ball, impalas  
Street scholars majoring in culinary arts  
You know, how to work bread cheese and dough  
From scratch but see the catch is you can get caught  
Know what ya sellin', what ya bought so cut that big talk  
Let's walk to the bridge, meet me halfway  
Now you may see some children dead off in the pathway  
It's them poor babies walkin' slowly to the candy lady  
It's lookin' bad, need some hope  
Like the words maybe, if, or probably more than a hobby  
When my turntables get wobbly, they don't fall  
I'm sorry y'all, I often drift, I'm talkin' gift  
So when it comes you never look the horse inside it's grill

Of course you know I feel like the bearer of bad news  
Don't want to be it but it's needed so what have you  
Now question is every nigga with dreads for the cause?  
Is every nigga with golds for the fall?  
No, so don't get caught in appearance  
It's OutKast Aquemini another Black experience  
Okay, even the sun goes down, heroes eventually die  
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Nothin' is for sure, nothin' is for certain, nothin' lasts forever  
But until they close the curtain, it's him and I, Aquemini  
The name is Big Boi Daddy Fat Sax, the nigga that like them Cadillacs  
I stay down with these streets 'cause these streets is where my folks at  
Better know that some say we pro-black, boy, we professional  
We missed a lot of church, so the music is our confessional  
Get off the testicles and the nut sacks, you bust a rhyme we bust back  
Get, get back for real niggas, that's out here tryin' to spit facts  
You hear dat can't come near, dat maybe you need to quit  
Because Aquemini is Aquarius and a Gemini runnin' shit like this  
My mind warps and bends, floats the wind count to ten  
Meet the twin Andre Ben, welcome to the lion's den  
Original skin many men comprehend, I extend myself  
So you go out and tell a friend  
Sin all depends on what you believing in  
Faith is what you make it, that's the hardest shit since MC Ren  
Alien can blend right on in wit' yo' kin  
Look again 'cause I swear, I spot one every now and then  
It's happenin' again, wish I could tell you when  
Andre this is Andre, y'all just gon' have to make amends  
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