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
Even the sun goes down, heroes eventually die
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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
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
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
Even the sun goes down, heroes eventually die
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