

Mainstream (feat. Khujo & T-Bu of Goodie Mob)

OutKast

Verse 1: Revolutionary, scary
Thought provoking, spoken,
Words of a chain I don't feel but I see,
visions from me
at twenty three making us free in my community
one day is what I live for,
ain't thinking about no hope no more
I got my boots I kick it till I get with
Adapt and overcome, oh hum hum
Go get my gun, load up for fun, and put down with the frown
What goes round comes round from M.L.K. to cascade
I know its through them plenty figures
cocaine dealers walk the wrong side
up in they rides,
looking cleaner then I seen them the last time
Then selling dimes, now its quarter keys, stacking G's
In the South Indies
my nigga them folks riding bicycles among vehicles
off in the hood
Knowing each and every nigger sellin', but can you blame
the fact the only way a brother can survive the game
the block hard to get by the dope dealing, fatal killings
in fair times so writing rhymes
it ain't just the police
we kill each other just lost another brother
fast living will get you took,
thinking it can't happen to you and then it do
off crooked schemes its just a dream
floating face down in the mainstream
Chorus: Think it is when it ain't all peaches and cream
that's why some are found floating face down in the main stream
Verse 2: They swan divin'
fit they name be thrashing an album
go-kart rushin' to finish their album then you find them
lost, dog paddling, back stroking, what done happened?
be rhymin' catching the day when the recipe calls for black and
wrong ingredients,
maybe too much herbs and spices,
maybe you got hungry for the wrong dish
southern greens and this entice them how them joke the same

so I'm gonna sing just like them to get where they at
I'll even break my by back to touch their rim if I gotta
My alta mater be that I follow

I bite whatever that's looking tasty, water it down then swallow
I hope you vomit, won't call no names cause that's not my job
it just applies to whom it may concern you know who you are
but if you don't you never will, you just receive the steel
but then it might get ugly cause trust me niggas do feel
the way that I felt when I wrote this, but we must stay in focus
we kings and queens up in this thing, get rid of all them jokers
face down, face down, face down

(Chorus)Verse 3:I let you stay in my crib, now you know where I live
when you was hungry, fed you a hot meal, look at the hand you deal
me crudball business giving niggas inches so here, take a foot
luck only counts in rabbit's feet and horseshoes,
experience is sometimes the best teacher until we get our own plate
I hope you don't mind me eating off of yours,
process momma moping like jerry
meanwhile, fairies of the street tinkling pixie dust over greenery
never to obtain another level of con-science
only to test, to poke and see
why laying here, they scheme over one another mouth to feed
? with a decision to make, now words shape your destiny
but a missile will take it all the way just as quick as you can say
I wish I never did what I did now face this biz
it was the company you kept, the many places you slept
when you shouldn't have, geekin like a rat, jumping like a trap
contributing to sin and your nigga bitch in the club showin pink for ten
they got you niggas where they want you again,
floating face down in the mainstream

thats why, thats why, thats why(Chorus)Verse 4:Everybody's a player, rubbin them kangols on their head
thinking its all about your clothes, nigger its all about your self
the way you feel about your life, the times that you done shared with
your friends and family, up and down like hoes give head
to dicks oh, six, serving them in the mix, but ain't no mystery
you know the history about this clique bitch
oh, what, you want me to call you slut?
then why you fucking all them niggers letting them all up in your guts
but see that AIDS I'm afraid that's why I play the quiet role
I lay in the cut, every month thinking I'll let that fire roll
like chimneys, and smoke signals, maybe peace pipes even
my partners call me Big Boi and my first name is not Steven
in the mainstream, home team banging them with these hits
in the mix flowing like some motherfucking swordfish(Chorus x4)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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