

Ova Da Wudz (feat. EJ Tha Witch Doctor)

OutKast

Under-cover, over the hills and through the woods I go
Like green lights, a southern nigga that's comin fo' yo' throat
But not no guillotine see, we be them southern playas
Remember the football socks, aerobic Reeboks and Decaturs, now
You up to par and ready fo yo lesson
I got an ounce of dank and a couple of drinks so let's crank up a session
Like Tri-City high school, was pulling em in a broke down Rabbit
I spit a couple of words and laying em down was just a habit
Just like Smokey, choking off da pee-wee that we rolled up
Talking about the clique will get you laid down hella swoled up
Hootie hoo slapped ya boys across the cheek with Isotoners
And went to tell yo momma and yo pop that you was a goner
Tell em Big Boi did it, I swear that nigga be rhyming
Every lyric that he spit be turning charcoals into Diamonds and Pearls
Girl when you giving up them draws, cause
I got a couple of niggas down the hall
That wanna hit it too, I'm not the type to be acting selfish
Set it out and let it out and I'll be right back just like Elvis
Cause the postman rings twice
Hey Mr. PostmanPower, power, I come gimme some
The deadly voice over drums, we from, ATL
Put tha SWATS SWATS on yo' car
Let's travel far, tha southern star shines
Power, power, I come gimme some
The deadly voice over drums, we from, ATL
Put tha SWATS SWATS on yo' car
Let's travel far, tha southern star shinesEverybody wanna get signed, but (here to tell you)
Record companies act like pimps
Getting paid off what we made when we the ones that's fly like blimps
But ain't no Goodyear, I tell it like it is so I'm like look here
Just willing to get what I deserve my kids to have a mother
And a little house, with a dog in the backyard goin "woof-woof"
Who knows what I must face soon's I leave this recording booth
Poof, back in the real world where birds fly
From Miami by way of Cuba to whoever wants to get that high
There's clouds of clowns, seas of G's
Pro-jects, packed with playas meditating on their knees
Just to make them ends meet, like ground beef, you won't believe
The shit that niggas attempt cause they got other mouths to feed

Besides they ownPower, power, I come gimme some
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Songwriters

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