Snappin' & Trappin'

Outkast

Our shit don't mix like llao and lukewarm water
Better make it hotter splash ice and watch it rock up
I oughta duct tape your infant daughter
Show y'all soldier ass niggaz, I'm Murder City's Sergeant Slaughter
Guaranteed to get more cut than a barber
I betcha I'll drill your heifer like Black & Decker
This pussy wrecker and white water couldn't get it wetter
I'm guaranteed to leave her swiss cheese for more cheddar
I give a fuck, suede bucks and Coogi sweaters
What's up? Whatever sable fur to lamb leather
I've seen it all in the trap with fitted caps for cold weather
And creased denim threats delivered when I send 'em
Nigga know I, FedEx my shit, overnight express my shit
Deliver my hits quick, who next on my shit list
Banana niggaz need to split
Quit fucking with this, thorough Atlanta click
This here is Slum Lordz we make your terrific shit tragic
My pen and pixel make violence more graphic
Take raw coke, cook it crack and saran wrap it
One muthafuckin' verse and already it's a classic
One muthafuckin' verse and already it's a classic
Killer Mike nigga!
Don't you be looking at me crazy like ya want to
The game is over K.B.
Baby won't you just quit the contemplating
'Cause I'll box you in your muthafuckin' mouth
Don't you be looking at me crazy like ya want to
The game is over K.B.
Baby won't you just quit the contemplating
'Cause I'll box you in your muthafuckin' mouth
My Cadillac got that boom, boom in it, listen to it drop
Like cereal in your breakfast bowl just jumpin' off the top
A nigga don't stop for squares or octagons prepare
I'm not the one you scared, the Piccolo Pimp done set up shop
Nigga you pop lock, for pop rocks, but I'm only poppin' tweeters
And woofers and pussies be blowing purple wit' my feet up
I'mma eat up anybody who tests this, I'm blessed wit'
Super human powers, poke your chest in
The next of kin gon' be the first one like some Mexicans to buck

Nigga you stuck like a truck in red dirt, you's in church
And I'm the deacon speakin' while ya tweakin'
The preacher preachin', reachin', teachin', speakin', being, breathin'
You're not, your clock stop, and now you're laying in a pretty box
And now pastor is only talking 'bout the pretty parts of your life
Your brother fuckin' your damn wife
You look for the pearly white gates, but you realize your fate
It's too late, you hate, you hate
It's too late, 'cause you hate
Punk pussy ass bitch, game over, who want some?
Don't you be looking at me crazy like ya want to
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Baby won't you just quit the contemplating
'Cause I'll box you in your muthafuckin' mouth
Don't you be looking at me crazy like ya want to
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Baby won't you just quit the contemplating
'Cause I'll box you in your muthafuckin' mouth
Roll my blunts thick, like I like my bitch
Lick my blunts and spit, like she do my dick
Attempted murder dick, for ways I choke chicks
Spit it in her eye make it hard to focus
Killer Mike gonna calm down, things gonna get a little crazy
Ol' girl might yell rape G, you might as well give her a throat baby
Goop goobler, goop gravy, no dicking her down to the ground
Now you doing the Dirty South, know what I'm talkin' about
Big Boi, my mentor, hear what you hollering about
But fuck that, I'm looking for love all in her mouth
Need her to gobble up jism, like school lunches
Need her to take cat beatings and throw punches
Like a swarm of locusts, no hocus-pocus
You wanna approach us, buzzards and vultures
We two of the dopest mic controllers
Stack big bank, honey folders
Even wit' rollers, I'm trying to told ya
Even loving, lavish, ladies, leaving, landmarks
Of lemon-lime, lip gloss on your lavender lapels
Leaping lizards, keep me slizzard, my mind's expanding
Readily rappin' and snappin', snappin' and trappin'
That's just what's happening
Don't you be looking at me crazy like ya want to
The game is over K.B.
Baby won't you just quit the contemplating
'Cause I'll box you in your muthafuckin' mouth
Don't you be looking at me crazy like ya want to

The game is over K.B.
Baby won't you just quit the contemplating
'Cause I'll box you in your muthafuckin' mouth
A whey you want come dis
When you know you nuh fit
You better move you bombo
Before me start trip
Nuff a them a talk OutKast
Nuff a them a trip
Nuff a them come in like a bitch
Whey wear slip
A J-Sweet me name an' me already Chris
A OutKast me spar wid so boy nuh try dis
If you dis boy shot knaw go miss
Gun shot a go teck you just like fits
Boy hear me song an' thought a remix
Brand new tune platinum hits
We nah gon' run and switch like no bitch
OutKast, J-Sweet
[Incomprehensible] We nah gon' run and switch like no bitch
OutKast, J-Sweet, Killer Mike
[Incomprehensible] We nah gon' run and switch like no bitch

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