

Flip Flop Rock

OutKast

Yeah, ATLiens style on y'all ass
(Do or die, Aquemini)
(Killer Mike, Roc-A-Fella collaboration holla!)
(Young Hov' in the place to be, Big Boi in the place to be)
(Andre 3000 (cash) shout out to public housin') (bitch)
(I brought the whole hood with me)
You got red dirt in your Afro
(Young Hov' in the place to be) (yeah)
(Outkast in the place to be) (yeah) Did you ever think that you would be the nigga on the block
Didn't have to break a steerin' column, didn't have to cook a rock
A damn goodie two-shoes, that what they call ya
Never judge a person or a book by it's covers
Just because my tone is darker than yours, a little tanner
You never took the time out, examine yourself Boi
Are you black, white, asian?
Indonesian, or Borean-that's black and Korean
We on the same team if we breathin'
I jumped off the subject to see if you was seein'
That we drop a little science off in every verse
They put that P.A. sticker on it cause they scared we gon' curse
But the knowledge is the power, the cowards get devoured
Any hour, any cipher, any way to any height
Because I might just snap on a Fuck-ass nigga
Might clap a cap at a sucker-ass nigga
In the meantime, Daddy Fat sacks gon' chill out
He might just, pull out his pistol
And let that thing whistle at your windshield or your residence
Superman to Clark Kent, you better be way harded
Than the park bench to start this
Marcus, Jason, my little brother James
All my brothers from my momma but Andre is just the same
Ain't no uno, we a duo; deuce dos to a pair
A player stiffen the competition
Pressed like Levi's toughskins, on minus one
Negative one minus negative one is nothin'
Bustin' d-boy raps and player poems
The "Kast shit ain't plastic, we smash it and move the crowd
And rock the crowd original material while you bore 'em
Your life show consists of eveybody's shit but you're-uns

Do you own shit! In your life show (bitin ass nigga)Young Hov' in the place to be
Big Boi in the place to be (Young)
Andre 3000 (cash) shout out to public housing (bitch)
I brought (holla) the whole hood with me (yeah, yeah)
Young Hov' in the place to be
Big Boi in the place to be (Young)
Andre 3000 (cash) shout out to public housing (bitch)
I brought (holla) the whole hood with me (yeah, yeah)Penelope Ann Cruz couldn't snooze
With her Eye's Wide Shut, before I ashed to hit her gut
If you brunette, Legally Blonde, I might respond
Take you to Swan Lake, and beyond
Antwan raps on, raps on, clap off clon on
I switch the flow so quick you cannot fa-thom
I take a submarine two thousand leagues below the sea
And try to grab one line or sentence
Rhyme repentance, find the illest lyricist
And give him a clean bill of health
Wealth might make you look good but you sound like shit
And your team looking shitty to deathMy nigga Big Boi said "Watch 'em as they gawk and they gander"
You can follow or lead like Commander Picard
You can have The Whole World
Or be satisfied with the boulevard, over stand
This young player's line
I foregoed the crime and I focused on rhyme
Focused on every word, and line
Like a young Cassius Clay in his prime
I was born to talk shit and prove mine, and I'm
The epitome of raw rhyme
Got signed, got serious about the craft
Of raw rhyme and I got mine, Aquemini's
Murderous monster move minds
Did it so hard that it oughta be a crime
When you see I'm comin' holla one-time, holla one-time
When you see I'm comin' holla one-time (one-time)Young Hov' in the place to be
Big Boi in the place to be (Young)
Andre 3000 (cash) shout out to public housing (bitch)
I brought (holla) the whole hood with me (yeah, yeah)
Young Hov' in the place to be
Big Boi in the place to be (Young)
Andre 3000 (cash) shout out to public housing (bitch)
I brought (holla) the whole hood with me (yeah, yeah)Don't, you, like, to groove
In your hooptie on your old, flip, flop, sweatshoes
To run yo' tennis shoes
Don't, it, matter to you
That Outkast we got that slump for y'all

Keep that funk for y'all When I'm in the mood I rock the S Dot tennis shoes

As a interlude, I got the Gucci flip-flops

And I, fix it up like gin and juice when I'm them interviews

Dudes want to know what he copped

And where you got that, and how could they buy that

Where the million dollar watch at, stop that!

Why that, why this, niggas want to hijack the flyness

I'm on a whole 'nother plane

A whole different lane, a whole 'nother game that I'm playin'

Understand what I'm sayin'

Hov' and Outkast, what you think about that?

Really don't matter though what you niggas chatter though

Anybody get out of line then you trust

That the mac'll go are-are-are-are-rap, got you killed for that alone

Back on the shit back on the strip

Another hit I'm not goin' miss Don't, you, like, to groove

In your hooptie on your old, flip, flop, sweatshoes

To run yo' tennis shoes

Don't, it, matter to you

That Outkast we got that slump for y'all

Keep that funk for y'all

Songwriters

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