

Skew It on the Bar-B

Outkast

Old school players to new school fools
'Kast keep it jumpin' like kangaroos
But skew it on the bar-b we ain't tryin' to lose
Say, "I be god damnit they done changed the rules"Old school players to new school fools
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Say, "I be god damnit they done changed the rules"The common denominator, the nigga numerator
Never know who the hater, niggaz cater to your ego
I'm sorry like Atari whose the cousin to Coleco
Vision caught a Rico, back on the street like Chico
DeBarge, he large and got a 'Llac in the garage
Few parts here and there, I declare hard, my LawdOne at Clark, one at Spelman
Both know each other and it's cool, you can tell when
He step off in the party women jump for joy
But all the wild niggaz schemin' they gon' jump the boy
For spittin' all that bourgeoisie, my watch, my car
I'm a star, I'd rather be a comet by farOld school players to new school fools
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Say, "I be god damnit they done changed the rules"Deliver this through your audio, ghetto mafioso
Grow hydro, then bag it up yo
Price that longevity, suggest make moves
Slow take time grow eight, react nine blow
Hydro slide raw like fuck Renaldo
Fly ride though, shit lookin' wild dopeThen glide yo, flippin' the page, I go
Watch five-oh, jump on my meat, ride slow
Watch those, undercovers, cop those, rock those
Glocks blows leave 'em baggy and collect spot grows
Keep a watch froze, lean on the yacht and wash clothes
Let the chop' blow, bag a half a block plot grows, what?Old school players to new school fools
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We the type of people that don't bury the axe
Or the hatchet, every time we see your link we snatch it
Ridin' round our hood talkin' that dumb shit, your cabbage
Is cracked, like plumber's ass and summer's grass
I been in the game for a minute, seen some suckaz like y'all passin'
Thinkin' you're light skinned, aight then, lil' boy why you frightened?The Dungeon Family gon' be here nigga
so keep writing
I gotta hit The Source, I need my other half a mic
Because that Southerplayalisticadillacmuzik was a classic, right
College Park, East Point and Decatur they got my back, so
We gon' keep on jammin' and stabbin' off in the track
Think it's time to bungee but buddy we will be back
And I'm fin' to put some D's on the 'Llac, know datOld school players to new school fools
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