

Call of Da Wild

Outkast

I'll be coming around the ghetto when I come kicking one for the treble

Y'all can't stoop to my level, I'm like the devil or whatever

I'm picking up and throwing 'em down like dishes

Call me Kenny Anderson cause I slam those Southern bitches

I ain't bragging, folks dragging me up and down the road

To be fucked up when I gets into my clowning mode

Then go to clown up on they ass like Bozo

Oh no, then dance on top of they asses like I was Jo Jo Dancer

Come Comet, come Dasher, come Prancer

Come niggas with machine guns, I think that is the answer

But the question 'Should we take that bullshit from them people?'

I'm making 300 on my SAT and I am equal

Ain't no sequel, no saga, no way out, I'm nervous

I've had it up to forehead of niggas trying to serve us

To graduate is really becoming a very stressful journey

I feel like a steering wheel, for them is trying to turn me

Into a hate monger, and I'm wishing and I wonder

Damn, will I graduate before I hit the summer

I think not, Officer Friendly trying to dig up in me

He said I'm half assed and got no future

And so he sent me up the creek and shit

Stroking like hell without no paddle

But niggas is getting smart, we back on the saddle

No longer, y'all know y'all had us down for some years

It's the call of da wild nigga, uh, there it is I hear voices in my head and they keep callin me As I step, the stage is empty

No words as I serve with my Southern dialect, so I get respect

Don't call me T, it's a T thing with a G swing

Let my nuts hang down to the flo' main

Smoking that dang dang, making mics swang

In my 2-8-0 Z, nobody can see me

Cruising down the block, just like I was a squirrel

In a world full of nuts, damn

I'd probably be mad even if I called him Uncle Sam

So bring dough to the Goodie Mo-B

T-Mo, Khujo, Cee-Lo, J and my homie rather be

Don't flex on next, I break necks too

Rollin with Outkast, PA, Goodie Mob for the 94

Ha-ha-ha

Yeah, you know what I'm sayin? I hear voices in my head and they keep callin me Yeah, I'm steady bucking
motherfuckers

Not ducking 'em like the goose, I'm heavily strapped, yeah niggas
Squeezin rhymes like that noose around your neck
You can't hang with this, see ain't no thangs to this
I show no pity so take off because I'm dangerous
I breaks 'em off like I was Beat Street, see I be breaking
Speaking of breaking, break on how to get your life taken, boy
Fucking around with me will get your cabbage cut, your wig split
Simply means I'm bringing the funk with the hollow tips
Player shit is how I'm kicking it

Comin around the ghetto, victims soft as a tack on a jackass
So fuck it or flip it, I'll still be a player
Puffy afro with nigga naps off in my hair
Shit, that's quickly how I run my shit and that's how it be
That nigga B-I-G B-O-I, that be me, ye
See I'm a player, got my struggle on

Thinking about the volume and thickness of my bankroll
You see that cash is in my shit like colon cancer
Even though I never smoke that shit like...yeah
I give a call of da wild to my niggaz around the projects
So don't flex or get served with a pop neck shit
OG, original gangsta, not quite

But maybe when I'm locked up, lifting weights, getting swole right
Life's a bitch with a G-string cause off in your ass with it hey
So you can see who can really hang
But y'all don't wanna do nothing, y'all can go to hell
Ain't no players in office cause I'm locked off in a cell

So can you feel me, nigga I hear voices in my head and they keep callin me Khujo, coming in dope, bring it

I got more problems than the average Joe
So don't come 'round me with your flim flam, hot damn
It's a jack, top of the burbs, and my notebook is a bird
K's madness into capping
Throwing to do more load, so my fire looking through the want ads
And only red hot, desire in your pot with something wicked
But you can't feel it, sticking out your monkey ass
I could let shit rot in the past, now it's time to blast they ass
Mr. Knighton take off your hat
Can't even my wear my locs in
Demon eye scoping, oh my, peripheral vision got it
Made you go on your hoe's bar
Decisions, decisions to make, oops, here comes the Goodie Mo crew
And they just might want to battle you
Out with the quickness
The price of living is beginning to be a risky business

Unkay, Parkay.

How do you like the taste of hot butter melting through your biscuits?

This is your brain on drugs, this is your brain,

Don't cut niggas I hang with before there were apartments

In Chapel Forest, it's getting horrid

The hunting child is on the prowl, yeah!

I let out a call to the wild

I let out a call to the wild

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