

# Flip Flop Rock (feat. Killer Mike & JAY Z)

## 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

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