Nathaniel

Outkast

Shit man, nigga gotta go on the got down
Get the shit straight when I got damn get out
Well shit, this what's really goin' downWhassup my nigga another day the same shit?
Punk-ass C.O.'s on a nigga dick
Got me up at three o'clock cookin' nappy grits
I'm a G from C.P. I can't take the shitTryin' to hold a nigga down in this country ass town
I'm used to smokin' chronic movin' pounds
They got a nigga on some, "Sir, yes sir, left right left"
Throw me in a hole if my ass outta stepThey treat you like a motherfuckin' slave
Dope fiends, cryin' Jesus, swear they saved
Niggaz better get they game tight
'Cause these crackers tryin' to take a nigga life and they rightsI'm surrounded by fake-ass crooks
They swear they kingpins but don't have money on they books
I hear so many lies it make me sick
These niggaz called ballers sellin' dimes and licksI can't wait 'til the day they let me go
So I can eat some steak and shrimp
Grab a mic, and bust a flow, I'm Audi 5 nigga lights out
Hold it down on the streets until the day that I get outI'm out man