

# Ain't No Thang

## Outkast

Niggas in the point ain't changed  
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A nigga ready from the get go  
Y'all hear my shit go, it's Andre  
Can yo punk ass come out to play?  
Say, "Stick in your little hole then coward duck your head"  
You don't know who you be fuckin' with youse better off dead  
Is what I say, best run the other way  
In case of physical breakdown, y'all can break now  
My kitchen full of heat, if you can't take the temp  
Make yourself exempt  
Pussy footin' around don't be gettin' y'all nowhere but stuck  
Nowhere to duck, pull his file, niggaz die  
By gettin' blasted, how drastic  
They got the nerve to ask me why I do the things I do  
I got the nerve to serve you up just like a waiter do but naw  
I take that back, that's my problem  
Turnin' and walkin' away, this ain't gon' work when they be robbin'  
As long as Big Boi's still livin', never standin' by my lonesome  
Step up nigga, if you want some  
Ain't no thang but a chicken wang  
We's havin' a smoke out in the Dungeon with the Mary Jane  
It's just a pimps, players, Mack daddies, East Point  
It's all about that ses in yo chest, it's the joint  
Ain't no thang but a chicken wang  
We's havin' a smoke out in the Dungeon with the Mary Jane  
It's just a pimps, players, Mack daddies, East Point  
It's all about that ses in yo chest, it's the joint  
Well nigga, you softer than silicone, used to pump up tits  
It's that nigga down in the Dungeon with them playeristic hits  
I'm quick to stop a sucka flow like menopause, it's the  
Original ghetto bastard, so now I makes a switch  
I used to sell dope but in 1994  
I'm makin' Southern playalistic Cadillac muzik  
But see these voices in my skull has got me reminiscin'  
About the days back when me Mammy had to work in kitchens  
She had me makin' better grades to make a better life  
But I never had no love or respect 'cuz we gon' be alright  
I ran the streets and broke my curfew 'cuz I gave a shit

I carried guns and butcher knives 'cuz I was steadily in the mix, yeah

It was so hard to say "Goodbye", I'm a man now

I'm at the end of my street, so it's time to take my stand now

I call the wild because it's time to take the streets

So if you ain't got the vertebrae, ya big enough nuts, retreat

I'm ready to wet 'em up like cereal

Just an international playa, comin' through your stereo

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3 5 7 to your fo'head, there'll be mo' dead 'cause I'ma pro, kid

But Lord forgive me, I gots to keep my Milli right Vi-near me

My nine be doin' fine

Until these niggaz wants to clear me off my street

But in my hood hood, they hollerin' ghetto

Don't got no neighbors, they hit the pipe and never let go

But I feel for them like Chaka Khan feel for you

Ain't shit that we can do but rest in peace, pour a brew

On the concrete, remember when we ran deep

Remember at the party when we served them niggaz dandy

They know not to test us, test me, do me, try me

Trippin with that drama, my Beretta's right beside me

One is in the air and one is the chamber

Y'all ask me what the fuck I'm doin', I'm releasin' anger

Quick to dodge danger, I'm takin' it one day

At a time, I got the fattest dimes around my way

You can sway with Andre, I'll take it to the Ho-Jo, bitch

Just let you know, yeah

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It's all about that ses in yo chest

It's on my friend, on the road again, I'm travelin'

No more than 65 on 85 off in my Cadillac

I got that nigga Dre, he ridin' shotgun and got my pump under my seat

In case these yougstas wanna have some fun, I'd do it if I have to

Bustin' caps with this a heat and load it clip up after clip  
I'm packin' my gage if I feel it, the glock, the gat, the nine, the heaters  
See I be bustin' caps like my amp be bustin' speakers  
So how do you figure that Big Boi be scared to blast ya?  
You 'posed to be quickest draw but man, I hail 'em faster  
1 2 3, you need to think about the future  
Before I shoot your ass and dilute your blood with lead  
From my hollow tips, I'll send you to an early grave  
You fuckin' slave, you better try another way  
To take me out, is truly something difficult  
Don't even run up on me, unless you want your brain broke  
I'm out of bullets lettin' loose my last clip  
I'ma kick you in your ass and your nigga gettin' pistol whipped  
Yea that's how I do, you know that's how I do, you know that's how I do  
Ain't no thang but a chicken wang  
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It's just a pimps, players, Mack daddies, East Point  
It's all about that ses in yo chest  
Yeah and it don't stop and it don't quit, to the motherfuckin'  
Organized Noize, PA, Goodie MOBB, Big Gipp  
And all the niggaz around the East Point way  
College Park is really on the map  
We comin' around Atlanta and the niggaz are really strapped  
With the muthafuckin' guns and the motherfuckin' glocks  
Steady is the gas nigga, don't fear it and it don't stop

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