

# Slump

## OutKast

From front to back street, listen, we on a mission  
To get right, workin street corner in the midnight  
Picture the scene, these fiends with fire  
Ten dollar dreams, scheme, for a sack of that, believe that  
I'm wit whateva like Wheatstraw  
Stuck servin my cocaine raw  
Drop sixty-two off the brick, jump back  
Twenty over now that's mo' money to get  
Slick, we fin' to lick on this corner without gettin caught  
But time, keep a sleepin and money gettin short  
Plus that crooked cop Brock think we blow slangin (fuck him)  
That why he ride through the hole with the do' swangin  
But I make moves, shake them tricks up out they shoestrings  
Be more precise when we do things  
Cause life is like shakin the dice, but I buck back twice  
Like five-deuce, fo'-trey, okay I'm strictly stressin dirty dirty  
Gone represent it to the t-top  
Born and bred up on the street top  
Get to the money and the sweet spot  
And forever hollering "Hootie Hoo!" when we see cops  
I'm strictly stressin dirty dirty  
Gone represent it to the t-top  
Born and bred up on the street top  
Get to the money and the sweet spot  
And forever hollering "Hootie Hoo!" when we see cops  
Shit, cops and robbers niggas be bound to get them  
dollars and cents  
They get in a slump like baseball players when they short on they rent  
Anything goin you ain't knowin how much money YOU spent  
But in the real world you surrounded by these ladies and gents  
Who hang around you cause you be buyin all the weed and all the chicken  
Feedin everybody, smokin em out  
When you was broke though they was missin  
Now you ridin bout fo' deep, startin to tear up your suspension  
And your baby mamma on child support, my fault, forget to mention  
You don't even have a checking account wasn't thinking about no pension  
I used to work at Steak 'N' Ale, Old Gold off in the kitchen  
Had determination and graduated, now I got the whole rap world fascinated  
I wanted a piece of the pie for me and my family so I made it  
Continue to sell dope, it's payin the bills so you gon' do it

But legislation got this new policy, three strikes and you're ruined  
Now where your crew at? Yeah I'm strictly stressin dirty dirty  
Gone represent it to the t-top  
Born and bred up on the street top  
Get to the money and the sweet spot  
And forever hollering "Hootie Hoo!" when we see cops  
I'm strictly stressin dirty dirty  
Gone represent it to the t-top  
Born and bred up on the street top  
Get to the money and the sweet spot  
And forever hollering "Hootie Hoo!" when we see cops  
Ay, me and my buddy on the cut and they know we  
serving em slabs  
We better watch what we doing, and look out for Joe Nab  
And quit re-ing up and standing on this same old block  
Before our gangsta ass partner get both of us shot  
Niggas talking cause they making some flow  
But still ain't did nothing that ain't been done before  
You can't be trying to showcase, just put it down for your spot  
And improvise and work with that little you got  
So I think when I finish selling my last sack  
I'mma take some of this money, go and give some back  
Cause people won't forget about the time you gave, knowmsayin?  
And start thinking bout a path to pave I'm strictly stressin dirty dirty  
Gone represent it to the t-top  
Born and bred up on the street top  
Get to the money and the sweet spot  
And forever hollering "Hootie Hoo!" when we see cops  
I'm strictly stressin dirty dirty  
Gone represent it to the t-top  
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