

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? YeahI'm strictly stressin dirty dirty

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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 copsAy, 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 paveI'm strictly stressin dirty dirty

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