

Snappin' & Trappin' (ft. Killer Mike)

OutKast

Our shit don't mix like liao and lukewarm water
Better make it hotter splash ice and watch it rock up
I oughta duct tape your infant daughter
Show y'all soldier ass niggaz
I'm murder city's Sargeant Slaughter
Guaranteed to get more cut than a barber
I betcha I'll drill your heifer like Black & Decker
This pussy wrecker and white water couldn't get it wetter
I'm guaranteed to leave her swiss cheese for more cheddar
I give a fuck, suede bucks and Coogi sweaters
What's up? Whatever sable fur to lamb leather
I've seen it all in the trap with fitted caps for cold weather
And creased denim threats delivered when I send 'em
Nigga know I, FedEx my shit, overnight express my shit
Deliver my hits quick, who next on my shit list
Banana niggaz need to split
Quit fucking with this thorough Atlanta click
This here is Slum Lordz we make your terrific shit tragic
My pen and pixel make violence more graphic
I take raw coke, cook it crack, saran wrap it
One muthafuckin' verse and it's already a classic(x2)
Killer Mike nigga!Don't you be looking at me crazy like ya want to
The game is over k.b. baby won't you
Just quit the contemplating cause
I'll box you in your muthafuckin mouth
Don't you be looking at me crazy like ya want to
The game is over k.b. baby won't you
Just quit the contemplating cause
I'll box you in your muthafuckin mouthMy Cadillac got that boom, boom in it, listen to it drop
Like cereal in your breakfast bowl just jumpin' off the top
A nigga don't stop for squares or octagons prepare
I'm not the one you scared, the Piccolo Pimp done set up shop
Nigga you pop lock, for pop rocks, but I'm only poppin tweeters
And woofers and pussies be blowing purple wit' my feet up
I'mma eat up anybody who tests this, I'm blessed wit'
Super human powers, poke your chest in, the next of kin
Gone be the first one like some Mexicans to buck
Nigga you stuck like a truck in red dirt, you's in church
And I'm the deacon speakin' while ya tweakin'

The preacher preachin', reachin', teachin', speakin', being, breathin'
You're not, your clock stop, and now you're laying in a pretty box
And now pastor is only talking 'bout the pretty parts of your life

 Your brother fuckin' your damn wife

 You look for the pearly white gates, but you realize your fate

 It's too late, 'cause you hate, you hate

 It's too late, 'cause you hate

Punk pussy ass bitch, game over, who want some?!Don't you be looking at me crazy like ya want to

 The game is over k.b. baby won't you

 Just quit the contemplating cause

 I'll box you in your muthafuckin mouth

 Don't you be looking at me crazy like ya want to

 The game is over k.b. baby won't you

 Just quit the contemplating cause

I'll box you in your muthafuckin mouthRoll my blunts thick, like I like my bitch

 Lick my blunts and spit, like she do my dick

 Attempted murder dick, for ways I choke chicks

Spit it in her eye make it hard to focusKiller Mike gonna calm down, things gonna get a little crazy

 Ol' girl might yell rape G, you might as well give her a throat baby

 Goop goobler, goop gravy, no dicking her down to the ground

Now you doing the Dirty South, know what I'm talkin' aboutBig Boi, my mentor, hear what you hollering about

 But fuck that, I'm looking for love all in her mouth

 Need her to gobble up jism, like school lunches

 Need her to take cat beatings and throw punchesLike a swarm of locusts, no hocus-pocus

 You wanna approach us, buzzards and vultures

 We two of the dopest mic controllers

 Stack big bank, honey folders

 Even wit' rollers, I'm trying to told ya

 Even loving, lavish, ladies, leaving, landmarks

 Of Lemon-lime, lip gloss on your lavender lapels

 Leaping lizards, keep me slizzard, my mind's expanding

 Readily rappin' and snappin', snappin' and trappin'

That's just what's happeningDon't you be looking at me crazy like ya want to

 The game is over k.b. baby won't you

 Just quit the contemplating cause

 I'll box you in your muthafuckin mouth

 Don't you be looking at me crazy like ya want to

 The game is over k.b. baby won't you

 Just quit the contemplating cause

I'll box you in your muthafuckin mouthA whey you want come dis

 When you know you nuh fit

 You better move you bombo

 Before me start trip

 Nuff a them a talk OutKast

 Nuff a them a trip

Nuff a them come in like a bitch
Whey wear slip
A J-Sweet me name an' me already Chris
A OutKast me spar wid
So boy nuh try dis
If you dis boy shot knew go miss
Gun shot a go teck you just like fits
Boy hear me song an' thought a remix
Brand new tune platinum hits
We nah gon' run and switch like no bitch
OutKast, J-Sweet, Killer Mike

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