

# Fo Yo Sorrows

## Big Boi

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

This is that dope-on-dope  
Smoke but don't choke on  
It's the shit, clearly blunt junkies  
Have been known to croak  
Unless them toke of it's the bombFor those who think life is unfair  
'Cause I blow my smoke in the air  
As if no one is standin' there  
Then I'll roll one tonight, fo yo sorrowsIn my chair as I sit back  
Smiling from ear to ear  
With a fistful of your girlfriend's hair  
Yes, she'll blow one tonight fo yo sorrowsDaddy Fat Sacks back on the scene  
Money shot to a Three movies  
But everything's straight like 9:15  
It's back to the time machine, I believeBack to the rhymin', back to the stick  
Back to the hi-hat, tsk tsk kick  
Slap, y'all nigga better think that was it  
We everywhere, beithcLike the air you breathe  
Got 'em stuck like Chuck into what we weave  
Like a lace front wig stuck to the forehead  
Best believe I'll change the steedsTake the lead, change the speed  
Slow it down just for the sport  
Nigga, one of my favorite rappers  
Happens to be Too ShortNow everybody wanna sell dope, sell dope  
Got a P, got a pound, got some hoes, nope  
Jesse Jackson had a lil' bit of hope, for the folks  
On a roll, back in nineteen eighty fo', eighty fo'For those who think life is unfair  
'Cause I blow my smoke in the air  
As if no one is standin' there  
Then I'll roll one tonight, fo yo sorrowsJust to let you know that everything is straight  
I say stank you very much 'cause we appreciate the hate  
Now go get yourself a handgun, you fuckin' with a great  
Put it your mouth and squeeze it like your morning toothpasteKill yourself like Sean Kingston, suicidal for a title

My recitals are vital and maybe needed for survival  
Like the Bible or any other good book that you read

Why are 75% of our youth readin' magazines?'Cause they used to fantasy and that's what they do to dream  
Call it fiction addiction 'cause the truth is a heavy thing

'Member when the levee scream, made the folks evaca-ezz

Yeah, I'm still speakin' about it 'cause New Orleans ain't cleanWhen we shout Dirty South, I don't think that is  
what we mean

I mean, it mean the rough, the tough, the dangerous, we reign supreme

Can slaughter entire teams with the ink that my pen bleeds

B-I-G-B-O-I, nigga, pleaseFor those who think life is unfair

'Cause I blow my smoke in the air

As if no one is standin' there

Then I'll roll one tonight, fo yo sorrowsIn my chair as I sit back  
Smiling from ear to ear

With a fistful of your girlfriend's hair

Yes, she'll blow one tonight fo yo sorrowsDon't want no girlfriends

Just need my dope

I just need my dope

One foot on the world when

I'm behind in my smoke

I'm behind in my smokeOn the back burner

You can just simmer around

But on the front burner

You betta burn, a fat one

Roll it up, fire that shit up

A fat one, fire it up

A fat, fat, fat oneThis is that dope-on-dope, smoke but don't choke on

It's the shit, clearly blunt junkies have been known to croak-oak-oak

Unless them toke of it's, the bomb

Bombardin' the brain, the bong infinitely plays the place to comeCame and went, hind bells spent, bent

Take another huff and puff and choke and toke

Icky sticky sticky and stuff a bowl and

Pack a pipe, twist a blunt roll, light a joint

'Cause this is the dope-on-dope, some good shit

Yeah, lean back and puff slow

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