

# Fo Yo Sorrows

## Big Boi

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 bomb  
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 sorrows  
In 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 sorrows  
Daddy 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 believe  
Back to the rhyming, back to the stick  
Back to the hi-hat, tsk tsk kick  
Slap, y'all nigga better think that was it  
We everywhere, beithc  
Like 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 steeds  
Take the lead, change the speed  
Slow it down just for the sport  
Nigga, one of my favorite rappers  
Happens to be Too Short  
Now 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 sorrows  
Just 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 toothpaste  
Kill 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 evacua-ezz  
Yeah, I'm still speakin' about it 'cause New Orleans ain't clean  
When 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, please  
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 sorrows  
In 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 sorrows  
Don'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 smoke  
On 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 one

This 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 come  
Came 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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