

# Spaghetti Junction

## OutKast

Yeah yeah, yes Spaghetti Junction, yes yes  
Elope ski slopes \*coughs\* ahh damn.. yeah, check this out Niggas elope wit ski slopes and fall like avalanches  
Tootin like it's cool bein a fool, and I can't just  
Sit around and watch those nose membranes flame  
My ends is loose and you can't stop that rain  
When it starts to fall Lookin like Ms. Pac-Man, hammers and Vogues and cat-man  
I'm speakin about these pros cause you know nothing bout that man  
The nigga the B-I-G is high and fly like ValuJet  
You thinkin about the beatin, this my ends is never met, nigga Black man, white man, Jew man ain't no joke  
Remember me and my cousin used to sit up on the porch  
And talk about when we get older now we up against the ropes  
Yeah they kickin niggas door down; cause it ain't no dope on the streets And a quarter pound of feet weed, that's  
all a nigga like me need  
Talkin about that Southern sess, nigga you all up in that mess  
But never shall you test, and never shall you quit  
Runnin up on me with that fuck shit will get you nothin but dead nigga Be careful where you roam cause you  
might not make it home  
In the junction, in the junction  
Don't you dare ever get lost cause you get caught up in that sauce  
Junction, junction  
To all you players play ya brims and you hustla chrome ya rims  
'Llac and pimps and macks I love the corners that you bend  
Y'all, yes, yes, uhh  
Junction, junction A-well I'm drankin on yak while I'm dippin off in that 'llac ('llac)  
The junkies around my way are always smokin up on that crack  
Be layin them College Park hoes flat on they backs (backs)  
Livin the life of pimps steadily makin this paper stack  
Niggas don't understand the master plan, crumble yo' herb man  
'til they start kickin the do' in, then we ready to blast dem  
Out (Out) like 'Kast ('Kast) we bout, to crash (crash)  
So mayday, may Dre, knock 'em up off they ass boi We struggle like fat hoes just to get things that those  
People got we forgot they always gonna keep a plot  
Right up they sleeve you won't believe they deceive like weave  
Thieves can't break in your crib and leave in that good life too  
So gimme me and then I'm straight, as eight-oh-five  
See, blindfolds can't cover three eyes  
We wise to the fact so we attack with what we know  
Heaven is the only good life, so what you strivin fo'? Yeah Be careful where you roam cause you might not  
make it home

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Y'all, yes, yes, uhh  
Junction, junction Well like flip-flops and football socks  
A nigga be rockin the mic like birthdays  
Lil' Jon and Ser-cy, so are you wor-thy?  
I'm callin yo' ass a flawed pimp  
Yappin about this crew you run wit  
Bankhead bouncin to that dumb shit  
So what mo' can you come wit? Yes, they can bite, but cannot be us  
They can come and pick up little slang but cannot see us  
You ought to be ashamed, trying to fit in "My Adidas"  
So Run like D.M.C. is me and no, don't got no heater Well we zippin around the corner in that golden stankin  
Lincoln  
I got my heat up under my seat  
Just in case these youngsters tryin to take it  
Pullin the pistol on another black man was never the plot  
But sometimes my brothers lose theyselves and try to take my spot Well, they come like black stallions in the night  
Usually around fo' or five, is when they figure the time is right  
When you good and sleep, I couldn't sleep until I seen it  
Wit my own eyes, 'til they come over the hill - surprised Be careful where you roam cause you might not make  
it home  
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Songwriters

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