

Nathaniel

OutKast

Shit man, nigga gotta go on the got down
Get the shit straight when I got damn get out
Well shit, this what's really goin' down Whassup my nigga another day the same shit?
Punk-ass C.O.'s on a nigga dick
Got me up at three o'clock cookin' nappy grits
I'm a G from C.P. I can't take the shit Tryin' to hold a nigga down in this country ass town
I'm used to smokin' chronic movin' pounds
They got a nigga on some, "Sir, yes sir, left right left"
Throw me in a hole if my ass outta step They treat you like a motherfuckin' slave
Dope fiends, cryin' Jesus, swear they saved
Niggaz better get they game tight
'Cause these crackers tryin' to take a nigga life and they rights I'm surrounded by fake-ass crooks
They swear they kingpins but don't have money on they books
I hear so many lies it make me sick
These niggaz called ballers sellin' dimes and licks I can't wait 'til the day they let me go
So I can eat some steak and shrimp
Grab a mic, and bust a flow, I'm Audi 5 nigga lights out
Hold it down on the streets until the day that I get out I'm out man

Songwriters

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