

Ova da Wudz

Outkast

Something's gotta give! Yeah, you know what I'm sayin? Uhh
Herring homes, unh, martel homes, carver homes, tekwood
Martin luther king, bankhead Verse One: Big Boi Under-cover, over da hills and thru tha woods

I go

Like green lights, a southern nigga that's comin fo' yo' throat
But not no guillotine see, we be them southern playas
Remember the football socks, aerobic Reeboks and Decatur's, now
You up to par and ready fo yo lesson
I got an ounce of dank and a couple of drinks so let's crank up a session
Like Tri-City high school, was pullin em in a broke down Rabbit
I spit a couple of words and layin em down was just a habit
Just like smokey, choking off da pee-wee that we rolled up
Talkin about the click will get you laid down hella swoled up
Hootie hoo slapped ya boyz across the cheek wit Isotoners
And went to tell yo mamma and yo pop that you was a goner
Tell em Big Boi did it; I swear that nigga be rhymin
Every lyric that he spit be turnin charcoals into Diamonds and Pearls

Girl when you givin up them draws, cause

I got a couple of niggaz down the hall

That wanna hit it too, I'm not the type to be actin selfish
Set it out and let it out and I'll be right back just like Elvis

Cause the postman rings twice...

Hey Mr. Postman...

Chorus: repeat 2X power, power, I come gimme some
tha deadly voice over drums, we from, ATL
put tha SWATS SWATS on yo' car

let's travel far, tha southern star shines Verse Two: Dre Everybody wanna get signed, but (here
to tell you)

record companies act like pimps

Gettin paid off what we made when we the ones that's fly like blimps

But ain't no Goodyear, I tell it like it is so I'm like look here

Just willin to get what I deserve my kids to have a mother
and a little house, with a dog in the backyard goin "woof-woof"

Who knows what I'ma say soon's I leave this recording booth

Poof, back in the real world where birds fly

From Miami by way of Cuba to whoever wants to get that high

There's clouds of clowns, seas of G's

Pro-jects, packed with playas meditating on their knees

Just to make them ends meet, like ground beef, you won't believe

The shit that niggaz attempt cause they got other mouths to feed

besides they own

Chorus Verse Three: Big Boi There's some hoes in this house, damn right

I'm thinkin about the way you skull me, guzz me
Suckin me dry like deserts Mojave, Gotti, hotties and honeydips
Likin the way you do me, screw me it make my money flip
Shakin that ass for daddy puttin this gas off in my Cadi-illac
Back, don't ever snap, packin the gats and pimpin whores
Hors d'oevres, swerve, hit the curb because I'm reckless
Back in the days when I was broke I'd snatch your fuckin necklace
You ol' pussy-ass nigga... yeah

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>