

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 BOOOOOOMB!

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 rhymin, back to the stick
Back to the hi-hat, tsk tsk kick
Slap, y'all nigga better think that was it
We everywhere (BEEEEITCH~!)
... 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 \$hort

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'?)
BEEEEITCH~!

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 yo'self l
ike 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 roguh, 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!

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...

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It's the shit, c-c-clearly blunt junkies have been known to croak-oak-oak
Unless them toke of it's, THE BOOOMB!
Bombardin the brain, the bong infinitely plays the place to come
Came and went, hindbells spent, b-b-b-b-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...
Yeaaaaaaahh... Lean back and puff slow...