

## 13th Floor/Growing Old

OutKast

Conceive true deception multiplied a million fold  
Visualize the yin and yang in a battle so intense  
that we get em confused  
The resident evil specialize in misconstruing  
We wanna be at a presidential level -- what are we doing?  
Foolin ourself, clowning ourself, playing ourself  
By not being ourself  
We can't babble no more than we can bob our head offbeat  
Nimrod by the time we forty cause we can't get our meat  
While we ask no reason for the misplacement of the season  
look at the picture that's painted  
Tainted as the mind who's blinded to the point  
where Sodomites get all the rights  
We fall for fights with fisticuffs  
Get pissed enough to miss the bus  
It disgusts me to see my folks run up on  
I say stand up on deception of time all of Revelations  
And recognize this mind on the reality of horror  
known as mankind  
Jesus and his twelve disciples make thirteen  
A righteous number of righteous men  
Even Judas the Betrayer came true in the end  
The Devil say the end is the beginning  
They teach that we were the product of incest  
Invest no level of self into their system of Paganomics  
Stand with us and don't look back upon it  
Just face this mindstate  
Otherwise Babylon...

(My memories of yesterday...)

"Ninety-six gonna be that year..."

I bet you never heard of a player with no game  
Told the truth to get what I want but shot it with no shame  
Take this music dead serious while others entertain  
I see they making they paper so I guess I can't complain... or can I?  
I feel they disrespecting the whole thang  
Them hooks like selling dope to black folks  
And I choke when the food they serve ain't tasting right  
My stomach can't digest it even when I bless it  
I'm confessing one mo' lesson from the South we in the house tonight  
Now hootie who wants to oppose? Suppose  
We rolls through Headland and Delowe  
where me and my niggas surpassed the flow  
And got down for ours like hind catchers  
My mind catches flashbacks to the black past  
while my close niggas laugh at  
The Southern slang, figure ways and mojo chicken wangs  
I grew up on booty shake we did not know no better thang  
So go 'head and, diss it, while real hop-hippers listen  
Started by Afrikan Bambaata, so you and your potnah  
Gather your thoughts

(Something's gotta change

Sounds of laughter and happiness turns my teardrops to rain  
Been bearing this burden for too many of my days

looks like breezes of autumn done finally move my way  
Like memories of yesterday...)

Uhh, born Antwan Patton but my partners they call me Big Boi  
It's the nigga the B-I-G, be speaking the truth not talking that shit boy  
I'm thinkin of checking my traps and bustin my raps and throwing them craps  
Seven-  
eleven is no convenience, you pumping your gas, they're watching yo' back  
For the robbin crew, thinkin they robbin you, you must be cautious  
To stand up on yo' game and pimping these crows you must be flawless  
Like Mortal Kombat, but fucking these wombats got you dizzy  
My nigga you know of I wanna be playing but running up on me like you miss m  
e  
You catchin the wrong vibe, packing yo' shit and rolling yo' eyes back  
Flexing up on the corner tossing your dice and rolling your Cadillac  
But man it seems I'm reaching out and touching the wrong nigga  
Don't expect me to be pimping get your index off the trigger  
As we bust, us, we leaving em in the dust  
So keep that clean up out of your nose I said my piece and then I hush  
As the candidate keeps flippin... niggas dippin...

I really be love it we are gathered to life  
So pissed to lather we come clean  
Some issues need to be addressed like envelopes I mean  
Oh like Liberty Bells yes them bullets keep on rangin  
On fire like the Georgia mass choir we keep on singing  
Bringing our folks closer together cause they severed us from the get green  
Light and we ain't gonna stop until we hit the big screen  
Psych because no one is free when others are oppressed  
So, we hit the stage and then we fly back to our nest  
Growing old

Like some eagles, people don't understand  
Just like their parents don't be carin  
I'm speaking about you playing with that phony stuff you sharing  
in your raps Mercedes Benz and all your riches  
Thinkin you got it, but get it get it, but you ain't pimping no bitches  
Cause you flaw, in, falling like leaves into driveways  
Isn't it lovely smocking good and sloppy head on highways  
Friday's are tight but Saturday just makes it old  
When tonight's are hot warm enough to feed your soul  
Growing old

("96 gonna be that year...")

(Like memories of yesterday...)

see all them leaves must fall down, growing old

Fat titties turn to teardrops as fat ass turns to flab  
Sores that was open wounds eventually turn to scab  
Trees bright and green turn yellow brown  
Autumn caught em, see all them leaves must fall down, growing old  
(3x)