

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)