

# Ain't No Thang

OutKast

A nigga ready from the get go (blowe, blowe, blowe)  
Y'all hear my shit go, it's Andre. Can yo punk ass come out to play?  
Stay in your little hole, then coward duck your head  
You don't know who you be fuckin with youse better off...dead  
Is what I say, best run the other way  
In case of physical breakdown...y'all can break now  
My kitchen full of heat, if you can't take the temp  
Make yourself exempt  
Pussy footin around don't be gettin y'all nowhere but stuck  
Nowhere to duck, pull his file, niggaz die  
By gettin blasted, how drastic  
They got the nerve to ask me why I do the things I do  
I got the nerve to serve you up just like a raider do, but naw (naw, naw)  
I take that back, that's my problem  
Turnin and walkin away, this ain't gon work when they be robbin  
As long as Big Boi's still livin, never standin by my lonesome  
Step up nigga, if you want some

Ain't no thang but a chicken wang  
We havin a smoke out in the Dungeon with the Mary Jane  
It's just a pimps (players), Mack daddies (East Point)  
It's all about that ses in yo chest (It's the joint)  
(2x)

Well nigga, you softer than silicone, used to pump up tits  
It's that nigga down in the Dungeon with them playeristic hits  
I'm quick to stop a sucka flow like menopause, it's the  
Original ghetto bastard, so now I makes a switch  
I used to sell dope, but in 1994  
I'm makin Southernplayalisticadillacmuzik  
But see these voices in my skull has got me reminiscin  
About the days back when me mammy had to work in kitchens  
She had me makin better grades to make a better life  
But I never had no love or respect, cuz we gon be alright  
I ran the streets and broke my curfew cuz I gave a shit  
I carried guns and butcher knives cuz I was steadily in the mix, yeah  
It was so hard to say goodbye, I'm a man now  
I'm at the end of my street, so it's time to take my stand now  
I call the wild because it's time to take the streets  
So if you ain't got the burner, bring your big enough nuts (retreat)  
I'm ready to wet 'em up like cereal  
Just an international playa, comin through your stereo

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3-5-7 to your fo'head, there'll be mo' dead  
Cuz I'mma po' kid  
So Lord forgive me, I got to keep my milly right here near me  
When I be doin fine until these niggaz want to clear me off my street  
But in my hood hood, they hollerin ghetto  
Don't have no neighbors that hit the pipe but never let go  
But I feel for them like Chaka Khan feel for you  
Ain't shit that we can do but rest in peace, pour a brew

On the concrete, remember when we ran deep  
Remember at the party when we served them niggaz dandy  
They know not to test us, test me, do me, try me  
Trippin with that drama, my Beretta's right beside me  
One is in mid-air and one is the chamber  
Y'all ask me what the fuck I'm doin, I'm releasin anger  
Quick to dodge danger, I'm takin it one day  
At a time, I got the fattest dimes around my way  
You can sway with Andre, I'll take her to the ho-jo, bitch  
Just let you know, yeah

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It's on my friend, on the road again, I'm travelin  
No more than 65 on 85 off in my Cadillac  
I got that nigga Dre, he ridin shotgun  
And got my pump under my seat, in case these yougstas wanna have some fun  
I'd do it if I have to, bustin caps with this a heat and load it clip up  
After clip  
And after again, if I feel it  
The glock, the gat, the nine, the heaters  
See I be bustin caps like my amp be bustin speakers  
So how do you figure that Big Boi beats ghetto blastin  
You 'posed to be quickest draw, but man, I hail 'em faster  
1-2-3, you need to think about the future  
Before I shoot your ass and dilute your gut with lead  
From my hollow clips, I'll send you to an early grave  
You fuckin slave, you better try another way  
To take me out, is truly something difficult  
Don't even run up on me, unless you want your brain broke  
I'm out of bullets lettin loose my last clip  
I'mma kick you in your ass and your nigga gettin pistol whipped  
You know that's how I do, you know that's how I do

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Yeah and it don't stop and it don't quit, to the muthafuckin...  
Organized Noize, PA, Goodie Mob, Big Gipp and all the niggaz  
Around the East Point way  
College Park is really on the map  
We comin around Atlanta and the niggaz are really strapped  
With the muthafuckin guns and the muthafuckin glocks  
Steady is the gas nigga, don't fear it and it don't stop