

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