

Hold On, Be Strong

OutKast

Hold on, be strong
Take off your thong
Cmon
This is how we sing the song
Sing along

I come to every club with intention to do harm
With a prosthetic arm
And smelling like Boone Farm
Hiding under tables as soon as I hear alarms
Paranoid thief it to steal from his own mom
Kuniving Kon
Artis with a bomb
Strapped to my stomach screaming
"Let's get it on"
A lust that love the drank
Drunk driving a tank
Rolling over a bank
Cops see my and faint
It's drastic
And I'm passed my limit of coke
I think I'll up my high by slitting your throat
Push a baby carriage into the street
Till it's minced meat
Your men's been beat
The minute I step foot on your street
This is fight music

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Cmon
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Sing along

Everybody needs someone to rub their shoulders
And scratch their dandruff
And everybody need to quit actin hard and shit
Before you get your ass whooped (I'll slap the fuck out ya!)
And everybody needs somebody to love
Before it's too late
Its too late

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Sing along