

# 8-Ball & MJG, Paid Dues

featuring OutKast

[Eightball]

Bitch I ain't got nothing but time so I'ma get out on these cuts  
and grind keep my mind on cloud twenty nine  
my player ways keep me with plenty dimes  
see I'ma shine like all six of my gold teeth  
when a nigga get through cooking up this O Z  
all night on the block til the sun rise  
my only friend is a Glock with the 4 5  
Four five in the mornin it don't stop,  
day dreamin bout flousin tha drop top, (woop)  
blue lights snap me back to reality  
I hit the alley quick and toss what I got on me  
Tricks ain't got shit to do but harass,  
search tha nigga and took about a three in cash,  
I guess that's better than gettin locked up,  
or gettin jammed with that shit I had rocked up, huh!

Chorus:

Now I heard that the South is where yo folks from,  
down in the bottoms where they broke some,  
whips cross a nigga back, way back,  
and now they wonder why we act, how we act,  
gold teeth and heavy chevys, and talking slow,  
afros & loud ass Italian clothes,  
People bar-be-que in the front yard  
Money from the first of the month card!

[Eightball]

If anybody out their hear me get ya hands up,  
If anybody out their feel me get ya hands up,  
If anybody out their hear me get ya hands up,  
If anybody out their feel me get ya hands up!

[MJG]

I got a maid cooking grits, with a, outfit,  
so tight my niggas wanna stay the whole nite  
Dice game in the kitchen, nigga, T. Lee  
Nigga drunk singin sounding like tha Bee Gees  
Ham sam'ich in the driveway, drop top  
naked women in tha den playing, hop scotch  
Thirty bustas in my yard, they be, long gone  
So hit me and I'ma keep my, phone on  
I be out turning corners, drinking, one fifth  
Got some scratches on my rims, cause of one dip  
Met a broad yesterday, she hit me, ten times,  
if I diss her it'll take a nigga ten lines  
MJG standing tall and I, won't fold  
You can have all the bitches, cause I, don't hold  
on to any woman like a human hand cuff  
You got ya hair down baby fuck it, stand up!

(Repeat chorus)

[Eightball]

If anybody out their hear me get ya hands up,  
If anybody out their feel me get ya hands up,  
If anybody out their hear me get ya hands up,  
If anybody out their feel me get ya hands up!

[Big Boi]

How many flows can I compose, I drop this slang like lyrical bows,  
stickin out just like an OUTKAST, over thorn from StimmerGroves,  
like nachos, the lyrics are crispy, crackin when y'all bite,  
been had a coke and a smile, now I'm trippin off Yak & Sprite,  
y'all just might seem to skunk out, with a girl who chunked out,  
below the Mason-Dixon line, real niggas know what I'm talkin about,  
from Texas, Atlanta, oh man, Alabama, Savannah,  
The deeper the darker tha dirty south is what I'm after,  
no laughter, the content of the rhyme may be contagious

The Space Age is pimpin this, players comin major,  
they shot the psycho that sprayed, cut ya wife and played her  
The player the B.I.G, B.O.I, dope boy rhyme maker,  
beats by the layers, of music right here to please you,  
but if ain't that dirty then patna see we don't need you,  
you know I'm talkin bout

OutKast, Eightball, MJG on y'all punk motherfuckers!

(Repeat chorus)

[Eightball]

If anybody out their hear me get ya hands up,  
If anybody out their feel me get ya hands up,  
If anybody out their hear me get ya hands up,  
If anybody out their feel me get ya hands up!

[Andre Benjamin]

You wouldn't understand, if you stood under it (ooh),  
it's like the more that I talk to you tha dumber that I get,  
the closer that I walk to you, the further that we stand,  
apart distance, nobody has the upper hand but my bodies resistance,  
so now, throw your filangies in tha ground,  
I'm still abound, un-believers stay from hell around  
I found negatives niggas they only keep ya down,  
transmitting from Native American burial grounds  
I carry around, the weight of all worlds on my shoulderpads  
um post ta blast space invaders up somebodys dad  
Serious as Aa-Bb-Cc, if knowledge be the key then  
but it roasted on the porch, and wait for ya momma to get off work  
So she can roast yo ass, either to finda open window fast  
Word to the motherfucker, word to the motherfucker  
Word to the motherfucker!

(Repeat chorus)

[Eightball]

If anybody out their hear me get ya hands up,  
If anybody out their feel me get ya hands up,  
If anybody out their hear me get ya hands up,  
If anybody out their feel me get ya hands up!