

# Outkast, Call Of Da Wild

I'll be comin around the ghetto when I come kickin one for the treble  
Y'all can't stoop to my level, I'm like the devil or whatever  
I'm pickin up and throwin 'em down like dishes  
Call me Kenny Anderson cuz I slam those Southern bitches  
I ain't braggin, folks draggin me up and down the road  
To be fucked up when I gets into my clownin mode  
Then go to clown up on they ass like Bozo  
Oh no, then dance on top of they asses like I was Jo Jo Dancer  
Come Comet, come Dasher, come Prancer  
Come niggaz with machine guns, I think that is the answer  
But the question 'Should we take that bullshit from them people?'  
I'm makin 300 on my SAT and I am equal  
Ain't no sequel, no saga, no way out, I'm nervous  
I've had it up to fo'head of niggaz tryin to serve us  
To graduate is really becomin a very stressful journey  
I feel like a steering wheel, for them is tryin to turn me  
Into a hate monger, and I'm wishin and I wonder  
Damn, will I graduate before I hit the summer  
I think not, Officer Friendly tryin to dig up in me  
He said I'm half assed and got no future  
And so he sent me up the creek and shit  
Strokin like hell without no paddle  
But niggaz is gettin smart, we back on the saddle  
No longer, y'all know y'all had us down for some years  
It's the call of da wild nigga, uh, there it is

[Chorus: Cee-Lo]

I hear voices in my head and they keep callin me [repeat 4X]

[T-Mo]

As I step, the stage is empty  
No words as I serve with my Southern dialect, so I get respect  
Don't call me T, it's a T thang with a G swang  
Let my nuts hang down to the flo' main  
Smokin that dang dang, makin mics swang  
In my 2-8-0 Z, nobody can see me  
Cruisin down the block, just like I was a squirrel  
In a world full of nuts, damn  
I'd probably be mad even if I called him Uncle Sam  
So bring dough to the Goodie Mo-B  
T-Mo, Khujo, Cee-Lo, J and my homie rather be  
Don't flex on next, I break necks too  
Rollin with Outkast, PA, Goodie Mob for the 94  
Ha-ha-ha  
Yeah, you know what I'm sayin?

[Chorus:]

[Big Boi]

Yeah, I'm steady buckin muthafuckas  
Not duckin 'em like the goose, I'm heavily strapped, yeah niggaz  
Squeezin rhymes like that noose around your neck  
You can't hang with this, see ain't no thangs to this  
I show no pity so take off because I'm dangerous  
I breaks 'em off like I was Beat Street, see I be breakin  
Speakin of breakin, break on how to get your life taken, boy  
Fuckin around with me will get your cabbage cut, your wig split  
Simply means I'm bringin the funk with the hollow tips  
Playa shit is how I'm kickin it  
Comin around the ghetto, victims soft as a tack on a jackass  
So fuck it or flip it, I'll still be a playa  
Puffy afro with nigga naps off in my hair  
Shit, that's quickly how I run my shit and that's how it be

That nigga B-I-G B-O-I, that be me, ye  
See I'm a playa, got my struggle on  
Thinkin about the volume and thickness of my bankroll  
You see that cash is in my shit like colon cancer  
Even though I never smoke that shit like...yeah  
I give a call of da wild to my niggaz around the projects  
So don't flex or get served with a pop neck shit  
OG, original gangsta, not quite  
But maybe when I'm locked up, liftin weights, gettin swole right  
Life's a bitch with a G-string c5z these off in your ass with it hey  
So you can see who can really hang  
But y'all don't wanna do nothin, y'all can go to hell  
Ain't no playas in office cuz I'm locked off in a cell  
So can you feel me, nigga

[Chorus:]

[Khujo]

Khujo, comin in dope, bring it  
I got more problems than the average Joe  
So don't come 'round me with your flim flam, hot damn  
It's a jack, top of the burbs, and my notebook is a bird  
K's madness into cappin  
Throwin to do more load, so my fire lookin through the want ads  
And only red hot, desire in your pot with somethin wicked  
But you can't feel it, stickin out your monkey ass  
I could let shit rot in the past, now it's time to blast they ass  
Shhh...Mr. Knighton take off your hat  
Can't even my wear my locs in  
Demon eye scopin, oh my, peripheral vision got it  
Made you go on your hoe's bar  
Decisions, decisions to make, oops, here comes the Goodie Mo crew  
And they just might want to battle you  
Out with the quickness  
The price of livin is beginning to be a risky business  
Unkay, Parkay.  
How do you like the taste of hot butter meltin through your biscuits?  
This is your brain on drugs, this is your brain...  
Don't cut niggaz I hang with before there were apartments  
In Chapel Forest, it's gettin horrid  
The huntin child is on the prowl, yahhh!!!!  
I let out a call to da wild  
I let out a call to da wild