

Outkast (feat. Konkrete, Big Gipp, Ludacris), Tom

[Big Boi]

Yo

Just so you all know what time it is

It's your homeboy

Straight from the A-T

I ain't even goin say the motherfucking rest

You know

We talk about it all day long baby

We fin'a break you off with some brand new shit

[C-Bone]

This rap game lovely

Konkrete play a part cause the Feds want to bug me

Athletes want to be rappers, shawty, trust me

Bending corners in the Benz

Ridin like a bucket, nigga fuck it

I know some hoes slutty

I optioned a bitch off like a nigga playin rugby

I done seen a ghetto meal, little buddy, trust me

Jump European, came clean through customs, no questions

Perpetrators in the booth, rappin lame like they drug related

It made me sick to my stomach, lost a two and had a baby

You don't grind, you be lying

She'll be castrated, Lorena Bobitt maybe

[Big Boi]

Tomb after tomb

Boom, boom after boom

Serving up emotion once you deep inside the tomb

From embryo to newborn, you can feel me in the womb

Cool, ooh, that's cool

[Lil' Brotha]

You see, I cock back glocks, got more pull than slang shots

Hit G spots by givin hoes back shots

I'm a young country boy, long socks with flip flops

But I pull up on your block in the 500 Benz drop

Konkrete, Aquemini, we takin this here to the top

Bust like balloons, who gives a damn if it goes pop

You say it's hot, well let me turn it up another notch

To all my real niggaz, won't you pump this out your Speakerboxxx

Fuck the cops, we makin noise and we won't stop

Bump, bump, there goes the boom and it's goin drop

Old school, big shoes, nigga, no socks

We keep tools, see fools, bullets will flock

[Big Gipp]

They call me Mr. Ravioli, Mr. Scrotum, Mr. Poke Em with the Noodle

Mr. Cockerspanielle in Your Poodle, after school tutor

Roto Rooter, addicted to follies

Like brown collies, stay soft fro

Swimming in the fallopian of an Ethiopian

Talking a different language, RBI fly wide

Come to me now, 84 hard, 84 soft wit me now

Beautiful ladies, they want to walk wit me now, talk wit me now

Push a glock for me now, sale cock for me now

Fight a bitch, hit her in the eye for me now

See you when I see you, now out wit me now

[Big Boi]

Tomb after tomb

Boom, boom after boom

Serving up emotion once you deep inside the tomb

From embryo to newborn, you can feel me in the womb

Cool, ooh, that's cool

[Supa Nate]

I will never fall off, I haul off heavy weight

Fuck wit me dog, I chop you up like Norman Bates

I'm true to this shit, I ain't new to this shit

Over a million sold on strictly weed and bricks
 Flammable like gasoline when I'm lit up
 I prefer my liquor dark and a mean white slut
 It's over for you, cavern ass rapper, get out the game
 You can fool the record labels but not the street fame
 I just tell it how I see it nigga, fact is fact
 The first verse I ever wrote, I got a Platinum plaque
 I've been to hell and back so nigga give me my props
 Konkrete and Big Boi beatin through your Speakerboxxx
 [Big Boi]
 Tomb after tomb
 Boom, boom after boom
 Serving up emotion once you deep inside the tomb
 From embryo to newborn, you can feel me in the womb
 Cool, ooh, that's cool
 [Ludacris]
 Ludacris, yeah I keep a glock in case you like to leak alot
 Meanwhile, crank the volume knob up on my Speakerboxxx
 Get the fuck on the ground
 Is just a phase you might hear strolling through the A-Town
 They don't believe I will stab them in the abdomen
 From College Park, Georgia to College Park, Maryland
 So put your fist up boy, you wanna romp
 You can Bankhead Bounce or get Eastside Stomped
 Thinking way back before I got mine
 Putting bullet holes through neighborhood stop signs
 It's my adrenaline, yes, ladies and gentleman
 A hundred though, bitch, diamonds shimmerin
 Catch me with a sack of dro, reaching for the strap below
 I'm with some nasty hoes, eating pistachios
 Y'all driving Subarus, stuck in your cubicles
 I'm stuck in the air with weed crumbs under my cuticles
 [Big Boi]
 Tomb after tomb
 Boom, boom after boom
 Serving up emotion once you deep inside the tomb
 From embryo to newborn, you can feel me in the womb
 Cool, ooh, that's cool
 [Big Boi]
 Fourth and goal
 Should I take the three point field goal for the score or should I roll
 Around and take the ball up the middle up the gut, the what, the hole
 Cranium overload, overthrewed
 Now we got seven more points on the board, fa sho
 B-I-G B-O-I, me oh my, I think he's blessing me
 Excelling in harmonious melody, boy we got the recipe
 Like Ragu, it's in there, giving you some of the best of me
 Player, pimp, ganster, poet
 We goin spit it, we goin show it to your ass
 "You're a champion" were my dad's last words before he passed
 But I know one day we will once more cross paths
 They say "Big Boi, can you pull it off without your nigga Dre"
 I say "people, stop the madness cause me and Dre be okay"
 OutKast, Cell Therapy to cell division
 We jus tsplit it down the middle so you can see both the visions
 Been spittin it damn near ten years, why the fuck would be be quittin
 Fuck, nigga