

# Outkast, Gansta Shit

[Big Boi]

Some of that uh, LTD Lincoln Town Car  
Some of that El Dorado funk, know what I'm talking about  
Gangsta Shit, you know, lay back, cool out, yeah  
You know we keep it crunk around here, A-town style  
Getting head on the highways yeah, but this what I wanna know

[Hook]

Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit  
Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit  
Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit  
Outkast, Goodie Mob and the Dungeon click  
Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit  
Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit  
Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit  
Dirty South nigga we straight gangsta pimps

[Big Boi]

O-U-T-K-A-S-T, O-N-P, G-O-O-D-I-E, so fresh so clean  
Back with Stankona, Dungeon Family  
Pearl Cadillac on dics adn vogues, flip flops, t-shirts and Dickies  
It's the return of Billy Ocean, Cuervo is my drink  
Stank, stank means you got the funkiest, dopest heat on the street  
Three G ski, Slimm, Big Boi and ths is C B-O-N-E  
If you need some back-up find Jerome,  
ya girl gonna give you grief at home  
Just tell these hoez wanna be on the same team that she's layin on

[Hook]

[C-Bone]

Dope boys in the trap like to stack the dough  
When beef come areound can't let it go  
When my funds turn legit i'm gonna let you know  
Ridin rims real good down Old National  
It's trappable, two bed, Jacuzzi bath, it's natural  
Puttin cheese in ya stash, un-taxable futhermuckers get mad  
Steady watching myself, got eyes in my back  
Don't take no slack, when you managing the trap  
If you work out, gotta get it right back  
I trap by day boy, rap by night,  
C-Bone in this Bitch College Park trump tight

[Hook]

[T-Mo Goodie]

I'm pimp tight, give a fuck, niggaz know what's up  
It's T-Mo and Outkast in the back of my truck  
We gotta simple little problem that we got to solve  
It like it ain't about the money, we got to handle the job  
No colors or rags, just guns and masks  
We not scared to blast and dip off fast  
With the Dungeon click, just pulled a lick  
Now what you really wanna know about the gangsta shit

[Slimm Calhoun]

Back on the scence, a sack of green sitting on crome and rubber bands  
Paint looking like Candyland, it's Sllimm the South Paw triggerman  
Flippin work and whippin weight, rock up, roll and get the papas  
Chop them hoez and then you skate, ack to the block wit the deflate  
Grams the O's, slabes to whole one's da flake  
A young nigga holdin big face foldin  
Pimps are known for catching runaways  
A good hustler's known to keep his gun away

First nigga run up and try to jack mine,  
first nigga fuck up to get flat lined  
Pack still stainless Coupe and Verts brainless  
Y'all don't wanna fuck wit me, the trunk be at bangin  
Of the chain danling, y'all know that i'm form C.P

[Hook]

[Andre 3000]

Outkas wit a K, yeah them niggaz are hard  
Harder than a nigga trying to impress God  
We'll pull your're whole deck, fuck pulling your card  
And still take my guitar and take a walk in the park  
Any play the sweetest melody the street ever heard  
Now bitches sucking on my nouns and I'm eating their verbs  
Get full, and niggaz, niggaz,  
pop, pop, lock, lock to the, to the beat, beat  
As if pitbulls went out of style, made a vow to myself  
If it's for the wealth i'll stop, well put i like this  
It's like me selling some dope because my girlfriend wants to shop  
Wrong reason, whatever the season, hey winter, spring, summer or fall  
I dont stall, slow drag wit your brain against the wall  
Yeah, nigga naw, we learn to the side don't fall  
All y'all fuck boys, tuck toys inside your pants  
Just to pull it out, point it at the ground and make a nigga wanna dance  
Now what that be for, you're on that reefer and on that Tupac  
In front of them ooh wops, trying to show out, that's the hoe route  
Talking loud talking bout that's gangsta shit