

Outkast, The Whole World (Remix)

Ok ,Here we go...

Verse 1: Dre

Yeah I'm afraid, like I'm scared as a dog.
But I've got a new song,
and I want y'all to sing along (sing along).
See, this is the way that we walk on a sunny day when it's rainin' inside,
and you're all alone (all alone);
Yeah

::Chorus::

'Cause the whole world loves it when you don't get down (ba ba...)
And the whole world loves it when you make that sound (ba ba...)
And the whole world loves it when you're in the news (ba ba...)
And the whole world loves it when you sing the blues (ba ba...)

Rap 1: Dre

Take a little trip, hata.
Pack up your mind;
before I'm out behind,
then I see what you find.
I called her, "circuit don";
'cause he thought he could rhyme.
And if his mama is a quarter,
daughter must be a dime.
I gotta meet her.
Don't take no shorts.
I don't use the reefer.
Haitian, I don't even play the radio, neither;
Only if I need to know the sports or the weather.
I'm a cool type a brother,
but yup,
ya heard I suffer from the neck.
See, ain't nothin' changed,
hit the stage.
Set a date, sucka,
and battle we can engage.
I'll slice you, wife you, marry you, divorce you
Throw the porsche at you,
is what I'm forced to do,
With my back against the wall,
quick as that, y'all.
No, it ain't went nowhere like heaven.
Hell, we'll style a gel in it,
throw a curl in it,
dread that nappy shit.
F**k, throw a shell in it.
Whatever floats your boat,
I'll find your lost remote,
And this is for the niggaz workin' at the airport,
who go laid off.
I'll take my shades off,
if you'd a trade in my eyes,
You still might see a disguise, (because the whole whole world world)

::Chorus::

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And the whole world loves it when you make that sound (ba ba...)

And the whole world loves it when you're in the news (ba ba...)
And the whole world loves it when you sing the blues (ba ba...)

Rap 2: Killer Mike

Playa, I grind it,
Focus is crime.
Raw with the rhyme;
I'm slick with the slime.
My words are diamonds, dug out of mines.
Spit 'em polished;
Look how they shine,
Glitter, glisten, gloss, floss.
I catch a beat runnin' like Randy Moss.
Write niggaz off, like a brand new house.
I'm rolling my stones; gather no moss.
Mami, I'm cumming, I hope I get you off
I'll rock your boat, like Aaliyah, then talk
Back, back, forth, forth.
Get that cell on course, course.
Make that track a corpse, corpse.
Rap, roll, utterly rock,
With my mouth to the mic,
And my hand on my cock,
CadillacOutKast, this won't stop.

::Chorus::

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Rap 3: Big Boi

Turn on the TV, and everything is looking dismal,
Went in the bathroom and in the cabinet is Pepto Bismol
Need it for my stomach, 'cause my tummy kind of aches
Like the junkee won't draw, fresh up off the plate
Wait, back to the Enemy of the State,
Is it the Republicans or the Democratic candidate?
Debate.
Not even the black box holds the fate.
Clueless like Shaggy and Scooby before commercial break.
Hey, extreme prejudice needs to stress this,
If you want to, you can dub it 'til you hear this...
I know you're going to.
We in this, replenish the musical wish list.
When it comes to this music, we stay relentless;
Pursuing all that's pursuable,
Doing God's will, and all things that are do-able
The only liable limitation is yourself, Dre,
Set it on the right and I'll set it on the left ('cause)

::Chorus::

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