

Outkast, Art Of Story Telling

--Damn, you just got hit in the head with a world-wide exclusive.--

So I'm watching her fine ass walk to my bedroom
and thought to myself that's the shape of things to come.
She said, "Why you in the club you don't make it precipitate, you know, make it rain when you
I'm like why?
The world needs sun.
The hood needs fun.
There's a war going on and half the battle is guns.
How dare I throw it on the floor, when people are poor.
So I write like Edgar Allen to restore.
Got a chord, umbilical, attached to a place I can't afford
No landscapin' or window-drapin'
This old lady told me if I ain't got nothin good say nathan
That's why I don't talk much
I swear it don't cost much to pay attention to me.
I tell it like it is, then I tell it how it could be.
The hood be requesting my services, Oh, don't get nervous, it's "step your game up time."
These ain't them same old rhymes designed to have you dancing in some club.
Niggas rock to me, women be all up in their tubs ex foliating with they pom-poms yellin, "Go 3
I'm in my whatever bumping (wah?) a hundred miles just runnin, runnin, runnin, summon, w
Until she told me that she told dude that she'll be back, she was going to the store.
I didn't know she had a boyfriend, so the door, I pointed her to.
I said, "call me when yall break up"
I don't fuck nobody's bitch, and never owned a Jacob.
Know what time it is.
Nigga just tryin to live, like a nigga supposed to live.
If I still drink that malt liquor I poured a beer on the ground for niggas not around.
I started off starvin, now they got me out here Brett Farve'n.
Tryin to see if I still got it. Got it. Got it.
I guess there's not one right thing about it.

Oh oh oh oh.. no
Oh oh oh oh.. no
Nothin gonna stop us now, they can't stop us.
Whatcha gonna do right now, they can't front.
We the boss in here.
You've lost this year, cause ain't nobody doin it like we do, oh no!
[x2]

So I peep this bitch in a bib I used to clip like Rob the Barber
But it seems she couldn't shape up, cupcake I didn't bother she's a follower.
A hell of a swallowa'
Not a leader, second, third, fourth string I didn't need her.
I didn't mean to treat her like she was the main feature presentation.
Heard she's a traitor to these situations, more like a hassle because she have no keys to the castle
The queen sits on the throne while this ho ride down on National.
Zoom..
Go ahead ho and move your feet, drop drop down and get your eagle on freak.
Be ever so discrete with this meat, got a whole lot to lose.
If papperatize ever shot or shoot we, meaning me, and you, us together in the lens.
My ends would be gone just like some dro in the wind.
"Told the ho your gonna win"
We goin pretend the land of make-believe now go ahead and hit this hen..
Takin shots to the neck, now that's love and now we're affiliated so don't give me

[song ends]