

Outkast, Oh No

(featuring Bubba Sparxxx & Killer Mike)
From the movie "XXX: State Of The Union";

(Big Boi)

We're back
This is MC extraordinaire
Reporting to you for W-A D-F, generation one television
We here in a remote area
Somewhere way back up in the woods
With members of the elite Dungeon Family
Them boys in there workin' on some shit so fire
I bullshit you not

(Killer Mike)

Ey, welcome to Purple Ribbon, prime-time official
Killer Mike, y'all
Killer kill from the ville, go hard on the rhyme
Like a junkie on powder I go hard every line
I'm a ex-Dope Boi but I still rap blow
And I sold more horse than a polo sto'
I'm destined to become a millionaire
Similar to Phil Collins I can feel it in the air
My car change colors like a millionaires
Necklace, get reckless and touch my chain
I put it in the air and bust your brain
Any sucker out there tryna' take my cash
Better pray God with him when I catch his ass
Or he gon' lay there dyin' wit' a bullet in his ass

We trendsetters off the chain rock wilders, y'all
Sideline upp'in' these haters and bench riders
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(Bubba Sparxxx)

Pardon my French but if you give me an inch
I'm a take five kilometres and give it to the commoners
Some dirty white boys and some boochie black girls
Nearly one million sold but I'm still in that world
That's why you won't see Bubba, buck head bouncin'
Unless it's the cream and I'm upstairs countin'
You know the type of bread that don't involve accountants
Continuin' the legacy my forefathers founded
We won a lot of battles but the war is still ragin'
She's turned a lot of tricks but the whore is still agin'
What is rap? What God gave me for my birthday
You ain't D-F dawg, f**k what your shirt say
Talkin' bout he's undeserving of the blessin's
When truthfully the tat was roomin' them suggestions
New ? clean in the game they ?
We ain't them boys that you can't say earned it

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(Big Boi)

Every now and then, me and my kin, we get to bussin'
Not in the high school football game, I'm talkin' bout rhyme thrustin'
I'm talkin' bout line crushin', somethin's simply bumpin'
On the low straight out the oven like some blueberry muffins
We got the stuffing like some Stouffers or somethin', macaroni, mackalicious
Mack a bitch or a woman, there is a difference
Not if the woman start bitchin', won't get in the kitchen
Male, chauvinistic, nah, ho, you missed it
I'm just kiddin', just playin', I'm just sayin' we humpin' around
Like the ghost of Bobby Brown and Stankonia lingerin' round
We have found profound sound above ground
When we've split in two parts, no one can block us now
Maybe top lock but we can't stop, let the great white head be severed
We weathered the storm, with feathers, something we treasure
(Well I never) and you never will, suckered up
The Dungeon Family is here to stay and we don't give a flying f**k

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