

# Outkast, Ova Da Wudz

Something's gotta give!

Yeah, you know what I'm sayin? Uhh  
Herring homes, unh, martel homes, carver homes, tekwood  
Martin luther king, bankhead

[Verse One: Big Boi]

Under-cover, over da hills and thru tha woods I go  
Like green lights, a southern nigga that's comin fo' yo' throat  
But not no guillotine see, we be them southern playas  
Remember the football socks, aerobic Reeboks and Decatur's, now  
You up to par and ready fo yo lesson  
I got an ounce of dank and a couple of drinks so let's crank up a session  
Like Tri-City high school, was pullin em in a broke down Rabbit  
I spit a couple of words and layin em down was just a habit  
Just like smokey, choking off da pee-wee that we rolled up  
Talkin about the click will get you laid down hella swoled up  
Hootie hoo slapped ya boyz across the cheek wit Isotoners  
And went to tell yo momma and yo pop that you was a goner  
Tell em Big Boi did it; I swear that nigga be rhymin  
Every lyric that he spit be turnin charcoals into Diamonds and Pearls  
Girl when you givin up them draws, cause  
I got a couple of niggaz down the hall  
That wanna hit it too, I'm not the type to be actin selfish  
Set it out and let it out and I'll be right back just like Elvis  
Cause the postman rings twice...  
Hey Mr. Postman....

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

power, power, I come gimme some  
tha deadly voice over drums, we from, ATL  
put tha SWATS SWATS on yo' car  
let's travel far, tha southern star shines

[Verse Two: Dre]

Everybody wanna get signed, but (here to tell you)  
record companies act like pimps  
Gettin paid off what we made when we the ones that's fly like blimps  
But ain't no Goodyear, I tell it like it is so I'm like look here  
Just willin to get what I deserve my kids to have a mother  
and a little house, with a dog in the backyard goin "woof-woof";  
Who knows what I'ma say soon's I leave this recording booth  
Poof, back in the real world where birds fly  
From Miami by way of Cuba to whoever wants to get that high  
There's clouds of clowns, seas of G's  
Pro-jects, packed with playas meditating on their knees  
Just to make them ends meet, like ground beef, you won't believe  
The shit that niggaz attempt cause they got other mouths to feed  
besides they own

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Big Boi]

There's some hoes in this house, damn right  
I'm thinkin about the way you skull me, guzz me  
Suckin me dry like deserts Mojave, Gotti, hotties and honeydips  
Likin the way you do me, screw me it make my money flip  
Shakin that ass for daddy puttin this gas off in my Cadi-llac  
Back, don't ever snap, packin the gats and pimpin whores  
Hors d'oeuvres, swerve, hit the curb because I'm reckless

Back in the days when I was broke I'd snatch your fuckin necklace  
You ol' pussy-ass nigga... yeah