

Outkast, Tough Guy

(chorus)

Everbody on the streets,
This a lil thesis coming from me
When I throw up baggets, sitting at the bar
Or smokin a lil red life in my car
I dont know what you came to see,
Nigga just out here feeding my kids
Throw up the duece and let me slide on by
Cuz everybody wants to be a tough guy

[Verse One: Big Boi]

Crusin down the street, minding my business cuz I'm trill
Stopped at the ATM, grabbed a thousand dollar bill
Now I peel, like apples and peaches because I'm chill
And niggas around my city respect me because I'm real
But still, the things I see from day to day it hurts me
When I'm off in the '79 Seville or the Bonneville
Niggas wanna hurt me, absurd g
I know it, betta believe I tote something for it
But I gotta be smoking????????????? know it
And I'm not the type of person be riding around yo block just flashy
Just came to the store to get some black and milds and a lil bit of 93 gas,G
Wanna blast me, get sassy, say negative things about OutKast G
Riding all on a nigga dick, all you had to do was just dap me, come slap me
You the bad man, so go ahead and touch my cheek then
But we'll be burying you and your whole motherfucking family by the weekend
I'm calling your bluff, go'n and buck, I got my squad we trapping
AC gone slap this nigga, he aint bucking, he just yapping, yea!

(chorus)

[Verse Two: Bun B]

Say, we took it from packing the pistols,
To jacking this missiles
To stacking my crystals
Now my torpedo's even cracking your missile
When we start, aint no stopping us
We too smart and too popular
Take yo toys and we ?topple em
Resort to the dopplar
To the agent underground well known as Stankonia
Where trill as niggas go one and bad ass bitches be boning ya
I'm warning ya, niggas i'll fill the middle of yo ?moni up
And make yo broad lick her pony up, its that platinum shit
Called zonia, tell Tommy blow me up
I aint Mariah, bitch I'm the messiah can't no motherfucker show me up
UGK a set nigga, throw me up
Fuck catching a case bitch, i'll lace you and yo homey up.
Cuz we the cream coming out of the crop
The steam coming out of the pot
And the team coming out at the top
Your baddest or not, these niggas getting shattered or shot
Splattered for props, man you should'nt've left your gat at your spot

(chorus)

[Verse Three: Pimp C]

Pimp C bitch, I'm a country star
I got a country mansion and a country car
I got a country bitch, I made a country son
I got some country nuts, I Keep a country gun
I dont fuck with nobody in this shit but bun
So if you pay me a mil, you gotta give that nigga one
Fuck boys talk shit, but them bitch niggas know

That UGK run the streets, and we put dick in your hoe
Whether weed or blow, I keep an open store
I keep my hair cut low, 44 on the floor
You can test me, Snow, we got the glass for sho
Get your mind on your money, cuz you playing with you dough
Bitches who ready to go, say you moving to slow
If you wasn't bout sucking it, what you fucking with me for
The quarters in the side in case you didn't know,
I'm Sweet Jones Bitch and I'm an old school pro, pro, pro

(chorus)

[Verse Four: Dre]

Since the beginnig of time, until the present of now
There are beauty shop playas also intelligent clowns
Got they blue cuts with brown, booty grinding the ground
It's the sound thats created when we get up to get down.
Stimulate my imag-
-ination with exag-
-geration of stanking light
That can't be right but we laughed
To keep from crying, sighing, ???????????????
Deftifying acts of a blacks not scared of dying
Y'all act like you never take no bubble bath,
On a Blockbuster night like you an never cuddled after
You poked her, stroked, soaked her, provoked her
To reach for the sky when she's high on your holster
I'm posed to, roast ya, toast ya, close ya
Motherfucking mouth for I'm almost closed to the end
So when they ask you what school do you attend?
Say Stankonia High, then throw two in the wind.
ha ha ha ha.....

(chorus) X 2

Music rides out