

# Slick Rick, Street Talkin'

(feat. OutKast)

[Chorus: Slick Rick]

Don't try to claim things I haven't earned honest, man  
Slick Rick and OutKast is on this jam  
What kid? Diamond on the 2-2 grand  
Trying to help raise all youth to man  
Slick the Ruler Rick his space to slam  
Help clean up this land  
The reputation of this man  
Withhold and withstand

[Verse One: Slick Rick]

OutKast and Slick, the answer is in it  
Hon you need to get your ass on the dancefloor this minute  
We bruise stuff, knock you out shoes, socks  
Show your ass, move your fuck out, we're mad smooove snots  
La-Di-Da-Di, mmmmm we like to party  
Don't make me get money and platinumize my body  
with bright stuff, known to earn a dyke's love  
Blind folks be like, "Somebody turn the lights off"  
Immense rep, poppin out a muffin  
Make famous artists that's dead hop out a coffin  
At the real estate, behavin type choosy  
Want a palace with the shit beige and light blue please  
Got the kid like "watch your melon"  
Since I came out of jail, it's like the planet gone bananas  
Lack of strength a badder fella had  
Lady lookin at me all stink, I had to tell her that

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Big Boi]

Uhh, I went from \_Player's Ball\_ to bulldoggin  
From bulldoggin to bowhoggin  
Now bowhoggin and pimpwalkin  
That strictly fresh and street talkin  
And we all last like that there  
Ruin them all up like cat hair  
We never fall off like hat wear  
We some of the dopest MC's out there  
Now eat that, OutKast and Ricky D, bitch can you beat that?  
Remember the time I laid them down to Teenage Love now see that  
Just to sport a rhyme and break in new patterns like hymens  
Shuckin and jivin was never the style  
I'm gon' keep on beatin this line  
Spittin that King Shit, you cling shit  
A tailor and a seamstress  
New gators for you haters and the penis for all you beatches  
Like an addiction cause I need it, hip-hop is that I be that  
Like a junkie showin your monkey, cause I sho' nuff like to beat it  
Might just eat it just to skeet it, fold you up like you was pleated  
Like some slacks and, relaxin, be strollin like some cats then  
I got a, baby daughter, and I feed her with this rappin  
Not trappin, b-boy, but rappin, huh

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Slick Rick]

Seems everybody's open off the grammar

The white fox pink velvet suit, white cabana  
Listen baby girl, genius Rick ta..  
dreamboat wish, you shoulda been clicked picture  
(Check her out) I don't know what you're tryin to figure out  
Down South, barbecue ribs fly out a nigga mouth  
And touchin me The Chosen, for such a will opposin  
Me and Big Boi tryin to give our children clothing  
Smokin love - do we provide dope enough?  
Even people UNBORN KID wide open off  
the enginin I'm sendin in  
Even make construction workers start actin kind of feminine  
(Hi!!) 10%ll blast this hit from me and Big Boi  
who represent the OutKast click  
A jealous cat, lack of strength a badder fella had  
Lady lookin at me all stink, had to tell her that

[Chorus]

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Tryin to help raise all youth to man..  
Slick the Ruler Rick his space to slam..  
The reputation of this man..