

Yessuh

Let me dig into your brain, folks fallin like rain
Property got me sellin thangs, guess I'm gon' explain
Jane is rolled up, no gangs be throwed up
But still Andre got action, they Sweat like Keith, all on my teeth
I take it upon myself to handle mine, thinkin that you
Gots ample to do this have you shot I thought you knew this
I'm crumblin', no time for fumblin sellin my sacks watchin my back
Wettin em up like splish, leavin em in a splash
Of blood, the clock is tickin niggaz from my block is missin
I'm puttin it down like it be hot before we all get shot
Got, only so much time in this bastard
Bitter be claimin broke but I be sayin they pro-cras-ti-natin
Settlin for less, bet' be ready
When they roll up in your nest and, sink one in your chest and
Youse gone, up outta here for good
Y'all be bobbin back and forth to let me know you understood
Yeah, whassup

There's only so much time left in this crazy world
I'm just crumblin' erb, I'm just crumblin' erb
Niggaz can't let niggaz they don't understand (what's the master plan)
I'm just crumblin' erb, I'm just crumblin' erb

So check me out, see
Once in a while when niggaz be tryin to test me I gets frisky
Grab a pint of golden whiskey then they swing but shit they missed me huh
I'm gettin nice with them thangs, because I do like that
You heard me on the radio and yes my man I'm true to dat
I run my lyrics the way y'all wanna hear em
And shoot my dice like it's the brick the way that wall done flicks em
Nigga, so ring around the roses diamonds around my neck from flexin
But I'm runnin niggaz over like a ninety-fo' Lexus, test it
Ten millimeters count em nigga fuckin high
See I added a millimeter for y'all niggaz doin crimes and drivebys
Kiss yo' ass bye-bye, sayanora suckers
I flipped the script and turned the page ain't scared of you motherfuckers
Be boppin shots, like them hoes be poppin coochies
And I still be spreadin bullets like them freaks be spreadin cooties
So look here niggaz, I'm Huntin Red October
I said my shit and ran my lyrics and now my verse is over

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Wooo! Big Boi

Got a type of nugget, blunt box, it's empty
That's where the erb be droppin, it's simply marvelous time is tickin
But some of that time when I be layin vocals in the Dungeon
Sugar Bear and Mon be smokin ounces like it ain't nuttin
It ain't shit, to take another hit so hit it
Of the canibus seteva weed reefer yeah smoke shit
It's all day any til they label me deceased
So fire up another one and smoke out and fuck the world peace

We, is gonna smoke out, until we choke out
Like some merry men, cowards I be buryin
Comin around my shop with that see nigga you gets nothin
Just like DJ do the cuttin I be havin your posse duckin nothin but
King Shit, I am askin, sucka can you hand
That player with the pepper throwin salt off in your game
Sprinkle sprinkle motherfucker don't be cryin on me
That stuff the sess be in my chest until I'm chillin in peace, yeah

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Ahhhh shit now
Comin in like two fat hoes sittin off on Corn Flakes
Droppin these thangs like french fries in hot grease
Big Gipp, Goodie Mob, P.A., OutKast
The J-O-I, just to let y'all niggaz know
Forever pimpin never slippin that's how it is
That how it's gon' be, that's how it was in the past
That's how it's gon' be in the futures nigga
It's all day eryday, so whatchu wanna do with it?
Bring that shit on, knowwhatI'msayin? Yeah

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(5x)