Sittin' shotgun with a shotgun I've been poppin' Since Master P and Silkk the Shocker had 'em sayin' uhh We can get it rockin' it ain't never been a problem Fuck boy we ain't worried about none We can get it done, I'ma be the one Better run Forrest run Forrest run Run for it run for it run You can bring a knife and I'ma bring a gun Pow, wow, I just bought a new house Livin' up north you can see it from the south Who's that peepin' in my window, pow, nobody, nobody now You ain't talkin' 'bout me then then nobody counts On top of the mountain, nobody around Fuck the mainstream I'll remain underground All alone on the throne where the fuck is my crown? Whoa, oh, you ain't got no soul you fuckers outta control You microwave while I cook on the stove Y'all Betty Crocker's I'm cookin' up dough I'm a goon in this rap shit Y'all lookin' like food in this rap shit I'm a fool with this rap shit One more album and I'm through with this rap shit What more I gotta do to prove I ain't number two? Bitch who the fuck are you Writin' three number one's you ain't did shit once I'ma do this shit again just incase you needed proof, ooh I'm sorry Ms. Jackson, I've been OutKastin' Do this for practice Line after line how I'm catchin' these rappers Way too much talkin' bitch, where is the action? Bitch I'm just askin'? What the fuck happened? The game ain't the same so I came did my thing I created the lane now I'm done with this rap shit