

Follow Us

Big Boi

With one stroke of the pen I tune in to your satellite radio
or FM station; I've been patiently waitin, to weigh in
Been under construction for two years
But now it's 'bout that time I double-dutch my way in
Left foot, right foot, steppin over biters
It's like the game is haunted cause there's so many ghostwriters
Me, see I'm a lifer with supply that may seem endless
Straight rider like a biker on a chopper with a hitlist
Witness, the nigga that spit that vicious
Pitbull attack shit when it comes to this rap shit
... Daddy Fat Sax (bitch) follow us

Follow us, now
Try to all the way, now
It's not another let, down
Got somethin to say, right now

I know some of y'all done wrote a nigga off
Like the leases on these cars and these homes you niggaz thought
you stayed in, with so many bosses why are they still
layin niggaz off they job? Nigga for real
Gon' give a nigga a gig then
Help a brother get up out this pigpen
But nobody wants to keep it pimpin or 110
So with this pen I begin to illustrate from within, boy (boy)

Paint a pretty picture like I'm chillin with my friends
Everybody's got a pocket full of ends to spend

See Picasso couldn't blend, put it all together or fit in
I'm like a crocodile walkin 'round with alligator skin
Yes I'm is, the product of the ghetto where I lived
Call me Spongebob boy (boy) soaked up game as a little bitty kid
And never been a lame, before the fame I was the shit
And now I'm just Big, ya dig?

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Why don't you come and find out
What this is all, about
I, will only say this once
So, come and follow us

See we not even gonna play with 'em either
We gon' la-la-lay it down every fuckin time we see 'em
Make the club get crunk, yea, we them type of people
But wait, it's not a sequel, no wait, it's BB's prequel
The beginnin before the beginnin, spend it how you spend it
Then, if you sell dope nigga stack it when you get it
Can't trick it, or spend it until it's gone
That's slippery business holmes, gon' get you a business loan
C'mon!

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Now I lay you niggaz down
You already sleep so bitch rest in eternal peace
You still scared of the Boogeyman?
I know you hatin but you know you was a 'Kast and a Goodie fan
Ain't no night light, it's light's out
I put these lyrics up your ass so far you never get the mic out
I know who you wanna sound like
With that Fruity Loop bullshit, fuck nigga night-night