

Yo, this is my story, this is my song  
And to them rudypoots don't attempt to try this at home  
It's just a poem until y'all learn right from wrong  
Kwow when to bless a situation, when to grab the chrome  
But it's back on, another stormy night in Atlanta, Georgia  
Overcast, but on behalf of Outkast, I cordially  
Invite you to an emotion filled theater  
Bring your umbrella cause young fella it gets no weirder

We reign, reign supreme, preme, dungeon, dungeon kings  
Do you know what it brings rats, mice, snakes up out of they hole  
Chonkyfire, spliced with rock n'roll indubitably, piper pied  
Now hold on my brother no, no, no, no, can't stop the stride

You are now about entering the fifth demension of ascension  
Our only intention is to take you high  
High, yeah, yeah my lord

To make one bob they head would be the track job  
Tour job's to spit that fire  
Some of y'all MC's take this rhymin for granted I won't comply  
with that slackin, poppin and crackin 4th ward way we snappin  
They won't that hardness that oddness that gets a nigga to start this  
What's happenin, see if do what yo won't do today boy  
Will I live tommorrow like you can't even live cause you strayed  
Motivational skills lackin, when I see you nigga packin  
Understand that though, you behind a \$75,000 car do'  
But you still stay with mom though playin the King like Don doe  
You chocked up, you was the nigga that supposed to be locked up  
Makin them thick Hip Hop is dead, exhume the body if you ain't scared  
And if I see you in the streets I'd dap you down like you was G reg

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