

Wailin'

OutKast

In the zone like Keyser Soze, always the Usual Suspect
No check, all I got in this game is my respect
and Southern pride I be, checkin my fuckin head
Scared, lookin up in your face, boi I see dead
If you test like SAT, then I guess that we may be, enemies
In the P's freestyles be freebies
I be that wrong nigga to fuck with, wouldn't I
Wouldn't I be the wrong one to try, never eating chicken thighs
Only the twenty piece mojo, flow zone like Flo Jo
I wanted to figure out, just how low could yo' hoe go
The beat hit like Beat Street, Krush Groove and Breakin
Never bakin, rebukin Satan, we had you waitin
For the Second Coming funny how time flies when you're rhymin
La-Fa-Ce records, I think they got that perfect timin
to be doper than Sadaam believe the Nation of Islam
Fuck the police and the dogs, sniffin that dope up out your car
I think they overstep they boundaries
O.J., not guilty, that's how they found he

I felt the pressure like sun shinin, while raining at the same
time
I kept on rhymin, not complainin
Storm bringing cats and dogs my catalog be the size of golf bal
ls
Throw up your Daisy Dukes I'm Hazzard-ous to all you Boss Hoggs
And Roscoe P. Col' people, who could boost my locomotive
But enough of that everyone can rap unless they ain't supposed
ta
I use my gift of gab to boast and brag in every rhyme I
compose won't y'all get sick of that, cause I know I do when I
hear those
Flows that ain't hip-hop, you find that shit in the gift shop
But to each his own, my speech is gon', keep that shit up outta
my zone
Long as you happy then I'm happy
Even if you just hate my fuckin guts go 'head and dap me
Cause I'm gon' dap you anyway and then go home and pray for yo'
ass later
Cause we might need you in this war I'm wailin on you traitors
Like that...