

## **Tanya Stephens F/ Bounty Killer**

### **"13th Floor/Growing Old"**

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Intro: Big Rube

Conceive true deception multiplied a million fold  
Visualize the yin and yang in a battle so intense  
that we get em confused  
The resident evil specialize in misconstruing  
We wanna be at a presidential level -- what are we  
doing?  
Foolin ourself, clownin ourself, playin ourself  
By not bein ourself  
We can't babble no more than we can bob our head  
offbeat  
Nimrod by the time we forty cause we can't get our  
meat  
While we ask no reason for the misplacement of the  
season  
look at the picture that's painted  
Tainted as the mind who's blinded to the point  
where Sodomites get all the rights  
We fall for fights with fisticuffs  
Get pissed enough to miss the bus  
It disgusts me to see my folks run up on  
I say stand up on deception of time all of Revelations  
And recognize this mind on the reality of horror  
known as mankind  
Jesus and his twelve disciples make thirteen  
A righteous number of righteous men  
Even Judas the Betrayer came true in the end  
The Devil say the end is the beginning  
They teach that we were the product of incest  
Invest no level of self into their system of Paganomics  
Stand with us and don't look back upon it  
Just face this mindstate  
Otherwise Babylon...

(My memories of yesterday...)

cut and scratched: "Ninety-six gonna be that year..."

Verse One: Andre

I bet you never heard of a playa with no game  
Told the truth to get what I want but shot it with no  
shame  
Take this music dead serious while others entertain  
I see they makin they paper so I guess I can't  
complain... or can I?  
I feel they disrespectin the whole thang  
Them hooks like sellin dope to black folks  
And I choke when the food they serve ain't tastin right  
My stomach can't digest it even when I bless it  
I'm confessin one mo' lesson from the South we in the  
house tonight  
Now hootie who wants to oppose? Suppose  
We rolls through Headland and Delowe  
where me and my niggaz surpassed the flow  
And got down for ours like hind catchers  
My mind catches flashbacks to the black past  
while my close niggaz laugh at  
The Southern slang, figure ways and mojo chicken  
wangs  
I grew up on booty shake we did not know no better  
thang  
So go 'head and, diss it, while real hop-hippers listen  
Started by Afrikan Bambaata, so you and your potnah  
Gather your thoughts

Musical Interlude: Debra Killings

(Something's gotta change  
Sounds of laughter and happiness come from  
teardrops to rain  
Been bearing this burden for too many of my days  
Looks like breezes of Autumn done finally blew my way  
Like memories of yesterday...)

Verse Two: Big Boi

Uhh, born Antwan Patton but my potnahs they call me  
Big Boi  
It's the nigga the B-I-G, be speakin the truth not talkin  
that shit boi  
I'm thinkin of checkin my traps and bustin my raps and  
throwin them craps  
Seven-eleven is no convenience, you pumpin your gas,  
they're watchin yo' back  
For the robbin crew, thinkin they robbin you, you must  
be cautious  
To stand up on yo' game and pimpin these crows you  
must be flawless  
Like Mortal Kombat, but fuckin these wombats got you  
dizzy

My nigga you know of I wanna be playin but runnin up  
on me like you miss me  
You catchin the wrong vibe, packin yo' shit and rollin  
yo' eyes back  
Flexin up on the corner tossin your dice and rollin your  
Cadillac  
But man it seems I'm reachin out and touchin the  
wrong nigga  
Don't expect me to be pimpin get your index off the  
trigger  
As we bust, us, we leavin em in the dust  
So keep that clean up out of your nose I said my piece  
and then I hush  
As the candidate keeps flippin... niggaz dippin...

Musical Interlude

Verse Three: Andre, Big Boi

Dearly beloved we are gathered,  
like soap is to lather we come clean  
Some issues need to be addressed like envelopes I  
mean  
Oh like Liberty Bells yes them bullets keep on rangin  
On fire like the Georgia mass choir we keep on sangin  
Bringin our folks closer together  
cause they severed us from the get green  
Light and we ain't gon' stop until we hit the big screen  
Psych because no one is free when others are  
oppressed  
So, we hit the stage and then we fly back to our nest  
Growing old

Like some eagles, people don't understand  
Just like their parents don't be carin  
I'm speakin about you playin with that phony stuff you  
sharin  
in your raps Mercedes Benz and all your riches  
Thinkin you got it, but get it get it, but you ain't pimpin  
no bitches  
Cause you flaw, in, fallin like leaves into driveways  
Isn't it lovely smokin good and sloppy head on  
highways  
Friday's are tight but Saturday just makes it old  
When tonight's are hot warm enough to feed your soul  
Growing old

Musical Interlude 2X

("96 gonna be that year...")

(Like memories of yesterday...)

\*voice of Andre fades in\*  
see all them leaves must fall down, growin old

Fat titties turn to teardrops as fat ass turns to flab  
Sores that was open wounds eventually turn to scab  
Trees bright and green turn yellow brown  
Autumn caught em, see all them leaves must fall down,  
growin old  
(repeat 3X)

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