

Too \$hort F/ Quint Black

"Intro... Presenting Dungeon Family"

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{crowd yelling in background}

{*banging on door*}

Dungeon Family! Dungeon Family!

Dungeon Family y'all got six minutes!

Dungeon Family, don't y'all hear 'em out there
they're going bananas!

Get up Dungeon, come on!

Dungeon Family get out here!

Come on! You hear me in there?!

{*door opening*}

First Generation!

Presenting Dungeon Family, Mr. DJ's on the drums

We spit the slickest shit from the gutters and the slums

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[Backbone]

Gooolllllyyy! Yea' ain't gon' believe this (What?)

Oh you will when you see it (What?)

Them boys done came together, changed the weather

Now they finna reign/rain forever (What?!)

Somebody better tell 'em they can think whatever

But I don't sweat 'em

Oh if they say I ain't right this time, shawdy bet 'em

Cuz I got game to sell 'em, a thang or better

I play 'em low key like below C level

The high fidelity gon' bang yo' cerebelum

And crank the party up like this old Charles Tatum

In a subterrarium chamber, creatin masterpieces

Etch it in stone, trust 'em it's hard to keep 'em

A thunderous sound, comes from up under the ground

Do you smell what the Family smokin? We burnin it
down

to ash, Breeze, Doc, The Mob, Rube

OutKast and me, guilty by association...

