

U.G.K. f/ OutKast**"International Players Anthem"**

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* second single; send corrections to the typist

[Andre 3000]

So I typed a text to this girl I used to see
Sayin' that I chose this cutie pie with whom I wanna be
And I apologize if this message gets you down
Then I CC'ed every girl that I'd see-see 'round town
And hate to see y'all frown, but I'd rather see her
smilin'
Wetness all around me, true, but I'm no island
Peninsula maybe
It makes no sense, I know crazy
Give up all this pussy cat that's in my lap
No lookin' back
Spaceships don't come equipped with rear view mirrors
They dip as quick as they can
The atmosphere is now ripped
I'm so like a pimp (Pip), I'm glad it's night (Gladys
Knight)
Stole the light from the sun
Would not burn me on my bum
When I shoot the moon
High jump the broom
Like a ??? out the womb
My partner yellin' "Too soon! Don't do it!
Reconsider! Read some liter-ature on the subject
You sure? Fuck it
You know we got your back like chiroprac-tic
If that bitch do you dirty
We'll wipe her ass out in some detergent
Now hurry hurry
Go on to the altar
I know you ain't a pimp, but pimp remember what I
taught ya
Keep your heart, three stacks, keep your heart
Hey keep your heart, three stacks, keep your heart
Man these girls is smart, three stacks, these girls is
smart
Play your part... play your part"

[Pimp C]

(Sweet jones)

My bitch a choosin' lover
Never fuck without a rubber
Never in the sheets, like it on top of the cover
Money on the dresser, drive a Compressor
Top notch ho's get the most, not the lesser
Trash like to fuck with \$40 in the club
Fuckin' up the game, bitch it gets no love
She be cross country, givin' all that she got
A thousand a pop, I'm pullin' Bentleys off the lot
I smashed up the gray one, bought me a red
Everytime we hit the parkin' lot we turn head
Some ho's wanna choose but them bitches too scary
Your bitch chose me, you ain't a pimp, you a fairy

[Bun B.]

Baby you been rollin' solo, time to get down with the team
The grass is greener on that other side, if know what I mean
I show you shit you never seen, the Seven Wonders of the World
And I can make you the eighth if you wanna be my girl
When I say my girl I don't mean my woman, that ain't my style
Need a real street stalker (stalker) to walk a green mile
We pilin' up the paper on the dinin' room table
Cuz you able to realize that I'm the truth and not a fable
We rock the freshest Sable, keep that 'chilla on the rack
What I look like with some thousand dollar shit up on my back?
I'm a million dollar mack that need a billion dollar bitch
Put my pimpin' in your life, watch ya daddy get rich
It's easy as A-B-C, simple as 1-2-3
Get down with U-G-K, Pimp C, B-U-N B
Cuz what's a ho with no pimp? And what's a pimp with no ho's?
Don't be a lame, you know the game and how it goes
We tryin' to get chose

[Big Boi]

Eeny meeny decisions, with precision I pick or
Make my selection on who I choose to be wit' girl
Don't touch my projection, I know you want it to slip
But slippin' is somethin' I don't do, tippin' for life
That's like makin' it rain every month on schedule
Let me tell you, get your parasol umbrella
Cuz it's gonna get wetter
Better prepare you for the ???
She supposed to spend in on that baby but we see she don't

"Ask-ask Paul McCartney"
"The lawyers couldn't stop me"
"Slaught-slaughterin' them pockets"
"Had to tie her to a rock and"
Send her in to outer space, I know he wish he could
Cuz he payin' 20K a day, that bitch is eating good
Like an infant on a double D titty, just getting plump
Cuz you miscalculated the next to the-the last pump
"Dump-dump on the gut, raw from the giddy up"
"Better choose that right one or pick-pick the kiddies
up"

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