

Big Boi f/ George Clinton, Too \$hort

"Fo Yo Sorrows"

Visit "[Fo Yo Sorrows](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[George Clinton - Intro] This is that dope-on-dope,
smoke but don't choke on It's the shit, clearly blunt
junkies have been known to croak Unless them toke of
it's, THE BOOOOOOMB! [Chorus] For those who think
life is unfair 'cause I blow my smoke in the air As if no
one is standin there Then I'll roll one tonight, fo' yo'
sorrows In my chair, as I sit back smiling from ear to
ear With a fistful of your girlfriend's hair Yes, she'll
blow one tonight, fo' yo' sorrows [Big Boi] (Too \$hort)
Daddy Fat Sacks back on the scene Money shot to a
Three movies But everything's straight like 9:15 It's
back to the time machine, I believe Back to the rhyming,
back to the stick Back to the hi-hat, tsk tsk kick Slap,
y'all nigga better think that was it We everywhere
(BEEEEITCH~!) ..Like the air you breathe Got 'em stuck
like Chuck into what we weave Like a lace front wig
stuck to the forehead Best believe I'll change the
steeds Take the lead, change the speed Slow it down
just for the sport Nigga, ONE of my favorite rappers
happens to be Too \$hort [Too \$hort] Now everybody
wanna sell dope (SELL DOPE) Got a P, got a pound, got
some hoes (..NOPE!) Jesse Jackson had a lil' bit of hope,
for the folks On a roll, back in nineteen eighty fo'
(EIGHTY FO'?) BEEEEITCH~! [Chorus 1/2] [Big Boi] Just
to let you know that everything is straight I say stank
you very much 'cause we appreciate the hate Now go
get yourself a handgun, you fuckin wit a great Put it
your mouth and squeeze it like your morning
toothpaste {*gunshot*} Kill yo'self like Sean Kingston,
suicidal for a title My recitals are vital and maybe
needed for survival Like the Bible or any other good
book that you read Why are 75% of our youth readin
magazines? 'Cause they used to fantasy, and that's
what they do to dream Call it fiction addiction 'cause
the truth is a heavy thing! 'member when the levee
scream, made the folks evacua-ezz Yeah, I'm still
speakin about it 'cause New Orleans ain't clean When
we shout Dirty South, I don't think that is what we mean
I mean, it mean the roguh, the tough, the DANGEROUS,
we reign SUPREME Can slaughter entire teams with the
ink that my pen bleeds B-I-G, B-O-I - nigga, please!

[Chours] [George Clinton - Bridge, then Outro] Don't want no girlfriends Just need my dope (I just need my dope) One foot on the world when, I'm behind in my smoke (I'm behind in my smoke) On the back burner, you can just simmer around But on the front burner, you betta burn, a fat one (Roll it up...fire that shit up) A fat one - fire it up! A fat, fat, fat one.. This is that dope-on-dope, smoke but don't choke on It's the shit, c-c-clearly blunt junkies have been known to croak-oak-oak Unless them toke of it's, THE BOOOMB! Bombardin the brain, the bong infinitely plays the place to come Came and went, hindbells spent, b-b-b-b-bent Take another huff and puff and choke and toke lcky sticky sticky and stuff a bowl and pack a pipe, twist a blunt roll, light a JOINT~! 'Cause this is the dope-on-dope...some GOOD shit... Yeaaaaaaaahh...Lean back and puff slow...

Visit [Big Boi f/ George Clinton, Too \\$hort](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.