

## **Big Boi**

### **"And I Love You"**

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I remember when I met 'cha, I was only sixteen  
Who would ever thought that me and you would get the cream?

We took a lot of trips together, you stayed down  
Remember when we start hoppin' on that Greyhound?

She say she like to play hide and seek in the ride  
And sure I'll open up the trunk and hide her inside  
She say she think I'm cheatin' wit a girl named Jane  
You ain't just my baby, bitch, you my everything

I was broke but you made things better  
As long as me and you together, we can get this cheddar

Whatever, her name White Sally  
I met her through my homeboy Rico out in Cali

I thank Reagan for the haters when ya got hard  
You bought me jewels, Gator shoes and some big cars  
Yeah, you took me out in the hood, gave me good thangs  
Now we on a private plane eatin' chicken wings, come on

(And I love you)  
You the reason why I ride good  
You the reason why I shop good  
Drink good, smoke good

(And I love you)  
You the reason why these hoes choose  
You the reason why a nigga sprayed  
Candy on my old school

(And I love you)  
You the reason why I quarterback  
Took a nigga out the projects  
Put me in a cul-de-sac

That's why I get it how I live, boy  
'Cause you took me

From a young broke nigga to a Rich Boy

And I love you, baby, muah, hugs and kisses  
Fuck them niggas and fuck them bitches  
Been in this game since 1998  
Nigga, take the safety and shit but I'm great

Maybe it's fate, destiny, you tell me  
Damn near ten and that shit been free  
But I'm PT so I gots to cruise, nigga  
Really ain't shit to prove to y'all niggas

All the cars, all the clothes  
Wit all the stars and all the hoes  
First class flights, a nigga live in the lights  
But see you in the dark, this stuff is kinda hard

See where I park, valet costs a note  
Drop another fifty just to check my coat  
Probably leave wit yo' chick, know how I do  
It's Pastor Disaster, baby, I love you

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Took me from a gun totin' nigga to a Big Boi  
Too legit to slip, now I got papers on my shit, boi  
And not just a weapon, I'm talkin' 'bout titles and deeds  
You payin' rent you can't afford and can't break out of  
your lease

I'm out of your league, I might as well be Ivy  
All over ya ass like injections in a stripper's hiney  
Rhyming is a skill that requires timing  
Like dual ejaculation while my lady's riding

I'm 'bout to cum, I'm 'bout to cum at the same time  
Satisfied? I'm satisfied, that's how I slang mine

A generation came up under my style  
From penetration of the nation when I was just a child  
Now, who's really in the critics talk 'bout me?  
Andre 3000 and three mo' niggas that's really fie

Let me break it down, I get fly at that mouth  
I stay fresh to the hosiery we 'posed to be  
Them niggas from the South  
So one to the two, the three, the fo'  
Satisfied? I'm satisfied, so I'ma get 'cha some mo'

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