

## Big Boi

### "In Da Wind"

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Hah, that's just the sound of the Hen'  
True Story, that's what we call it  
Thank God for the thugs too  
Buddy Roe

Drop the top and let the sunshine in  
With the woodgrain, let the twinkies spin  
Get you a glass, mix the Coke and the Hen'  
It's quite alright, with the 'dro in the wind  
With the 'dro in the wind

I'm a ol' sneaky, ol' freaky, ol' geechy-ass nigga  
Collard green, neck bone eatin' ass nigga  
Always wearin' my jeans baggy saggy  
You know Florida, Georgia, South Cakalaky

Growed up eatin' spam sandwiches  
Sugar water and mayonnaise sandwich  
Share the room with 'bout four more brothers  
But one home for 'em and wantin' no more covers

A little bad motherfucker always rude and always in  
trouble  
None of my teachers ain't like me  
But make it so bad, Pearl had seven more like me  
If you growed up the way I did you gots to understand  
Trick love the kids, Trick love the kids

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Cut me a seven-treis Chevy, put dubs on that bitch  
Candy apple green, niggaz lovin' it, lovin' it  
And wait a minute, I'll act a fool  
Ya don't like how I'm livin'? Boy foolish

That's right I'm a rude-ass nigga, quick to do you, cut a  
fool- ass nigga

Weighin' in at 'bout a buck six-five  
And a nigga can fuck, plus the boy gets live, that's  
right  
You know legs, wings, and short thighs, short thighs  
Eat 'em up, beat 'em up, then switch sides

Hot whore work her con-con, Valor to the floor  
He oughta enjoy, with the loaded four-four  
Be sure and acquire more 'fore ya fuck with mine  
Disrespect, I'll disconnect ya line

With a sick SWAT, when shit's hot, ya get shot  
The fire, the fury, ya fuck with it not  
Ya stoppin' the grace, get out my space and my face  
Fore me and my ace a lay down the whole place

Recognize, this is the verbalize, surprise  
Fuckin' with me wrong way to wise nigga  
Hoes, clothes, shows, Vogues, golds  
Big ol' bankrolls, that's all a nigga know

Throw yo' elbows, I'm sicker than I suppose  
Hoes unchose, cuz my jewelry froze  
You know how it goes, these young nigga don't want it  
like this  
Go off and get yo' gat, to silence the chit-chat, blast!

So pass, outlast, 'bout cash  
More sicky, talk tricky to the trick like trash  
Lo realer, a gorilla, flow for more skrilla  
Come clean, lookin' mean, but you ain't no killa! Trick  
love the kids!

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Look at what we got, the rims and all the 'dro  
The 'dro and all the smoke, my throat, it makes me  
choke  
Like a serial killer was squeezin' on my throat box  
In the clutches of danger but not a stranger on the  
block

Is it the cheeferry reefer beat blowin' my chest up?  
Beat right from the club try my best not to mess up  
A professor of this lyrical thang  
I'll take the purist strain of this slang and inject it into  
your veins

Did your heart stop man? Drop-top fame  
Aviator shades with a rear front face  
Movin' through the dirty at a slow pimps pace  
Kinda like the turtle and the rabbit in the race

To the finish line, I jump the pair of Reeboks  
So bright, so fresh, snow white but no socks  
Then I slipped on some of that O with the wind  
I'm bustin' straight out the path like a three piece of va-  
lac-tic

Before you slack it you gotta prepare it and mack it  
When your jack it over tragic, not intended for any  
illegal purposes'  
It's like anthrax and small pox in surplus to murder us  
Ya gotsta understand Trick love the kids! Trick love the  
kids!

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