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## Fats Waller "Tough Guy"

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(chorus) Everbody on the streets, This a lil thesis coming from me When I throw up baggets, sitting at the bar Or smokin a lil red life in my car I dont know what you came to see, Nigga just out here feeding my kids Throw up the duece and let me slide on by Cuz everybody wants to be a tough guy [Verse One: Big Boi] Crusin down the street, minding my business cuz I'm trill Stopped at the ATM, grabbed a thousand dollar bill Now I peel, like apples and peaches because I'm chill And niggas around my city respect me because I'm real But still, the things I see from day to day it hurts me When I'm off in the '79 Seville or the Bonneville Niggas wanna hurt me, absurd g I know it, betta believe I tote something for it And I got a slogan like Nike but it goes like this: "Just Know It" And I'm not the type of person be riding around yo block just flashy Just came to the store to get some black and milds and a lil bit of 93 gas,G Wanna blast me, get sassy, say negative things about OutKast G Riding all on a nigga dick, all you had to do was just dap me, come slap me You the bad man, so go ahead and touch my cheek then But we'll be burying you and your whole motherfucking family by the weekend I'm calling your bluff, go'n and buck, I got my squad we trapping AC gone slap this nigga, he aint bucking, he just yapping, yea!

(chorus)

[Verse Two: Bun B] Say, we took it from packing the pistols, To jacking this missiles To stacking my crystals Now my torpedo's even cracking your missile When we start, aint no stopping us We too smart and too popular Take yo toys and we topple em Resort to the dopplar To the agent underground well known as Stankonia Where trill as niggas go one and bad ass bitches be boning ya I'm warning ya, niggas i'll fill the middle of yo ?moni up And make yo broad lick her pony up, its that platinum shit Called zonia, tell Tommy blow me up I aint Mariah, bitch I'm the messiah can't no motherfucker show me up UGK a set nigga, throw me up Fuck catching a case bitch, i'll lace you and yo homey up. Cuz we the cream coming out of the crop The steam coming out of the pot And the team coming out at the top Your baddest or not, these niggas getting shattered or shot Splattered for props, man you should 'nt've left your gat at your spot

(chorus)

[Verse Three: Pimp C] Pimp C bitch, I'm a country star I got a country mansion and a country car I got a country bitch, I made a country son I got some country nuts, I Keep a country gun I dont fuck with nobody in this shit but bun So if you pay me a mil, you gotta give that nigga one Fuck boys talk shit, but them bitch niggas know That UGK run the streets, and we put dick in your hoe Whether weed or blow, I keep an open store I keep my hair cut low, 44 on the floor You can test me, Snow, we got the glass for sho Get your mind on your money, cuz you playing with you dough Bitches who ready to go, say you moving to slow If you wasn't bout sucking it, what you fucking with me for The quarters in the side in case you didn't know, I'm Sweet Jones Bitch and I'm an old school pro, pro,

(chorus)

[Verse Four: Dre] Since the beginnig of time, until the present of now There are beauty shop playas also intelligent clowns Got they blue cuts with brown, booty grinding the ground It's the sound thats created when we get up to get down. Stimulate my imag--ination with exag--geration of stanking light That can't be right but we laughed To keep from crying, sighing, hugged by cutie-pie and Deftifying acts of a blacks not scared of dying Y'all act like you'never take no bubble bath, Gone to Blockbuster and act like you ain't never cuddled after You poked her, stroked, soaked her, provoked her To reach for the sky when she's high on your holster I'm posed to, roast ya, toast ya, close ya Motherfucking mouth for I'm almost closed to the end So when they ask you what school do you attend? Say Stankonia High, then throw two in the wind. ha ha ha ha.....

(chorus) X 2 Music rides out

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