

Outkast "Ain't No Thang"

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Niggas in the point ain't changed
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A nigga ready from the get go
Y'all hear my shit go, it's Andre
Can yo punk ass come out to play?
Say, "Stick in your little hole then coward duck your
head"
You don't know who you be fuckin' with youse better off
dead
Is what I say, best run the other way
In case of physical breakdown, y'all can break now
My kitchen full of heat, if you can't take the temp
Make yourself exempt

Pussy footin' around don't be gettin' y'all nowhere but
stuck
Nowhere to duck, pull his file, niggaz die
By gettin' blasted, how drastic
They got the nerve to ask me why I do the things I do
I got the nerve to serve you up just like a waiter do but
naw
I take that back, that's my problem
Turnin' and walkin' away, this ain't gon' work when they
be robbin'
As long as Big Boi's still livin', never standin' by my
lonesome
Step up nigga, if you want some

Ain't no thang but a chicken wang
We's havin' a smoke out in the Dungeon with the Mary
Jane
It's just a pimps, players, Mack daddies, East Point
It's all about that ses in yo chest, it's the joint
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Well nigga, you softer than silicone, used to pump up
tits

It's that nigga down in the Dungeon with them
playeristic hits
I'm quick to stop a sucka flow like menopause, it's the
Original ghetto bastard, so now I makes a switch
I used to sell dope but in 1994
I'm makin' Southern playalistic Cadillac muzik
But see these voices in my skull has got me reminiscin'
About the days back when me Mammy had to work in
kitchens
She had me makin' better grades to make a better life

But I never had no love or respect 'cuz we gon' be
alright
I ran the streets and broke my curfew 'cuz I gave a shit
I carried guns and butcher knives 'cuz I was steadily in
the mix, yeah
It was so hard to say "Goodbye", I'm a man now
I'm at the end of my street, so it's time to take my
stand now
I call the wild because it's time to take the streets
So if you ain't got the vertebrae, ya big enough nuts,
retreat
I'm ready to wet 'em up like cereal
Just an international playa, comin' through your stereo

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3 5 7 to your fo'head, there'll be mo' dead 'cause I'm a
pro, kid
But Lord forgive me, I gots to keep my Milli right Vi-
near me
My nine be doin' fine
Until these niggaz wants to clear me off my street
But in my hood hood, they hollerin' ghetto
Don't got no neighbors, they hit the pipe and never let
go
But I feel for them like Chaka Khan feel for you
Ain't shit that we can do but rest in peace, pour a brew
On the concrete, remember when we ran deep

Remember at the party when we served them niggaz
dandy

They know not to test us, test me, do me, try me
Trippin with that drama, my Beretta's right beside me
One is in the air and one is the chamber
Y'all ask me what the fuck I'm doin', I'm releasin' anger
Quick to dodge danger, I'm takin' it one day
At a time, I got the fattest dimes around my way
You can sway with Andre, I'll take it to the Ho-Jo, bitch
Just let you know, yeah

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It's on my friend, on the road again, I'm travelin'
No more than 65 on 85 off in my Cadillac
I got that nigga Dre, he ridin' shotgun and got my
pump under my seat
In case these yougstas wanna have some fun, I'd do it
if I have to
Bustin' caps with this a heat and load it clip up after clip
I'm packin' my gage if I feel it, the glock, the gat, the
nine, the heaters
See I be bustin' caps like my amp be bustin' speakers
So how do you figure that Big Boi be scared to blast
ya?
You 'posed to be quickest draw but man, I hail 'em
faster

1 2 3, you need to think about the future
Before I shoot your ass and dilute your blood with lead
From my hollow tips, I'll send you to an early grave
You fuckin' slave, you better try another way
To take me out, is truly something difficult
Don't even run up on me, unless you want your brain
broke
I'm out of bullets lettin' loose my last clip
I'ma kick you in your ass and your nigga gettin' pistol
whipped
Yea that's how I do, you know that's how I do, you know
that's how I do

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Yeah and it don't stop and it don't quit, to the
motherfuckin'
Organized Noize, PA, Goodie MOBB, Big Gipp
And all the niggaz around the East Point way
College Park is really on the map
We comin' around Atlanta and the niggaz are really
strapped
With the muthafuckin' guns and the motherfuckin'
glocks
Steady is the gas nigga, don't fear it and it don't stop

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