

Outkast "Benz Or Beemer"

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["It all started at an accident scene on Bankhead and Ash Street.

It's not clear if the suspect caused it; it is clear he wielded a hammer and told to get out of his car."]

[Verse One: Big Boi, Andre]

Yeah, yeah check it
From alligator belts to patty melts I be that smoothest nigga
So hwo do you figga that Atlant don't be pullin dem triggas
The Southernplayalistic pimp is up in this bitch
Man, my folkers up on that track, complimentin that wickedness
See one is for the money two is for my niggaz who jack
Niggaz ain't takin that shit no mo' they got big Benz and Cadillac
My gat is in my lap, so whatchu wanna be startin now?
I'm pissin up on Jeffrey's Dahmer grave that cracker was foul

Too close for comfort, too close to home
Too close to be playin yo ass so hey why don't you get yo' own
As long, as I got this legally
People see that we can be on top of things without causin
another nigga sorrow, I know it seems it ain't enough to go around
But keep on holdin on like Goodie Mob cause it's a better day tomorrow
That's all I can say, can't tell the future
Tomorrow's another day but today, they just might shoot you
For your ride, fuck your pride, hah better be out your seat
Quick and snappy with a happy face before you bleed
Ask me, if that material shit is worth yo' life
I don't know about yours but if so you smokin pipes right

[Verse Two: Andre, Big Boi]

Deep in the dungeon for these many months
Amongst the Dungeon Dragon as we pass around dem
blunts
Had to cut it out like Cheers, but for years I used to
burn em
Gettin deep in my thoughts just to get shit off my
sternum
Chest/chess, I never played but made many a moves
I still blame it on session cause I can't remember the
due
I guess, I feel that gettin a Benz is out of the question
The world is yellin Hootie Hoo but in my pockets nuthin
but
gum and lint, to sum the shit, of I'm broke
Nothin but hope, so Big Boi, tell em what you toke

I'm travellin up to Jersey with four keys off in my trunk
And thinkin of startin the ways to get that motherfucker
krunk
See yes I be that nigga that with that sess off in my
chest
Smokin and tokin them token blacks, that wanted to
test
See strong niggaz survive and the weak niggaz they
die
I never fuck no white bitch, I stop eatin that pig sty
Be activatin that Lo-Jack cause the Fleetwood has been
stolen
Campalton Road is open, the B-I-G has spoken
Cause it's like this

[Verse Three: Big Boi, Andre]

I got these thoughts, similar to the ones that call in the
wild
Up in the Benz is where I be doin about a hundred
miles
The world is FUCKED UP how these niggaz be drivin
drunk
Vehicular homicide with their bodies off in your trunk
To me the cards is not belong I use that strong arm
robbery
Robbin spree, look at me, W-M-B
Backwards, takin you to the cha cha with these verses
Comin around the projects make you sleep off in dem
hearses
I got a word of wisdom, for those who must be zest
You'll be needin a physical therapist, cause you can't

fuck with this

While you sat down by the seashore thinkin about some
seashells

I was around the corner from Clemson Hills thinkin
about the V-12

But maybe not for long because I just done seen the
light

I'm packin my screwdriver so see I'm gon' be alright
Just moving the steering wheel side to side like a
slalom

Now I ain't got no problem I'm just breakin the steerin
column

I spot him, in the middle of the MARTA parkin lot
I'm hearin a voice in the back of my head yellin "Andre
stop!"

But do I stop, naw I figure it's a come up

But now I'm goin down cause the folks wanna run up
DAMN!!!

["These days, the best way to deal with a car jacker
is to simply give them what they want."]

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