

Outkast "Black Ice"

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Do you ever see that stuff that be
when it get cold that ice that you can't see?
See that shit happens sometimes
Yep, black ice

[Verse 1: Gipp]

Now you know and I know I done bumped every hole in
the wall
did catch that phone call most of y'all did admit
thought it was tall, Gipp flipped like a dip
slipped fell on the black ice
Did you think twice, homeslice came and he went
Satisfied got bent bars ain't shit
Meetin coast to coast yeah I laughed and boast
Man do-si-dos, too many comin close to

[Chorus]

Touch what I never touched befo', seen what I never
seen befo'
Woke up and seen the sun sky high, sky high

[Verse 2]

Circulate like a Sunday paper
Capers caught long time, to cheap flicks, good picks
Paid hard, watch the hard turn sideways
Pick the tale for real sales to those who lose cash
Players keep your life for now
Feelin good and warm, windows rolled tight
Thirty-five degrees, nippy tonight, don't forget the
chapstick
Lips dry quick, when the jack out
Make you wanna act out, take the slack out
Some people black out, hibernatin 'til we came back out

[Chorus] - 2X

[Verse 3]

I been in it for the past few days
Tighter than fades I'm knowin my plays
Now can I rap? Can I adapt? Not really sure yet
Who that lookin over the shoulders of those writin
dreams

Fiendin for the taste of menthol
Missed class stayed in the hall
Lookin for a squeeze play, better yet a holiday
Stayed away from the pyramid board game
Broke it down to a neighborhood slang
Cash befo' fame

sky high (repeat 10X)

[Verse 4: Big Boi]

Now who done stepped in?
The nigga the B-I-B the secret weapon Boi
Slicker that Black Ice, throwin these flows like rice at
weddings
So quit flexing, we speakin about
somethin that's refreshin to the earlobes
Pay for the room and still be in pimp mode
Like icebergs, Chryslers and Buicks
Some niggaz ain't on they jobs so them suckers here to
lose it
Abuse they priveldges and now the whole village is,
been shot to pieces
Cause niggaz are bitin that same stupid shit I mean
that feces
Boy don't beep me, if you ain't got no work
I'm strictly bout these verses like the ones you hear at
church boy
search boy, talkin about your dough and punk like lurch
boy
Every time I heard you rhymin like a fucking jerk boy

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