

## Outkast "Call Of Da Wild"

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I'll be comin' around the ghetto when I come kickin' one  
for the treble

Y'all can't stoop to my level, I'm like the devil or  
whatever

I'm pickin' up and throwin' 'em down like dishes  
Call me Kenny Anderson 'cuz I slam those Southern  
bitches

I ain't braggin', folks draggin' me up and down the  
road

To be fucked up when I gets into my clownin' mode  
Then go to clown up on they ass like Bozo

Oh, no, then dance on top of they asses like I was Jo Jo  
Dancer

Come Comet, come Dasher, come Prancer  
Come niggaz with machine guns, I think that is the  
answer

But the question 'Should we take that bullshit from  
them people?'

I'm makin 300 on my SAT and I am equal

Ain't no sequel, no saga, no way out, I'm nervous  
I've had it up to fo'head of niggaz tryin' to serve us  
To graduate is really becomin' a very stressful journey  
I feel like a steerin' wheel, for them is tryin' to turn me

Into a hate monger, and I'm wishin' and I wonder  
Damn, will I graduate before I hit the summer?  
I think not, Officer Friendly tryin' to dig up in me  
He said I'm half assed and got no future  
And so he sent me up the creek and shit

Strokin' like hell without no paddle  
But niggaz is gettin' smart, we back on the saddle  
No longer, y'all know y'all had us down for some years  
It's the call of da wild nigga, uh, there it is

I hear voices in my head and they keep callin' me  
I hear voices in my head and they keep callin' me  
I hear voices in my head and they keep callin' me  
I hear voices in my head and they keep callin' me

As I step, the stage is empty  
No words 'cuz I serve with my Southern dialect, so I get respect  
Don't call me T, it's a T thang with a G swang  
Let my nuts hang down to the flo' main  
Smokin' that dang dang, makin' mics swang

In my 280Z, nobody can see me  
Cruisin' down the block, just like I was a squirrel  
In a world full of nuts, damn  
I'd probably be mad even if I called him Uncle Sam

So bring dough to the Goodie MoB  
T Mo, Khujo, Cee Lo, J and my homie rather be  
Don't flex on next, I break necks too  
Rollin' with Outkast, PA, Goodie Mob for the 94  
Yeah, you know what I'm sayin'?

I hear voices in my head and they keep callin' me  
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Yeah, I'm steady buckin' muthafuckas  
Not duckin' 'em like the goose, I'm heavily strapped,  
yeah, niggaz  
Squeezin' rhymes like that noose around your neck  
You can't hang with this, see ain't no thangs to this  
I show no pity so take off because I'm dangerous

I breaks 'em off like I was Beat Street, see I be breakin'  
Speakin' of breakin', break on how to get your life  
taken, boy  
Fuckin' around with me will get your cabbage cut, your  
wig split  
Simply means I'm bringin' the funk with the hollow tips  
Playa shit is how I'm kickin' it

Comin' around the ghetto, victims soft as a tack on a  
jackass  
So fuck it or flip it, I'll still be a playa  
Puffy afro with nigga naps off in my hair  
Shit, that's quickly how I run my shit and that's how it be  
That nigga BIG BOI, that be me, ye

See I'm a playa, got my struggle on  
Thinkin about the volume and thickness of my bankroll  
You see that cash is in my shit like colon cancer  
Even though I never smoke that shit like, yeah

I give a call of da wild to my niggaz around the projects

So don't flex or get served with a pop neck shit  
OG, original gangsta, not quite  
But maybe when I'm locked up, liftin' weights, gettin'  
swole right

Life's a bitch with a G string 'cuz these off in your ass  
with it, hey  
So you can see who can really hang  
But y'all don't wanna do nothin', y'all can go to hell  
Ain't no playas in office 'cuz I'm locked off in a cell  
So can you feel me, nigga

I hear voices in my head and they keep callin' me  
I hear voices in my head and they keep callin' me  
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Khujo, comin' in dope, bring it  
I got more problems than the average Joe  
So don't come 'round me with your flim flam, hot damn  
It's a jack, top of the burbs, and my notebook is a bird  
K's madness into cappin'

Throwin' to do more load, so my fire lookin' through the  
want ads  
And only red hot, desire in your pot with somethin'  
wicked  
But you can't feel it, stickin' out your monkey ass  
I could let shit rot in the past, now it's time to blast they  
ass

Shh, Mr. Knighton take off your hat, can't even my wear  
my locs in  
Demon eye scopin', oh, my, peripheral vision got it  
Made you go on your hoe's bar  
Decisions, decisions to make, oops, here comes the  
Goodie Mo crew  
And they just might want to battle you out with the  
quickness  
The price of livin' is beginnin' to be a risky business

Unkay, Parkay  
How do you like the taste of hot butter meltin' through  
your biscuits?  
This is your brain on drugs, this is your brain  
Don't cut niggaz I hang with before there were  
apartments  
In Chapel Forest, it's gettin' horrid  
The huntin' child is on the prowl, yah  
I let out a call to da wild  
I let out a call to da wild

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