

## Outkast "Call The Law"

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Zora and Rooster under peach tree  
They K-I-SS-I-N-G  
Wow, first came he love  
Now then comes the marriage  
One baby, two baby, three baby carriage baby

Welcome to my world, oceans vs. mountains  
(Welcome to her world, oceans versus mountains)  
Call me the poor girl ?cause I love to fight them  
(Call her the poor girl ?cause she loves to fight them)

But I'm quite sweet if you take the time to get to know  
me  
Deep down my heart riles around like a bone lost deep  
inside  
See I'd like to fall in love but not that type of guy

Ooh wee, you got my clouds on fire  
We're tight rope walkin' and the world's the wire  
Remember kissin' on Broadway, you die  
I was bein' your baby and tickin' and tockin' your clock

See we done jumped the broom and now you know I'm  
good  
And I was dreamin' ?bout children Emily Ann  
Oh darling baby with the daddy's eyes  
And it meant so much to me  
(It meant so much to me)  
And I needed your good love

Baby how could you just go and change it all  
You turned my spring to fall  
I needed you you know  
But when the love is gone it's time to go

If you don't think I mean it  
Then you'll feel it when I'm gone  
I said I'm done, enough of your love  
I said I'm done, enough of your love

I'm up ?til 3 o'clock in the mornin'  
While you party until the dawn

I said I'm done enough of your love  
I said I'm done enough of your love

Darlin' ain't no feelin' left, it's just the killin'  
Oh! Just grab my gun and let's go out  
Just grab my gun and let's go out  
It ain't no room for love, it's just this burnin'  
Got me reelin'

Call the law and hold the applause  
Call the law and hold the applause

Mo' babies, mo' babies, workin' on the 6th  
We was only in our teens I dreamed for simplistic  
Jumped the broom but it seems I tripped, I must have  
slipped  
After exchangin' of the rings these things you give me  
lip

But not the kissin' of the bride, the dippin' of the groom  
The shit that make a nigga up and leave up out a room  
More like, boohoo then boo, fuck who? Well, fuck you  
too  
Fuckin' bitch, kids cover them ears

It appears that your mama want drama  
We need a comma or some space between words  
For better or for worse, this is not what I deserve  
The worse that I can take, actually I want the cake  
And eat it too and plus your plate

But wait now, don't you get the house, kids, cars  
Everything we built together was ours, now it's all yours  
That's hard, it's all yours, good God!

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Then you'll feel it when I'm gone  
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You comin' home  
(Zora)  
But the birds are gone  
(Zora, is that a pistol?)  
With they sad songs  
(What you fin' to do wit that?)  
They showin' off  
(C'mon baby, put the gun down)

But they might be wrong  
(Shittin' me)  
I really wish you could change baby  
(Well if my best ain't good enough I don't know what to  
tell ya)  
Reclaim your throne  
Down here in the darkness  
(I'm the king of this castle)  
(C'mon baby hold up, hold up!)

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Then you'll feel it when I'm gone  
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I said I'm done, enough of your love

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