

Outkast "Claimin True"

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Well, it is I, the pimp playin' nigga that you heard about
Yeah, I got the money and a half a million dope houses
I got the hookers on the go and playa rhymes that I
fuck with

I buy amps that pops my trunk swift
I've been a player since the age of two
That's when I learned to walk, grab my crotch, talk
Do how them hoe sellers do

See born and raised as a pimp, that's what I claim to be
Always claimin' true to what I do and then fuck what I
see

I pledge allegiance to the streets, that's where I
grewed up
And make my money 'cuz my daddy never showed up
But fuck it, I'm on my own, I'm in my zone
And nothin' wrong, you don't belong, you left me
standing alone
Yeah, I'm the nigga with the feather in my hat

Finger waves and snake skins, shit, I got all that
But you ain't know I'm the one dippin' and dodgin'
bullets
The price you pay when you behind it steady tryin' to
pull it
So Dolemite, Dolemite not shit, I studied the Mack and
Rudy Ray Moore
They were my idols when I was a kid
From nappy head, greasy face, eatin' watermelon
To drug dealer, armed robber, now, to big felon

I wonder how you would react if you was in my shoes
I put in work and did the dirt, that's how I payed my
dues

Uh, 1 2 3, that's how it be
So all the real niggaz step up like the playas that's in
back of me

I wonder how you would react if you was in my shoes
I put in work and did the dirt, that's how I payed my
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back of me

All Heavenly Father, why do you even bother watchin'
over me
Growin' up a little G, my mama thought I'd grow to be
A lawyer or a doctor but I felt like comin' harder
Packed a shank up in my socks when I started
kindergarten
This ain't no secret garden, so you fly when niggaz flee
If it is one of my own, I'm lettin' the trigger be
'Cuz I got love for any nigga who got love for me
And then I get a slap of dap when I'm slangin' quarter
keys

Just tryin' to make it, then of age, come through, take it
I ain't forgot about y'all women who be workin' niggaz
butt naked
At Magic City, shakin' titties just to pay the rent
Lord, tryin' to hustle must be somethin' that was
heaven sent
But I ain't got no sense, that's what I got them thinkin'
I think about payback, strap myself and keep on
dankin'

'Cuz I be takin' the rough side of the mountain
If you cross my path, I'll leave you drainin' like a
fountain
Yes, it's been like that since way back in 1975
Been taught to hustle with muscle and even try to strive
So little botty boy better say your prayers
You better learn some street sense before somebody
lay ya

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