

Outkast

"Da Art of Storytelling Pt 4"

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Cannon...Cannon...

[Andre 3000:]

Verse One:

So I'm watchin' her fine ass
Walk to my bedroom, and thought to myself
That's the shape of things to come
She said, Why you in the club, you don't make it
precipitate?
You know, make it rain when you can make it
thunderstorm
I'm like, Why?
The world needs sun
The hood needs funds
There's a war going on and half the battle is guns
How dare I throw it on the floor
When people are poor
So I write like Edgar Allen to restore, got a cord-
Umbilical attached to a place that can't afford
No landscaping, Or window draping
This old lady told me,
If I ain't got nothin' good, say nathing
That's why I don't talk much
I swear it don't cost much, to pay attention to me
I tell like it is, then I tell it how it could be
The hood be
Requesting my services, Oh don't get nervous it's
Step yo game up time, These ain't them same old
rhymes
Designed to have you dancin' in some club
Niggas ride to me
Woman be up in they tub
Exfoliating with they pom poms
Yellin' GO 3000!
I'm in my whatever bumpin' moi
a hundred miles and
Runnin' Runnin' Runnin' Runnin'
Summon
Woman
Come in
Sit down, heard you need some plumbing

Done in
I'm in
A swell mood
or rather swoll mood
Until she told me that she told dude
That she'll be back, she's going to the store
I didn't know she had a boyfriend, so the door
I pointed her to
I said, Call me when ya'll break up
I don't fuck nobody bitch
And never on the Jacob, know what time it is
Nigga just tryin' to live
Like a Nigga s'posed to live
If I still drank that malt liquor
I'd pour the beer
On the ground for niggas not around
I started off starvin'
Now they got me out here Brett Farve'n
Trynna see if I still got it... (got it...)
I guess it's like a fight think about it...
(oh oh oh no no)
..bout it...bout it... (oh oh oh no no)
oh oh oh....

[Chorus-Marsha Ambrosius]
nothin gonna stop us now
you cant stop us
what you gonna do right now
you cant run
we the boss in here we floss this shit cuz
aint nobody doin it like we do oh no

nothin gonna stop us now
you cant stop us
what you gonna do right now
you cant front we the-
boss in here we floss this shit cuz
aint nobody doin it like we do oh no
oh oh oh no (OH NO)
oh oh oh no (OH NO)
oh oh oh no (OH NO)
they can't stop us
oh oh oh NO!

[Big Boi]
[Verse 2]
So I Peep this bitch in BIP
i used to clip like Rob the barber
it seems she couldnt shape up
cupcake her i didnt bother
she's a follower a hell of a swollower

not a leader,
got her 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th string
i didnt need her.
i didnt mean to treat her
like she was the main feature
presentation, heard ya's a traitor
to the situation, more like a hassle
because she had no keys to the castle
the queen sits on the throne
while this hoe ride down Old National
(ZOOM) gone head' hoe beat ya feet
DR-DR-Drop down and get yo eagle on freak
we ever-so-discreet wit this meat
got a whole lot to lose if paparazzi
ever shot or shoot we
meaning me and you
us together in the lens
my ends would be gone
just like some dro in the wind
told da hoe you gonna win
sho' nuff we gone pretend
to the land of make believe
now come on and hit this hen...
taking shots to the neck
now thats love in ya mou-outh (Oh Oh Oh No No)
now we're affiliates
so dont give me the gangsta grill (Oh Oh Oh No No)
no drama it makes no sense
I got a mean ass backhand (Oh Oh Oh)
and a (CANNONNN) that don't miss. Bitch.

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[DJ DRAMA]
I Realized recently,
That I was born for this position!
I took the fall for Hip-Hop!
And I stand in front of you stronger than ever!
Watch what come next!
Valda lead it nigga! (oh oh oh no no)
DJ the fuck Drama
AMG!
Nothin can take me out my soul!

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