

# Outkast

## "Ova Da Wudz"

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Something's gotta give

Yeah, you know what I'm sayin'?  
Herring homes, unh, martel homes, carver homes,  
tekwood  
Martin Luther king, bankhead

Under-cover, over da hills and thru tha woods I go  
Like green lights, a southern nigga that's comin fo' yo'  
throat  
But not no guillotine see, we be them southern playas  
Remember the football socks, aerobic Reeboks and  
Decaturs, now

You up to par and ready fo yo lesson  
I got an ounce of dank and a couple of drinks so let's  
crank up a session  
Like Tri-City high school, was pullin' 'em in a broke  
down Rabbit  
I spit a couple of words and layin' 'em down was just a  
habit

Just like smokey, choking off da pee-wee that we rolled  
up  
Talkin' about the click will get you laid down hella  
swoled up  
Hootie hoo slapped ya boyz across the cheek wit  
Isotoners  
And went to tell yo momma and yo pop that you was a  
goner

Tell 'em Big Boi did it, I swear that nigga be rhymin'  
Every lyric that he spit be turnin' charcoals into  
diamonds and pearls  
Girl when you givin up them draws, 'cause  
I got a couple of niggaz down the hall that wanna hit it  
too

I'm not the type to be actin' selfish  
Set it out and let it out and I'll be right back just like  
Elvis  
'Cause the postman rings twice

Hey Mr. Postman

Power, power, I come gimme some  
Tha deadly voice over drums, we from, A.T.L.  
Put tha S.W.A.T.S., S.W.A.T.S. on yo' car  
Let's travel far, tha southern star shines

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Everybody wanna get signed, but, here to tell you  
Record companies act like pimps  
Gettin' paid off what we made  
When we the ones that's fly like blimps

But ain't no Goodyear, I tell it like it is so I'm like look  
here  
Just willin' to get what I deserve my kids to have a  
mother  
And a little house, with a dog in the backyard goin'  
"woof-woof"  
Who knows what I'ma say soon's I leave this recording  
booth

Poof, back in the real world where birds fly  
From Miami by way of Cuba to whoever wants to get  
that high  
There's clouds of clowns, seas of G's  
Projects, packed with playas meditating on their knees

Just to make them ends meet, like ground beef  
You won't believe the shit that niggaz attempt  
'Cause they got other mouths to feed  
Besides they own

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There's some hoes in this house, damn right  
I'm thinkin' about the way you skull me, guzz me  
Suckin' me dry like deserts Mojave, Gotti, hotties and  
honeydips

Likin the way you do me, screw me it make my money  
flip

Shakin' that ass for daddy puttin' this gas off in my  
Cadillac  
Back, don't ever snap, packin' the gats and pimpin'  
whores  
Hors d'oevres, swerve, hit the curb because I'm  
reckless  
Back in the days when I was broke I'd snatch your  
fuckin' necklace  
You ol' pussy-ass nigga, yeah

Everybody hi  
Everybody hi  
Everybody hi  
...

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