

## Outkast "Slump"

Visit "[Slump](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

From front to back street, listen, we on a mission  
To get right, workin' street corner in the midnight  
Picture the scene, these fiends with fire  
Ten dollar dreams, scheme, for a sack of that, believe  
that

I'm with whatever like Wheatstraw  
Stuck servin' my cocaine raw  
Drop sixty-two off the brick, jump back  
Twenty over now that's mo' money to get

Slick, we fin' to lick on the corner without gettin' caught  
But time, keep a sleepin' and money gettin' short  
Plus that crooked cop Brock think we blow slangin'  
That why he ride through the hole with the do' swangin'

But I make moves, shake them tricks up out they  
shoestrings  
Be more precise when we do things  
'Cause life like shakin' the dice, but I buck back twice  
Like five-deuce, fo' Trey, okay

I'm strickly dressin' dirty dirty, gonna represent it to the  
t-top  
Born and bred up on the street top  
Get to the money and the sweet spot  
And forever hollerin', "Hootie hoo" when we see cops

I'm strickly dressin' dirty dirty, gonna represent it to the  
t-top  
Born and bred up on the street top  
Get to the money and the sweet spot  
And forever hollerin' "Hootie hoo" when we see cops

Shit, cops and robbers niggaz be bound to get them  
dollars and cents  
They get in a slump like baseball players  
When they short on their rent  
Anything goin' you ain't knowin' how much money you  
spent

But in the real world you surrounded by these ladies

and gents

Who hang around you 'cause you be buyin' all the weed  
And all the chicken, feedin' everybody, smokin' 'em out  
When you was broke though they was missin'

Now you ridin' 'bout fo' deep, startin' to tear up yo'  
suspension

And your baby, mamma on child support  
My fault, forget to mention you don't even have a  
checkin' account  
Wasn't thinkin' about no pension

I used to work at Steak 'N' Ale, Old Gold off in the  
kitchen  
Had determination and graduated  
Now I got the whole rap world fascinated  
I wanted a piece of the pie for me and my family so I  
made it

Continue to sell dope, it's payin' the bills so you gon' do  
it

But legislation got this new policy  
Three strikes and you're ruined  
Now where your crew at? Yeah

I'm strickly dressin' dirty dirty, gonna represent it to the  
t-top

Born and bred up on the street top  
Get to the money and the sweet spot  
And forever hollerin' "Hootie hoo" when we see cops

I'm strickly dressin' dirty dirty, gonna represent it to the  
t-top

Born and bred up on the street top  
Get to the money and the sweet spot  
And forever hollerin' "Hootie hoo" when we see cops

Ay, me and my buddy on the cut and they know we  
servin' 'em slabs

We better watch what we doin' and look out for Joe Nab  
And quit rein-up and standin' on this same old block  
Before our gangsta ass partna get both of us shot

Niggaz talkin' 'cause they makin' some flow

But still ain't did nuttin' that ain't been done before  
You can't be tryin' to showcase, just put it down for your  
spot

And improvise and work with that little you got

So I think when I finish sellin' my last sack

I'ma take some of this money, go and give some back

'Cause people won't forget about the time you gave  
Know what 'm sayin'? And start thinkin' 'bout a path to  
pave

I'm strickly dressin' dirty dirty, gonna represent it to the  
t-top  
Born and bred up on the street top  
Get to the money and the sweet spot  
And forever hollerin' "Hootie hoo" when we see cops

I'm strickly dressin' dirty dirty, gonna represent it to the  
t-top  
Born and bred up on the street top  
Get to the money and the sweet spot  
And forever hollerin' "Hootie hoo" when we see cops

Visit [Outkast](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.