

# Outkast Feat. Killer Mike & Jay-Z "Flip Flop Rock"

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Yeah, ATLiens style on y'all ass, Do or Die, Aquemini  
Killer Mike, Roc-A-Fella collaboration, holla

Young Hov' in the place to be  
Big Boi in the place to be  
Andre 3000 shout out to public housin'  
I brought the whole hood with me

You got red dirt in your Afro  
Young Hov' in the place to be  
OutKast in the place to be

Did you ever think that you would be the nigga on the  
block?  
Didn't have to break a steerin' column, didn't have to  
cook a rock  
A damn goody two-shoes, that what they call ya  
Never judge a person or a book by it's covers

Just because my tone is darker than yours, a little  
tanner  
You never took the time out, examine yourself Boi  
Are you black, white, Asian?  
Indonesian, or Borean that's black and Korean

We on the same team if we breathin'  
I jumped off the subject to see if you was seein'  
That we drop a little science off in every verse  
They put that P.A. sticker on it 'cause they scared we  
gon' curse

But the knowledge is the power, the cowards get  
devoured  
Any hour, any cipher, any way to any height  
Because I might just snap on a fuck ass nigga  
Might clap a cap at a sucka ass nigga

In the meantime, Daddy Fatsacks gon' chill out  
He might just, pull out his pistol and let that thang  
Whistle at your windshield or your residence  
Superman to Clark Kent, you better be way harder  
Than the park bench to start this

Marcus, Jason, my little brother James, all my brothers  
From my momma but Andre is just the same  
Ain't no uno, we a duo, deuce dos to a pair  
A player stiffen the competition pressed like Levi's and  
tough skins  
One minus one, negative one minus negative one is  
nothin'

Busti'n D-boy raps and player poems  
The 'Kast shit ain't plastic, we smash it and move the  
crowd  
And rock the crowd original material while you bore  
'em  
Your live show consists of everybody's shit but you're  
uns  
Do your own shit, in your live show

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Penelope Ann Cruz couldn't snooze  
With her 'Eyes Wide Shut', before I asked to hit her gut  
If you Brunette, 'Legally Blonde' I might respond  
Take you to 'Swan Lake' and beyond

Antwan raps on, raps on, clap off clap on  
I switch the flow so quick you cannot fathom  
I take a submarine two thousand leagues below the sea  
And try to grab one line or sentence

Rhyme repentance, find the illest lyricist  
And give him a clean bill of health  
Wealth might make you look good but you sound like  
shit  
And your team lookin' shitty to death

My nigga Big Boi said, watch 'em as they gawk and  
they gander  
You can follow or lead like Commander Picard  
You can have 'The Whole World'  
Or be satisfied with the boulevard, over stand

This young player's rhyme

I foregoed the crime and I focused on rhyme  
Focused on every word, and line  
Like a young Cassius Clay in his prime

I was born to talk shit and prove mine  
And I'm the epitome of raw rhyme  
Got signed, got serious about the craft  
Of raw rhyme and I got mine

Aquemini's murderous monster move minds  
Did it so hard that it oughta be a crime  
When you see I'm comin' holla one time, holla one time  
When you see I'm comin' holla one time

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Big Boi in the place to be  
Andre 3000 shout out to public housin'  
I brought the whole hood with me

Young Hov' in the place to be  
Big Boi in the place to be  
Andre 3000 shout out to public housin'  
I brought the whole hood with me, yeah yeah

Don't you like to groove in your hooptie on your old  
Flip, flop, sweat shoes to run yo' tennis shoes?  
Don't it matter to you that OutKast we got that slump for  
y'all?  
Keep that funk for y'all

When I'm in the mood I rock the S Dot tennis shoes  
At the interlude, I got the Gucci flip-flops  
And I fix it up like gin and juice when I'm them  
interviews  
Dudes wanna know what he copped

And where you got that, and how could they buy that  
Where the million dollar watch at, stop that  
Why that, why this, niggaz wanna hijack the flyness  
I'm on a whole 'nother plane

A whole different lane, a whole 'nother game that I'm  
playin'  
Understand what I'm sayin'  
Hov' and OutKast, whatchu think about that?  
Really don't matter though what you niggaz chatter  
though

Anybody get out of line then you trust  
That the mac'll go brrrap, got you killed for that alone  
Back on the shit, back on the strip

Another hit I'm not gon' miss

Don't you like to groove in your hooptie on your old  
Flip, flop, sweat shoes to run yo' tennis shoes?  
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Keep that funk for y'all

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