

## **Speakerboxxx**

### **"Flip Flop Rock"**

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Yeah, 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  
(Young)  
Andre 3000 shout out to public housin'  
(Cash, bitch)  
I brought the whole hood with me  
(Holla)

You got red dirt in your afro  
Young Hov' in the place to be  
(Yeah)  
OutKast in the place to be  
(Yeah)

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 goodie 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 toughskins, one minus one  
Negative one minus negative one is nothin'  
Bustin' 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  
(Bitin' ass nigga)

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(Holla)  
(Yeah, yeah)

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(Holla)  
(Yeah, yeah)

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  
(One-time)

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(Yeah, yeah)

Don't, you, like, to groove  
In your hooptie on your old, flip, flop, sweatshoes  
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 br-r-r-ap, 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, sweatshoes  
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