

Project Pat

"Chonkyfire"

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Yo, this is my story, this is my song
And to them rudypoots don't attempt to try this at home
It's just a poem until y'all learn right from wrong
Kwow when to bless a situation, when to grab the
chrome
But it's back on, another stormy night in Atlanta,
Georgia
Overcast, but on behalf of Outkast, I cordially
Invite you to an emotion filled theater
Bring your umbrella cause young fella it gets no
weirder

(Refrain)

We reign, reign supreme, preme, dungeon, dungeon
kings
Do you know what it brings rats, mice, snakes up out of
they hole
Chonkyfire, spliced with rock n'roll indubitably, piper
pied
Now hold on my brother no, no, no, no, can't stop the
stride

You are now about entering the fifth demension of
ascension
Our only intention is to take you high
High, yeah, yeah my lord

(Big Boi)

To make one bob they head would be the track job
Tour job's to spit that fire
Some of y'all MC's take this rhymin for granted I won't
comply
with that slackin, poppin and crackin 4th ward way we
snappin
They won't that hardness that oddness that gets a
nigga to start this
What's happenin, see if do what yo won't do today boy
Will I live tommorrow like you can't even live cause you
strayed
Motivational skills lackin, when I see you nigga packin
Understand that though, you behind a \$75,000 car do'

But you still stay with mom though playin the King like
Don doe
You chocked up, you was the nigga that supposed to
be locked up
Makin them thick Hip Hop is dead, exhume the body if
you ain't scared
And if I see you in the streets I'd dap you down like you
was Greg

Refrain

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