

54th Platoon F/ Lil' Jon, The Eastside Boyz

"Skew It on the Bar-B"

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Intro/Chorus: OutKast

Old school players to new school fools
'Kast keep it jumpin like kangaroos
but skew it on the bar-b we ain't tryin to lose
Say 'I be got dammit they done changed the rules'
(repeat 2X)

Verse One: Andre Benjamin

The common denominator, the nigga numerator
Never know who the hater, niggaz cater to your ego
I'm sorry like Atari whose the cousin to Coleco.. Vision
caught a Rico, back on the street like Chico.. DeBarge
he large and got a 'Llac in the garage
Few parts here and there, I declare hard, my lawd
One at Clark, one at Spelman
Both know each other and it's cool, you can tell when
he step off in the party women jump for joy
But all the wild niggaz schemin they gon' jump the
boy
for spittin all that bourgeoise, my watch, my car
I'm a star -- I'd rather be a comet by far -- rrrahhh!

Chorus

Verse Two: Raekwon the Chef

Deliver this through your audio, ghetto mafioso
Grow hydro, then bag it up yo
Price that longevity, suggest make moves
slow take time grow eight, react nine blow
Hydro slide raw like fuck Renaldo
Fly ride though, shit lookin wild dope
then glide yo, flippin the page, I go
Watch five-oh, jump on my meat, ride slow
Watch those, undercovers, cop those, rock those
Glocks blows leave em baggy and collect spot grows
Keep a watch froze, lean on the yacht and wash clothes
Let the chop' blow, bag a half a block plot grows, what?

Chorus

Verse Three: Big Boi

Boi, I bust raps like D-boys bust gats, shit
We the type of people that don't bury the axe
or the hatchet, everytime we see your link we snatch it
Ridin round our hood talkin that dumb shit, your
cabbage
is cracked, like plumber's ass, and summer's grass
I been in the game for a minute, seen some suckaz like
y'all passin
thinkin you're light skinned, aight then, lil' boy why you
frightened?
The Dungeon Family gon' be here nigga so keep
writing
I gotta hit The Source, I need my other half a mic
because that _Southerplayalisticadillacmuzik_ was a
classic, right!
College Park, East Pointe and Decatur they got my
back, so
We gon' keep on jammin and stabbin off in the track,
ahh
Think it's time to bungee but buddy we will be back
and I'm fin' to put some D's on the 'Llac, know dat!

Chorus

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