

RZA**"Spaghetti Junction"**Visit "[Spaghetti Junction](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah Yeah
Yes Spaghetti Junction
Yes yes
Elope ski slopes
(*coughs*) ahh
Damn.. yeah, check this out

[Andre 3000]
Niggaz elope wit ski slopes and fall like avalanches
Tootin like it's cool bein a fool, and I can't just
Sit around and watch those nose membranes flame
My ends is loose and you can't stop that rain
When it starts to fall

[Big Boi]
Lookin like Ms. Pac-Man, hammers and Vogues and cat-
man
I'm speakin about these pros cause you know nothing
bout that man
The nigga the B-I-G is high in flight like ValuJet
You thinkin about the beatin, this my ends is never met,
nigga

[Andre 3000]
Black man, white man, Jew man ain't no joke
Remember me and my cousin used to sit up on the
porch
and talk about when we get older now we up against
the ropes
Yeah they kickin niggaz do' down; cause it ain't no
dope on the streets

[Big Boi]
And a quarter pound of feet weed, that's all a nigga
like me need
Talkin about that Southern sess, nigga you all up in that
mess, but
Never shall you test and never shall you quit
Runnin up on me with that fuck shit will get you nothin
but dead nigga

[Chorus]

Be careful where you roam cause you might not make
it home
{*whispered*} In the junction, in the junction
Don't you dare ever get lost cause you get caught up in
that sauce
{*whispered*} Junction, junction
To all you players play ya brims and you hustla chrome
ya rims
'Llac and pimps and macks I love the corners that you
bend
Y'all, yes, yes, uhh
{*whispered*} Junction, junction

[Big Boi]

Uhh, check it
A-well I'm drankin on yak while I'm dippin off in that
'llac ('llac)
The junkies around my way are always smokin up on
that crack
Be layin them College Park hoes flat on they backs
(backs)
Livin the life of pimps steadily makin this paper stack
Niggaz don't understand the master plan, crumble yo'
herb man
'til they start kickin the do' in, then we ready to blast
dem
Out (Out) like 'Kast ('Kast) we bout, to crash (crash)
So mayday, may Dre, knock 'em up off they ass boi

[Andre 3000]

We struggle like fat hoes just to get things that those
People got we forgot they always gonna keep a plot
Right up they sleeve you won't believe they deceive like
weave
Theives can't break in your crib and leave in that good
life too
So gimme me and then I'm straight, as eight-oh-five
See my folks can't cover three eyes
We wise to the fact so we attack with what we know
Heaven is the only good life, so what you strivin fo'?
Yeah

[Chorus]

[Big Boi]

Uh, check this shit out doe, uh, well
Well like flip-flops and football socks
A nigga be rockin the mic like birthdays
Lil' Jon and Ser-cy, so are you wor-thy?
I'm callin yo' ass a flawed pimp

Yappin about this crew you run wit
Bankhead bouncin to that dumb shit
So what mo' can you come wit?

[Andre 3000]

Yess, they can bite but cannot be us
They can come and pick up little slang but cannot see
us
You ought to be ashamed, trying to fit in "My Adidas"
So +Run+ like +D.M.C.+ is me and no, don't got no
heater

[Big Boi]

Uh, yeah, check, uh, well.. we
zippin around the corner in that golden stankin Lincoln
I got my heat up under my seat
just in case these youngsters tryin to take it
Pullin the pistol on another black man was never the
plot
But sometimes my brothers lose theyself and try to
take my spot

[Andre 3000]

Well, they come like black stallions in the night
Usually around fo' or five, is when they figure the time
is right
When you good and sleep, I couldn't sleep until I seen
it
wit my own eyes, 'til they come over the hill - suprised

[Chorus]

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