

Big Boi f/ Bubba Sparxxx, Killer Mike

"Oh No"

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[Big Boi]

We're back

This is MC extraordinaire

Reporting to you for W-A D-F, generation one television

We here in a remote area

Somewhere way back up in the woods

With members of the elite Dungeon Family

Them boys in there workin' on some shit so fire

I bullshit you not

[Killer Mike]

Ey, welcome to Purple Ribbon, prime-time official

Killer Mike, y'all

Killer kill from the ville, go hard on the rhyme

Like a junkie on powder I go hard every line

I'm a ex-Dope Boi but I still rap low

And I sold more horse than a polo sto'

I'm destined to become a millionaire

Similar to Phil Collins I can feel it in the air

My car change colors like a million airts

Necklace, get reckless and touch my chain

I put it in the air and bust your brain

Any sucker out there tryna' take my cash

Better pray God with him when I catch his ass

Or he gon' lay there dyin' wit' a bullet in his ass

We trendsetters off the chain rock wilders, y'all

Sideline upp'in' these haters and bitch riders

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[Bubba Sparxxx]

Pardon my French but if you give me an inch

I'm a take five kilometres and give it to the commoners

Some dirty white boys and some hoochie black girls

Nearly one million sold but I'm still in that world

That's why you won't see Bubba, buck head bouncin'

Unless it's the cream and I'm upstairs countin'
You know the type of bread that don't involve
accountants
Continuin' the legacy my four fathers founded
We won a lot of battles but the war is still ragin'
She's turned a lot of tricks but the whore is still agein'
What is ? what God gave me for my birthday
You ain't D-F dawg, fuck what your shirt say
Talkin' bout he's undeserving of the blessin's
When truthfully the tat was roomin' them suggestions
New ? clean in the game they ?
We ain't them boys that you can't say earned it

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[Big Boi]

Every now and then, me and my kin, we get to bussin'
Not in the high school football game, I'm talkin' bout
rhyme thrustin'
I'm talkin' bout line crushin', somethin's empty bumpin'
On the low straight out the oven like some blueberry
muffins
We got the stuffing like some ? or somethin', macaroni,
mackalicious
Mack a bitch or a woman, there is a difference
Not if the woman start bitchin', won't get in the kitchen
Male, chauvinistic, nah, ho, you missed it
I'm just kiddin', just playin', I'm just sayin' we humpin'
around
Like the ghost of Bobby Brown and Stankonia lingerin'
round
We have found proof of sound of our ground
When we've split in two parts, no one can block us now
Maybe top lock but we can't stop, let the great white
head be severed
We weathered the storm, with feathers, something we
treasure
(Well I never) and you never will, suckered up
The Dungeon Family is here to stay and we don't give a
flying fuck

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