

Shana

"Snappin' and Trappin'"

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(Killer Mike)

Our shit don't mix like llao and lukewarm water
Better make it hotter splash ice and watch it rock up
I oughta duct tape your infant daughter
Show y'all soldier ass niggaz
I'm murder city's Sargeant Slaughter
Guaranteed to get more cut than a barber
I betcha I'll drill your heifer like Black & Decker
This pussy wrecker and white water couldn't get it
wetter
I'm guaranteed to leave her swiss cheese for more
cheddar
I give a fuck, suede bucks and Coogi sweaters
What's up? Whatever sable fur to lamb leather
I've seen it all in the trap with fitted caps for cold
weather
And creased denim threats delivered when I send 'em
Nigga know I, FedEx my shit, overnight express my shit
Deliver my hits quick, who next on my shit list
Banana niggaz need to split
Quit fucking with this thorough Atlanta click
This here is Slum Lordz we make your terrific shit tragic
My pen and pixel make violence more graphic
I take raw coke, cook it crack, saran wrap it
One muthafuckin' verse and it's already a classic(x2)
Killer Mike nigga!

(Hook)(x2)

Don't you be looking at me crazy like ya want to
The game is over k.b. baby won't you
Just quit the contemplating cause
I'll box you in your muthafuckin mouth

(Big Boi)

My Cadillac got that boom, boom in it, listen to it drop
Like cereal in your breakfast bowl just jumpin' off the
top
A nigga don't stop for squares or octagons prepare
I'm not the one you scared, the Piccolo Pimp done set
up shop
Nigga you pop lock, for pop rocks, but I'm only poppin

tweeters

And woofers and pussies be blowing purple wit' my
feet up

I'mma eat up anybody who tests this, I'm blessed wit'
Super human powers, poke your chest in, the next of
kin

Gone be the first one like some Mexicans to buck
Nigga you stuck like a truck in red dirt, you's in church
And I'm the deacon speakin' while ya tweakin'
The preacher preachin', reachin', teachin', speakin',
being, breathin'

You're not, your clock stop, and now you're laying in a
pretty box

And now pastor is only talking 'bout the pretty parts of
your life

Your brother fuckin' your damn wife

You look for the pearly white gates, but you realize your
fate

It's too late, 'cause you hate, you hate

It's too late, 'cause you hate

Punk pussy ass bitch, game over, who want some?!

(Hook)

(Killer Mike)

Roll my blunts thick, like I like my bitch

Lick my blunts and spit, like she do my dick

Attempted murder dick, for ways I choke chicks

Spit it in her eye make it hard to focus

(Big Boi)

Killer Mike gonna calm down, things gonna get a little
crazy

Ol' girl might yell rape G, you might as well give her a
throat baby

Goop goobler, goop gravy, no dicking her down to the
ground

Now you doing the Dirty South, know what I'm talkin'
about

(Killer Mike)

Big Boi, my mentor, hear what you hollering about

But fuck that, I'm looking for love all in her mouth

Need her to gobble up jism, like school lunches

Need her to take cat beatings and throw punches

(Big Boi)

Like a swarm of locusts, no hocus-pocus

You wanna approach us, buzzards and vultures

We two of the dopest mic controllers

Stack big bank, honey folders

Even wit' rollers, I'm trying to told ya

Even loving, lavish, ladies, leaving, landmarks
Of Lemon-lime, lip gloss on your lavender lapels
Leaping lizards, keep me slizzard, my mind's
expanding
Readily rappin' and snappin', snappin' and trappin'
That's just what's happening (Hook)

(J-Sweet)

A whey you want come dis
When you know you nuh fit
You better move you bombo
Before me start trip
Nuff a them a talk OutKast
Nuff a them a trip
Nuff a them come in like a bitch
They wear slip
A J-Sweet me name an' me already Chris
A OutKast me spar wid
So boy nuh try dis
If you dis boy shot know go miss
Gun shot a go teck you just like fits
Boy hear me song an' thought a remix
Brand new tune platinum hits
We nah gon' run and switch like no bitch
OutKast, J-Sweet, Killer Mike

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