

Outkast F/ Erykah Badu

"The Symphony"

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Verse 1--Master Ace:

Listen closely, so your attention's undivided.
Many in the past have tried to do what I did.
Just the way I came off, man I'm gonna come off.
Stronger and longer, even with the drum off.
I keep on goin' and flowin' just like a river.
I got a whole lot to give so I'm-a give a
little at a time, new trails are blazin',
Action is in effect, and always stays in.
Yeah, just like a shot from a cannon.
I am the man in charge and I've been plannin'
a jam strong enough that it can life your soul.
I'm the originator, and my rhymes are made of gold.
Once you hear the capital "A" rap, it'll stay
with you for awhile, it won't go away.
Unless you force it, because it stays with you, my
friend,
and if you toss it away, I'm-a hit ya again.
I project my voice so it's right in the crowd.
There's a sign at the door: no bitin' allowed.
And if you didn't read it I suggest you do so,
or you'll be stranded, just like Caruso.
Sleep if ya wanna, go 'head, get some shut-eye.
A man broke his jaw tryin' to say what I
say on the microphone, you shoulda left it alone,
just for the record, let it be known
that my ego's only partially grown.
And never will I ever condone biting in any form, yo I'm
only warm.
That verse was the calm, now here's the storm...
Next up (Yo, I believe that's me). Craig G, light up the
mic for the Symphony.

Verse 2--Craig G:

This jam is dedicated to all un-optimistics
that though I wasn't coming out with some exquisite
rhymes.
But that's alright, cuz now I'm back
to kill all the rumors and straighten the facts of me
not rockin' rhymes like I always used to,
but you jumped on hte tip when you heard me and the
Juice Crew.

You said, "Mmm mmm mmm, ain't that somethin?
Yo Craig, I head you in that jam, and it's pumpin'!
I apologize. Oh yeah, and uh, can I have your
autograph for me and my grandma?"
That's how I'm livin': all surprise mode.
Don't even sleep, try not to keep your eyes closed.
Cuz if you do, when you awaken, your so-called spot
will be taken.
I'll take you over like a greedy executive, cuz on the
mic my prospective is
to be the best in all rap events, and since I have a call, I
call experience.
Next up...(Yo, I believe that's me)
Kool G Rap, light up the mic for the Symphony...
Verse 3--Kool G Rap
Yo, Marley gives the slice, I get nice,
and my voice is twice as horrifying as Vincent Price
goes deep, till you fell in a spell of a sleep,
and while I'm countin' the money, you count sheep.
When G Rap strikes the mic, I recite the type of hype
that you like,
and make the people unite.
I grip up hips and zip up lips, step on reps, you flip and
wanna sip on my tip.
Take a deep breath, because you don't have another
left.
Comin' back like I'm avengin' my brother's deat.
Makin' veterans run for medicine,
cuz I put out more lights in a fight than ConEdison.
Rip the damn cage like I'm on a rampage.
And if you want rage, I'm-a make front page.
Read the headlines, suckers, todays the deadline,
your head is way past bedtime.
Can't kill though. Solo. Cuz you're still all...soft like a
pillow.
My rap is rougher than Brillo.
So fear me, don't dare dare me,
and don't compare me to him when you hear me.
Talk about a battle but you ain't yet ready for war.
Your metaphor sucks more than a whore.
You can't replace me, ice me or ace me, bass me, face
me, slice me or race me,
bite me or taste me -- I'll show you that I got force.
My rap burns your mouth like hot sauce.
Run for water while I break your tape recorder.
Server-to-sucker: the order is manslaughter.
Another rapper, G Rap wrecks, he's rated X, to mean
the boy is sex. Next...
the amplifier gets used and abused. Pumps so loud, we
might blow a fuse.
This is anger, madness, ready to hang 'er.

Rapper or singer: I'm puttin' up my middle finger.
Next up... (I believe that's me)
Big Daddy Kane, get on the mic for the Symphony.
Verse4--Big Daddy Kane:
Settin' it off, lettin' it off, beginnin'.
Rough to the endin', you never been in
to move the groove with the smooth rap lord;
like a bottle of juice, rhymes are being poured.
Down your ear, crisp and clear,
as I prepare to wear, tear and smear -- then I'm outta
here.
With a mark left that you can all cling.
Cuz rockin' a party? Yo, it's a small thing.
I rip many places on regular basis, and broken down
mics were the only traces
that I'd been there and there at the party.
The mic had my prints, and on it was a body.
So take caution. I'm not horsin' around in a throwdown,
clown,
I'm takin' yours son.
So just acknowledge the way that I kick it,
cuz if rap was a house, you'd be evicted.
And dismissed from the microphone, chokin' on a
bone, cuz Daddy's home.
And battlin' me is hazardous to health,
so put a quarter in your ass, cuz ya played yourself
Like a game in the arcade. You need a far aid.
I'm walkin' the path that Allah made.
I'll attend and then begin to send a speech to reach
and teach,
so just say when.
So I can let lyrics blast like a bullet.
My mouth is the gun; on suckers I pull it.
The trigger, ya figure, my pockets gettin' bigger,
cuz when it comes to money, yo, Grant's my nigga!
You've got the groove, MCs, freeze, stand still, nobody
move.
It's a sabotage, as I take charge. Don't barge, cuz
gotdamn, I'm livin' large
like a giant. You're nothin' but a midget, a small digit.
You ain't hit it, forget it, quit it.
I reign superior, always takin' care o'ya.
No-frill rappers, you will evaporate, disintegrate,
deflate to your fate,
as the great will dominate straight to the state
of reignin', gainin. So put Kane in, that category.
Period. End of story...

