

Slump

Outkast

{backbone}
from front to back street, listen, we on a mission
to get right, workin street corner in the midnight
picture the scene, these feinds w/fire
10 \$ dreams, scheme, for a sack of that, believe that
im with whateva like wheatstraw
stuck servin my cocaine raw
stop 62 off the brick, jump back
20 over now thats more money to get
slick, we fin to LICK on this corner without gettin caught
but time, keep a sleepin and money gettin short
plus that crooked cop Brock think we blow sangin *(fuck him)*
that why he ride thro the hole w/the do swingin
but i make moves -- shake them tricks up they shoestrings
be more precise when we do things
cuz life like shakin the dice, but i buck back twice
like 5--deuce, fo -trey, okay
im strickly dressin dirty dirty
gone represent it to the t-top
born and bred up on the street top
and forever hollerin "hootie hoo"
when we see cops
im strickly dressin dirty dirty
gone represent it to the t-top
born and bred up on the street top
get to the money and the sweet spot
and forever hollerin "hootie hoo"
when we see cops
{big boi}
sheyit
cops and robbers niggaz be bound to get them \$s and cents
they get in a slump like baseball players
when they short on they rent
anything gion you aint knowin how much money YOU spent
but in the real world you surrounded by these ladies and gents
who hang around you cuz you be buyin all the weed
and ALL the chicken
feedin everybody, smokin em out
when you was broke tho they was missin
now you ridin bout fo deep startin to tear up YOU suspension
and your baby mamma on child support
my fault, forgot to mention

you dont even have a checkin account
 wasnt thinkin about no pension
 i used to work at Steak -n- Ale, Old Gold off in the kitchen
 had determination and graduated
 now i got the whole rap world fascinated
 i wanted a piece of the pie for me and my family so i made it
 continue to sell dope, its payin the bills so you gon do it
 but legislation got this new policy
 3 strikes and youre ruined... now where your crew at?
 yea...im strickly dressin dirty dirty
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 born and bred up on the street top
 and forever hollerin "hootie hoo"
 when we see cops
 im strickly dressin dirty dirty
 gone represent it to the t-top
 born and bred up on the street top
 get to the money and the sweet spot
 and forever hollerin "hootie hoo"
 when we see cops {cool breeze}
 ay
 me and my buddy on the cut and they know we servin em slabs
 we better watch what we doin and look out for Joe Nab
 and quit re'in-up and standin on this same old block
 before our gangsta ass partna get both of us shot
 niggaz talkin cuz they makin some flow
 but still aint did nuttin that int been done befo
 you cant be tryin to showcase, just put it down for your spot
 and improvise and work with that little you got
 so i think when i finish sellin my last sack
 imma take some of this money, go and give some back
 cuz people wont forget about the time you gave, know what im sayin?
 and start thinkin bout a path to paveim strickly dressin dirty dirty
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