

# Ain't No Thang

## Outkast

[Produced by Organized Noize]

[Intro: André 3000]

Niggas in the point ain't changed  
Niggas in the point ain't changed  
Yeah...

[Beat switch]

[Verse 1: André 3000]

A nigga ready from the get-go (Blaow, blaow, blaow)  
Y'all hear my shit go, it's Andre  
Can yo' punk ass come out to play?  
Stay in your little hole, then coward duck your head  
You don't know who you be fucking with, you's better off  
Dead is what I say, best run the other way  
In case of physical breakdown, y'all can break now  
My kitchen full of heat, if you can't take the temp  
Make yourself exempt  
Pussy footing around don't be getting y'all nowhere but stuck  
Nowhere to duck, bullets fly, niggas die  
By getting blasted, how drastic  
They got the nerve to ask me why I do the things I do  
I got the nerve to serve you up just like a waiter do  
But naw, I take that back, that's my problem  
Turning and walking away  
This ain't gon' work when they be robbing  
As long as Big Boi's still living, never standing by my lonesome  
Step up, nigga, if you want some

[Chorus]

Ain't no thang but a chicken wang  
We's having a smoke out in the Dungeon with the Mary Jane  
It's just a pimps (players), Mack daddies (East Point)  
It's all about that cess in yo' chest (It's the joint)  
Ain't no thang but a chicken wang  
We's having a smoke out in the Dungeon with the Mary Jane  
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It's all about that cess in yo' chest (It's the joint)

[Verse 2: Big Boi]

Well, nigga, you softer than silicone used to pump up tits  
It's that nigga down in the Dungeon with them playeristic hits  
I'm quick to stop a sucka flow like menopause at 50  
Original ghetto bastard, so now I makes a switch  
I used to sell dope, but in 1994  
I'm making Southernplayalisticadillacmuzik  
But see these voices in my skull has got me reminiscing  
About the days back when me mammy had to work in kitchens  
She had me making better grades to make a better life  
But I never had no love or respect, 'cause we's gon' be alright  
I ran the streets and broke my curfew 'cause I gave a shit  
I carried guns and butcher knives 'cause I was steadily in the mix  
Yeah, it was so hard to say goodbye, I'm a man now  
I'm at the end of my street, so it's time to take my stand now  
I call the wild because it's time to take the streets  
So if you ain't got the vertebrae or big enough nuts, retreat  
I'm ready to wet 'em up like cereal  
Just an international playa, coming through your stereo

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3: André 3000]

3-5-7 to your forehead

There'll be mo' dead 'cause I'm a pro, kid  
But Lord forgive me, I gots to keep my Milli right Vi-near me  
My nine be doing fine until these niggas wants to clear me  
Off my street, but in my hood-hood, they hollering ghetto  
Don't got no neighbors, they hit the pipe and never let go  
But I feel for them like Chaka Khan feel for you  
Ain't shit that we can do but rest in peace, pour a brew  
On the concrete, remember when we ran deep?  
Remember at the party when we served them niggas dandy?  
They know not to test us, test me, do me, try me  
Tripping with that drama, my Beretta's right beside me  
One is in the air and one is in the chamber  
Y'all ask me what the fuck I'm doing, I'm releasing anger  
Quick to dodge danger, I'm taking it one day  
At a time, I got the fattest dimes around my way  
You can sway with Andre, I'll take it to the Ho-Jo, bitch

Just to let you know, yeah

[Chorus]

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[Verse 4: Big Boi]

It's on my friend, on the road again, I'm traveling  
Do more than 65 on 85 off in my Cadillac  
I got that nigga Dre, he riding shotgun  
And got my pump under my seat  
In case these youngsters wanna have some fun  
I'd do it if I have to, busting caps with this, a heater  
Load it clip up after clip, I'm packing my gauge, if I feel it  
The Glock, the gat, the nine, the heaters  
See, I be busting caps like my amp be busting speakers  
So how do you figure that Big Boi be scared to blast you?  
You 'posed to be the quickest draw, but man, I hail 'em faster  
1-2-3, you need to think about the future  
Before I shoot your ass and dilute your blood with lead  
From my hollow tips, I'll send you to an early grave  
You fucking slave, you better try another way  
To take me out is truly something difficult  
Don't even run up on me unless you want your brain broke  
I'm out of bullets, letting loose my last clip  
I'ma kick you in your ass and your nigga getting pistol whipped  
Yeah, that's how I do  
You know that's how I do, you know that's how I do

[Chorus]

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[Outro: Big Boi]

Yeah, and it don't stop and it don't quit, to the motherfucking  
Organized Noize, PA, Goodie Mob, Big Gipp and all the niggas  
Around the East Point way

College Park is really on the map  
We coming around Atlanta and the niggas are really strapped  
With the motherfucking guns and the motherfucking Glocks  
The heaters, the gats, nigga, don't fear it and it don't stop

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>