

Skew It On the Bar-B

Outkast

[Intro: André 3000]

Ah-ye-ye, yeah! Rrah!

[Hook: André 3000]

Old school players to new school fools
'Kast keep it jumping like kangaroos
We'll skew it on the bar-b, we ain't tryin to lose
Say, "I be got, damn it, they done changed the rules"
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[Verse 1: André 3000]

The common denominator, the nigga numerator
Never know who the hater, niggas cater to your ego
I'm sorry, like Atari, who's the cousin to Coleco
Vision, caught a RICO, back on the street like Chico
DeBarge, he large and got a 'Lac in the garage
Few parts here and there, I declare hard, my Lord
One at Clark, one at Spelman
Both know each other, and it's cool, you can tell when
He step off in the party, women jump for joy
But all the wild niggas scheming, they gon' jump the boy
For spittin' all that bujoua — "My watch, my car"
"I'm a star" — I'd rather be a comet by far, rrah!

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[Verse 2: Raekwon]

Deliver this through your audio, ghetto mafioso
Grow hydro, then bag it up slow

Price that, longevity suggest make moves slow
Take time, grow eight, react nine, blow!
Hydro slide raw like fuck Ronaldo
Fly ride though, shit lookin' wild dope
Then glide yo, flippin' the page, I go
Watch five-oh, jump on my meat, ride slow
Watch those, undercovers, cop those, rock those
Glocks blows leave em baggy and collect spot grows
Keep a watch froze, lean on the yacht and wash clothes
Let the chop' blow, bag a half a block plot grows, what?

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[Verse 3: Big Boi]

Boy, I bust raps like D-boys bust gats, shit
We the type of people that don't bury the axe
Or the hatchet, every time we see your link, we snatch it
Ridin' round our hood talkin' that dumb shit
Your cabbage is cracked, like plumber's ass, and summer's grass
I been in the game for a minute, seen some suckas like y'all passin'
Thinkin' you're light skinned, aight then
Lil' boy why you frightened?
The Dungeon Family gon' be here nigga so keep writing
I gotta hit The Source, I need my other half a mic
Because that Southerplayalisticadillacmuzik was a classic, right
College Park, East Point and Decatur they got my back, so
We gon' keep on jammin' and stabbin' off in the track, ah
Think it's time to bungee, but buddy we will be back
And I'm fin' to put some D's on the 'Lac, know dat!

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