

# Follow Deez (feat. Curren\$y & Killer Mike)

## Big Boi

No one, no one will stop me Follow me into a land where Impalas squat  
Young niggas with hammers and daily body drop  
OGs survive, you still alive, a lot of niggas not  
Smoking for my dead homies while i ride around  
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OGs survive, you still alive, a lot of niggas not  
Smoking for my dead homies while i ride around  
Mannie Fresh on the beat, he put that wobble on it  
He blessed the nigga the B-I-G, now watch me gobble, homie  
I put the bottle down, hit the throttle, got 'em now  
Sodom and Gomorrah deplorables all around my style  
I'm like the bandage on mummy, I got that wrap-around  
Circles on you Urkel-ass niggas who tryin' to snatch the sound  
Asinine like my public company tryin' to cash me out  
Catch me outside and we can see what all that yappin' 'bout  
Gladiators with radiators that run hot  
Impalas with 'draulics parked at the gun spot  
My Uncle told me don't pull it unless you pop pop  
Moptop-head-ass niggas, you get your knot rocked  
I'm from Atlanta by way of Savannah, Georgia  
Got Louisiana geechies whose manners are out of order  
Be easy when you see me, salute me and keep it baller  
My only tigers comes with stripes, I pipe it up for every bar of 'em  
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OGs survive, you still alive, a lot of niggas not  
Smoking for my dead homies while i ride around Got this Monte Carlo that my older homie  
sold me  
Had it for some years, now to me it's like a trophy  
My windows up, I got my main thing rollin'  
I trust her so I know she gon' do it just how I showed her  
I'm only high when I'm really in the act of smoking  
Cost adjourned homie, I'm back at square one  
Double up son  
Convertibles will make a bitch want to fuck some  
And I done turned corners in a couple of 'em  
Fuck on 'em, stunt on 'em, then I'm ducking 'em

Back in the studio hustlin', bitch we cook drugs in here  
You was livin' under false impressions  
You not really a G, dawg, you got false credit Well, follow me into a land where Impalas squat  
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Follow me into a land where Impalas squat  
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OGs survive, you still alive, a lot of niggas not  
Smoking for my dead homies while i ride around Say we could do what millionaires can can can  
The green Dickies suit is garbage can gram man  
And what we smokin' come from Oakland via San Fran  
Pound of pressure purchased, no flexin', no grandstand  
Country boy proud, mayne, smokin' loud, mayne  
Blowin' purp in the fire, burn pipes loud, mayne  
You hear a 'skrrt,' then you hear a 'blrrt,' hit the ground, mayne  
Them niggas fuckin', out of a bucket, them niggas bustin'  
Over bitches, dirty bitches, flirty bitches  
What's this I witness, these niggas simpin', they Winchell's pimpin'  
Don't even honor, they baby mama, but pay for bitches  
Ay, partner, pummel, that shit ain't playa, stop lookin' lame Follow me into a land where  
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