

## Fo Yo Sorrows

Big Boi

This is that dope-on-dope, smoke but don't choke on  
It's the shit, clearly blunt junkies have been known to croak  
Unless them toke of it's, THE BOOOOOOOMB!

For those who think life is unfair  
'Cause I blow my smoke in the air  
As if no one is standin there  
Then I'll roll one tonight, fo' yo' sorrows  
In my chair, as I sit back smiling from ear to ear  
With a fistful of your girlfriend's hair  
Yes, she'll blow one tonight, fo' yo' sorrows

Daddy Fat Sacks back on the scene  
Money shot to a Three movies  
But everything's straight like 9: 15  
It's back to the time machine, I believe  
Back to the rhymin, back to the stick  
Back to the hi-hat, tsk tsk kick  
Slap, y'all nigga better think that was it  
We everywhere (BEEEEITCH~!)  
... Like the air you breathe  
Got 'em stuck like Chuck into what we weave  
Like a lace front wig stuck to the forehead  
Best believe I'll change the steeds  
Take the lead, change the speed  
Slow it down just for the sport  
Nigga, ONE of my favorite rappers happens to be Too \$hort

Now everybody wanna sell dope (SELL DOPE)  
Got a P, got a pound, got some hoes (... NOPE!)  
Jesse Jackson had a lil' bit of hope, for the folks  
On a roll, back in nineteen eighty fo' (EIGHTY FO'?)  
BEEEEITCH~!

Just to let you know that everything is straight  
I say stank you very much 'cause we appreciate the hate  
Now go get yourself a handgun, you fuckin with a great  
Put it your mouth and squeeze it like your morning toothpaste Kill yo'self l  
ike Sean Kingston, suicidal for a title  
My recitals are vital and maybe needed for survival  
Like the Bible or any other good book that you read  
Why are 75% of our youth readin magazines?  
'Cause they used to fantasy, and that's what they do to dream  
Call it fiction addiction 'cause the truth is a heavy thing!  
'Member when the levee scream, made the folks evacua-ezz  
Yeah, I'm still speakin about it 'cause New Orleans ain't clean  
When we shout Dirty South, I don't think that is what we mean  
I mean, it mean the roguh, the tough, the DANGEROUS, we reign SUPREME  
Can slaughter entire teams with the ink that my pen bleeds  
B-I-G, B-O-I - nigga, please!

Don't want no girlfriends  
Just need my dope (I just need my dope)  
One foot on the world when, I'm behind in my smoke  
(I'm behind in my smoke)  
On the back burner, you can just simmer around  
But on the front burner, you betta burn, a fat one

(Roll it up... fire that shit up)  
A fat one - fire it up!  
A fat, fat, fat one...

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It's the shit, c-c-clearly blunt junkies have been known to croak-oak-oak  
Unless them toke of it's, THE BOOOMB!  
Bombardin the brain, the bong infinitely plays the place to come  
Came and went, hindbells spent, b-b-b-b-bent  
Take another huff and puff and choke and toke  
Icky sticky sticky and stuff a bowl and  
Pack a pipe, twist a blunt roll, light a JOINT~!  
'Cause this is the dope-on-dope... some GOOD shit...  
Yeaaaaaaahh... Lean back and puff slow...