

# Ben Folds, For Those Of Ya'll Who Wear Fannie

(...Step on your fingernail)  
(damn!)  
(that's ok, I can play with one hand...  
see? sounds good)

oh, goddamn, I saw a goddamn fucking goddamn  
goddamn  
whoa!

oh, goddamn (fucking goddamn)  
oh, goddamn  
oh, goddamn  
oh, goddamn  
shit, yeah it's cool (oh, goddamn y'all)  
shit, yeah it's cool (oh, goddamn)  
shit, yeah it's cool (oh, goddamn)  
shit, yeah it's cool (oh, goddamn)  
shit, yeah it's cool (oh, goddamn)

play it on the radio  
shit, yeah it's cool  
shit, yeah it's cool  
shit, yeah it's cool (oh, goddamn)

come here one time, what's up ya'll  
I got this fucking rim going on out here  
I'm gonna give a shout out  
to my home boy up in L.A.  
wassup boy? wassup yo? come on!  
(oh, goddamn)  
yo, this goes out to my homeboy Tre,  
going on in Chapel Hill  
yeah, shouts out as a.k.a.  
known as "Roadie Killer";

New York City, mmhm  
New York City, urgh!  
New York City, ur  
New York City

yo shouts out to my main manager man, Al Wolmark,  
known as a.k.a.  
"you pride of motherfucker";

CEC  
CEC  
CEC

bring in the bass, ya'll! (G!)  
yeah! and I thought that's how you felt  
about the motherfucker!  
yeah! I thought that's how you felt  
yeah Sledge, bring in the bass  
yeah!

for those of ya'll that wear fannie packs,  
ya come on!  
for those of ya'll that wear fannie packs,  
come on!  
for those of ya'll that wear fannie packs (and ponytails!)  
come on!  
for those of ya'll that wear fannie packs (and pony...tails)  
I've got the fucking on!

yeah! my boy Sledge on the bass in your face!  
my boy Ben on the piano, comin' in,  
let him in! let him in!  
yeah!  
let my boy Ben in  
alright  
yeah

(hey D! hey D!)  
yo, wassup?  
(oh, goddamn)  
(you gonna let me in D?)  
wassup?  
(you gonna let me in?)  
yo, let that piano solo in  
(let me in!)  
(let me in!) goddamn!  
yeah, yeah, yeah  
yeah!  
yeah, ah

I been around your mother  
I've seen things happen  
I don't mind singing  
and I don't mind rapping  
like I could find  
another hundred ways to get my shit  
I play the piano  
(goddamn, we're so funky shit!)

yeah,  
I said for those of ya'll with fannie packs  
this song's coming out,  
it's coming at ya!  
I wanna borrow an Alan wrench  
I wanna borrow some duct tape  
I wanna borrow a mic cable  
bass in your face

(ugh!) bass in your face  
(ugh!) bass in your face  
(ugh!) bass in your face  
(ugh!) yo G, see in

alright  
(let's break it, break it, break it down)  
we're gonna break this shit on down  
gimme some bass

(aaaaaaaaaaaaah)  
ah, that pretty good  
bring this shit in!  
(oh goddamn!)  
(oh goddamn!)  
(oh goddamn!)  
(oh goddamn!)  
shit, yeah it's cool  
shit, yeah it's cool  
shit, yeah it's cool (yeah)  
shit, yeah it's cool  
(shit, motherfuckers)

play that cymbal, man  
play that tasty, tasty high hat work  
(oh, I'm gonna bring that tasty high hat work)

(I'm gonna bring that shit in)  
I wanna taste it, man (right now!)

(yeah)  
(goddamn)

ya, this sound goes out to my main man at The Point  
in Atlanta  
wassup, G?  
gimme my fucking monitor man! (Bernie!)

I'm sorry,  
I can't give you any more monitor than that  
it won't go any higher than that  
because the transistors,  
the resistors,  
they won't go any higher! (yo, yo, eh!)

alright, yo,  
take this motherfucker out with a piano solo  
goddamn, ugh!

uh, god-  
damn  
uh  
alright  
turn that shit out  
1! 2! 3! 4!

ugh!

(I hoped you taped that)  
(That's our next single)  
(Oh, they've left)  
(They gave up)  
(&quot;These guys are fucking idiots.&quot;)  
(That sucked!)