

# Outkast, Funkin' Around

Verse 1: (andre 3000)

hello, well good evening ladies and gentleman  
what we like to do right here, well first of all  
let me let you know who I am  
well, I go by the name of andre 3000, right  
and we hail from a little place called stankonia, GA, right  
you know right now everyone wants to be from space  
and like want to be from the country and everything like that  
you know, like really like the south is like  
it's cool to be from the south right about now, girls listen up  
torn between saturday night and early sunday morn  
I dont know I'm somewhere stuck in between, tween  
I'm out here knowing hip hop is dead  
the average nigga on my corner yelling, what the fuck you mean, mean  
see we ain't even seen, the mountain top counter clock  
wise goes the neighborhood hand me down and canned goods  
won't cut the gray poupon we got that make you run  
back to the drawing board can't afford to lose y'all, make me yawn  
one slash one slash ninety-one  
my teacher sees potential in me, says sit down son  
now let me tell you like I heard it, when I felt deserted  
it wasn't no other way to word it got my feelings murdered  
by the the bullet of bad the singer of sad  
songs to make you long for your mum and your dad  
plaid clash with polka dots I hope you ain't mad  
back up little mama I'm about to react

Chorus 1: (andre 3000)

yep, we ain't just funkin around nope, you dont want to see me clown nope  
tomorrow sounds like right now  
(sleepy brown)  
people have your party and please dont be late  
it's time to bounce, rock, roller skate, bounce, rock, roller skate  
hey sex mama there's no time to waste,  
it's time to bounce, rock, roller skate, bounce, rock, roller skate  
grab your partner, roll around, and feel the sound ah baby  
people have your party, don't be late  
it's time to bounce, rock, roller skate

Verse 2: (big boi)

well scotty, is beaming, lil' pookie 'nem scheming  
what's the use in living my nigga, while you snoozing, I'm dreaming  
no tylenol PM, you amount to the same thing, everyday like per diem  
never trying to be nothing, better than you are being  
one nation under the cool, should be the rule  
when a young man or a young lady begins or starts grade school  
silence before violence, nine times out of ten times  
the quietest is the livest, fumbling through your privates  
daddy fat sax can I have you back, naw!  
ooh! you such a player, ooh! your southern drawl  
got me sprawled out, in your black book my name was crossed out  
went from starting second string, now you in the dog house  
reminiscin', a part of you was missing  
instead of arguments you think about the hugs and kisses  
if this is something hard for you to take  
you better, bounce, rock, roller skate

(chorus)