

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)