

# Andre 3000, A Life In The Day Of Benjamin Andre

I met you in a club in Atlanta, Georgia  
Said me and my homeboy were coming out with an album  
You looked at me like, yeah, nigga right  
But you gave me your number  
Anyway you were on the talcum powder  
How's about them oranges  
Moved away from home to school with big plans  
By day, studied the history of music  
By night, just to pay for that shit, you'd dance  
To get your pants was a mission impossible  
We were both the same age but  
I suppose wasn't on the same page but  
In the same book of life so I'd paged you  
When I felt you that were getting off work  
Or either when you're on your way to school  
We starting hanging like Ernie and Bert  
And in my idle head I'm thinking cool  
Just when I think I'm going down your shirt  
You're hiking up your skirt now  
The events that followed had me volley  
If your hometown would be heaven or hell  
The angelic nastiness you possessed  
Made you by far the best, therefore hard to tell  
You'd dropped me off by the dungeon  
Never came in, but I knew that you were wondering  
Now are these niggaz in this house up to something  
Selling crack sack by sacks so they could function?  
Well, yes and no, yes we were selling it  
But no it wasn't blow  
Cook it in the basement then move it at a show  
Then grab the microphone and everybody yelled, Ho  
Meanwhile the video starts playing  
BET college radio and a van  
Packed full of niggaz with a blunt in their hand  
And one in their ear  
You know what I'm saying  
But, I kept your number in my old phone  
Got a new chip flip with the roam, roam  
So it took me a minute to retrieve seven digits  
But I promised I would call you when I got home  
But when I got home I never did  
By the time I did, heard that you had a kid  
By some nigga in Decatur  
Who replied see you later when he got the good news  
That's life shit  
Now, I'm nineteen with a Cadillac  
My nigga had a Lex with the gold pack  
Got a plaque but I'm living with my pop, pop  
So I got glock and a low jack  
You kinda fast for that fella in class who used to draw  
And never said much