

Andre 3000, Fight the Blob

Alright, Westley Funkaneers, today we go to war
I want you to man your instruments
Hello? Well, lady your instruments, whatever
You know what I'm talking about
Because we have a big, big problem on our hands
And I say before we let this blob take over our city
We funk him outta town
Ya'll ready?
Blob, you goin' down
Hey, hey, hey, blob, get out of town
The Westley mob gon' make you frown
Hey, hey, hey, blob, you goin' down
Nuclear waste, sloppy joe
Where it goes no one knows
Maybe underground where it's found
But it can't play here no more, sing, come on
Nuclear waste, sloppy joe
Where it goes no one knows
Maybe underground where it's found
But it can't play here no more
Hey, hey, hey, blob, you goin' down
Hey, hey, hey, blob, get out of town
The Westley mob gon' make you frown
Hey, hey, hey, blob, you goin' down
Well done soldiers, the battle is won
But the war continues
Thanks to every last one of you courageous Funkaneers
Atlanta can sleep tight tonight
Because you faced your problems head on
You didn't run away from