

# Ben Folds Five, For Those Of Y'all Who Wear Fa

(note: I've listened real hard and  
Done my research on references, but the fact remains. . .  
Parts of this transcription are pretty much shots in the dark.)

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

Oh goddamn, I saw a goddamn  
F\*\*kin goddamn  
Goddamn- woah!  
Oh goddamn  
Shitchya it's cool

Play it on the radio  
Come here one time  
Wassup y'all  
I got this funky groove goin' on  
I gotta give a shout out to my homeboy in la  
Wassup boy? wassup y'all, come on  
Yo, this goes out to my homeboy trey  
Going out in chapel hill  
Yeah shouts out to a.k.a. known as roadie killer

New york city, mm hmm

Yo, shouts out to my main manager man  
Al wolmark known as a.k.a. you're a bad motherf\*\*ker  
C.e.c.  
Bring in the bass, y'all!  
Yeah, and I thought that's how you felt about the motherf\*\*ker  
Yeah, I thought that's how you felt  
Yeah, sledge, bring in the bass!

For those of y'all who wear fannie packs, come on  
For those of y'all that wear fannie packs, come on  
For those of y'all that wear fannie packs (and pony tails) come on  
For those of y'all that wear fannie packs (and got the pony tails) come f\*\*king on

Yeah, my boy sledge on the bass in your face  
My boy ben on the piano coming in, let him in, let him in!  
Yeah. . .  
Let my boy ben in, alright, yeah

Hey d?  
Hey d?  
Yeah, wassup?  
You gonna let me in d?  
Wassup?  
You gonna me in?  
Yo let that piano solo in  
Let me in, let me in!  
Goddamn, yeah!

You and your mother have seen things happen  
I don't mind singing and I don't mind rappin'  
I can find at least a hundred ways to get my shit  
I play the piano-  
Goddamn that's some funky shit!

Yeah, I said for those of y'all who wear fannie packs  
This song's coming out, it's coming attchya!  
I wanna borrow an allen wrench!

I wanna borrow some duct tape!  
I wanna borrow a mic cable!  
Bass in your face!

Bass in your face  
Let's break it break it break it down  
We're gonna break this shit down  
Gimme some bass  
That's pretty good  
Bring this shit in!  
Oh goddamn  
Shitchya it's cool

Play that cymbal, man  
Play that tasty, tasty high hat work  
Yo, I'm gonna bring that tasty high hat work  
Bring it  
I'm gonna bring that shit in  
I wanna taste it, man  
Right now!  
Ah ha ha ha. . .  
Yo, this sound goes out to my main man  
At the point in atlanta  
Wassup, g? gimme my f\*\*kin' monitor, man!  
Ernie. .  
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

Alright, y'all  
Take this motherf\*\*ker out with a piano solo  
Goddamn, uh!  
Uh god-  
Damn!  
Alright, turn that shit out!  
1-2-3-4. . .

(I hope you taped that-  
That's our next single.  
Oh, they've left.  
They gave up. . .  
These guys are f\*\*king idiots!  
That sucked. . .)