

Ben Folds Five, For Those Of Ya'll That Wear Fanny Packs

Ben Folds Five

Miscellaneous

For Those Of Ya'll That Wear Fanny Packs

oh god damn I saw it god damn fucking god damn

god damn (woa)

oh god damn oh god damn oh god damn (shit your ass cool)

oh god damn oh god damn oh god damn (shit your ass cool)

oh god damn oh god damn oh god damn (shit your ass cool)

play it on the radio

(shit your ass cool)

(shit your ass cool)

(shit your ass cool)

gimme a little time whats up ya'll yo I got this record here

going ask out can I have a shout out to my home boy

out there in L.A. whats up ORB let's go come on!

Yo this goes out to my home boy Dre going out to Chapel Hill

yea shouts at him AKA known as "Roadie Killa";

(New York City)

(New York City)

(New York City)

(New York City) Ya'll shouts out to my main manager man Al Walmark

known as AKA you buy the Mother Fucker

(See These C.D's)

(See These C.D's)

(See These C.D's)

(JAM) Bring in the bass ya'll

Yea man I thought that's how you felt about the Mother Fucker

Yea I thought that's how you felt

Yea Sledge Bring in the Bass Yea

For those of ya'll that wear fanny packs COME ON

For those of ya'll that wear fanny packs COME ON(and pony tails)

For those of ya'll that wear fanny packs COME ON(and pony tails)

For those of ya'll that wear fanny packs COME ON

Yea my boy Sledge on the bass in your face

My boy Ben on the piano coming in let him in let him in

Yea my boy ben Alright Yea

Hey D Hey D

Yo Whats up

You Gonna Let Me in D

Whats up

You gonna Let Me in

Ah let that piano solo in

LET ME IN!

Been around the world

I seen tate rappin'

I don't mind shit and I don't mind rappin'

like a granna nicha hacha if you get my shit

Yo god damn that's some fucking SHIT!

Yea I said for those of ya'll back packs

This song's coming out it's coming at YA!

I want to borrow an allen wrench

I want to borrow some duct tape

I want to borrow a mic cable

Facing your face

Facing your face (uh)

Facing your face (uh)

Facing your face (uh)

UH! this is O.G. singing

Let's break it break it

break it break it down

We gonna break this shit on down

Gimme some bass ah that's pretty good
BRING THAT SHIT IN!

oh god damn
oh god damn
oh god damn
oh god damn (shit your ass cool)
shit your ass cool
shit your ass cool
shit your ass cool
(yea)
these moter fuckers
PLay that solo man play that tasty tasty High-Hat
Ah bring that tasty High-Hat work it
Brin that shit in RIGHT NOW
a ha ha ha
a ha ha ha
a ha ha ha
a ha ha ha
Yo this sound goes out to my man at the piont in Atlanta
What's up G gimme a mother fucking monitor (bernie)
]
I'm sorry I can't give you any more monitor than than that
it won't go ant higher than that
because the transistors the resistors
they won't go any higher

Alright take this mother fucker out with a mother fuking piano solo

GOD DAMN UH!

Ha
Oh god damn

Alright turn that shit out
1 2 3 4
UH!
I hope you taped that
That's our next single
Oh they left they gave up
These guys are fucking idiots
that sucked