

Outkast, Chronomentrophobia

Chronomentrophobia... The fear of clocks... The fear of time

[Verse 1]

High as the cost of living
I take what I've been given
Pastor say "be strong"
Ooh hey hey
I ain't got time leave me alone

I ain't got much time left
I've got to funk you now

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2]

Lord be havin mercy on my soul
I'm havin the impression that my life gon be a bowl
Of cherries but its very hard for me to cope
Got tired of bein broke
This ATLien ain't got no time to sit and mope
Made up my mind while y'all made up y'all beds
On a cold wooden floor is where I laid my head
Born in 1975 never thought I'd make it this far
Still battlin in this racial war
Tryin to find solutions to the situation I'm facin
Only thing thats free is my flow that y'all be chasin
Lettin my niggaz know before I go I drop that knowledge
Like droppin books lets stop the crooks
From robbin you of your brains and such usin welfare as a crutch
I'm in it for good you into my hood you won't be findin much
Hope that when I'm gone y'all remember this
What we stood for "fuck that fame and that glitz"
It's beginnin to look a lot like the endin
And got to be more careful know what corners you be bendin
Revelations gettin impatient and now I'm dead
Remember what I said I'm gone bow ya heads