

Outkast, Hootie Hoo

[Big Boi:]

Hootie Hoo

Follow the funk from the skunk and the dank that is crunk in the dungeon

It goes on and on and on, like that

Goin out to the Jeeps and hoes in the 'Lac

Ah suki, suki

All day and day, any day, every damn day

I be thinkin about the good ol' days when I was a whippersnapper

Used to try to get a kiss, but now it be them draws I'm after

I'm just a Southernplayalistic pimp

I used to slang a fat rock, but now I'm servin hemp

I never even smoke that crumba crap but yo, I'm dope

But doper than a junky or a pooky cuz it's on

So each one, teach one, I be claimin true

Two weeks born in College Park and the things I used to do

Around ATL, home of the pimps and the money makers

Club niggaz, Magic City and them Southern playas

I never said I was a gangsta but I will do ya

So Hallelujah, Hallelujah

One for the playas at the crib, dank and dranks

And two is for the sound, Hootie Hoo that I make

[chorus:]

Hootie Hoo

Tight like always, smoked out always (Hootie Hoo)

Yeah, Hootie Hoo

Big Boi on the left, Andre's on my right

Tight like always, smoked out always (Hootie Hoo)

[Dre:]

Now playin these bitches is my favorite sport

But ain't no game when they be callin your name in the court

Oh, it's Saturday night, I guess that makes it alright

Got an obese twenty sack, fully packed, it's so tight

That it's bustin out the seems, yes sir, I'm set

Oh, but let me tuck the 380 before I jet

Hops off in the Lac with Big Gipp, you got a light (Hootie Hoo)

Communication device off when I writes

Should I answer the call, yes, I'm mackin 'em all

We met 'em up in the mall, recall Player's Ball

Well, it's Player's Ball 2, so I guess I'll call you

Later on, and then your whole crew can fall through

Now later on done got here

I takes a peek, now let me see, what do we got here?

Draws, fallin down like niggaz in a drive-by

I got up in them hoes and I told 'em bye bye

About two weeks later, she called me with some bullshit

Talkin 'bout her period late, guess what I did

Click

Naw, it couldn't be me. Not me

[chorus (2X)]

[Big Boi:]

Uh, well you know we gettin blizzard cuz we got that chicken gizzard

In the dungeon and scope but some of you niggaz can't cope with it

So, Opie, hip hop, to the front, to the back and it don't stop

From the streets of ATL to the slums of College Park

So got on Martino, it's Outkast for the 94 era

You heard the player's call, we takin it to another level

So 'lujah, Halle, let me get a swallow of that Martel

And you may go to hell

[Dre:]

Set sail with a nigga from ATL, Southwest that is
It's that Southern ses in your chest that is
One mo' gen for my friend who don't take
No bullshit from no bitch who is stank
I ain't the sugar daddy nigga who will make you
Silly of you to think that I would, but I will lay you
Down like some bo-los, you can throw those
Head, til I'm dead, yes, it's now your broke hoes
Don't get me wrong to disrespect is not my shit
But if you fall in this category, then youse a bitch

[chorus (4X)]