

# Outkast, PJ and Rooster

&quot;Percy Junior, Percy Junior...what's that...what's that you playin'?"&quot;  
&quot;Workin' on something new.&quot;  
&quot;Sounds like some bullshit. Man, you really think the audience is gonna -- &quot;  
&quot;Well, Rooster said I could play what I wanted.&quot;  
&quot;No, never mind anything that Rooster tell you. We'll play stuff that I like, kay?"&quot;  
Ain't nobody like my style, yeah  
I light my fire, yeah (I light ba-ba, I light ba-ba)  
They blow it out, yeah (They blew it out, they blew it out)  
And don't nobody wanna feel like that, no  
Monkeys on my back crawl  
And watch them all fall  
Go fall, look out  
Nobody wanted to dance  
When I had a lot of time on my hands  
Now I got a lot of hands on my time  
And everybody wanna be a friend of mine  
Whoa whoa, I wouldn't mind a friend  
The fellas back home all tryin' to win  
Moon keeps shinin' on bootleg bottles  
Cops in the street keep ya feet on the throttle  
Selling what ya got in a Ford A-model  
Yellin' &quot;Go, PJ go!"&quot;  
Ain't n'ing idle, everything is wild, yeah  
You can be hit now, yeah (soon as you turn around)  
He in the ground, yeah (boy died, six feet underground)  
And ain't no Bible, at this here Church, no  
You won't find God no, might meet Him first, aw  
Oh God, look out  
Nobody wanted to leave  
House so packed that we couldn't even breathe  
And ain't no better place to fall in love  
Angel sent from Heaven above  
Swing down and come change your life  
You might make a baby, might meet your wife  
But one sure thing that you're gonna say  
&quot;Deep down South there's a 'lil old place  
Them Idlewild cats, man, they don't play  
Don't make me send a telegram to Rooster, he'll shoot ya.&quot;  
&quot;You better come harder than that, sweetie...this ain't no mortuary!"&quot;  
And you don't want to take it to the gat so soon  
(Still stick it to the) Jenkins waitin' in the upper room  
'Till ya make her say her prayers  
You some players but you made us mashed potato  
That potato, blast you hater, blast the gator  
So you might just wanna kick back and drink goose  
Take that to ya woman, relax, break loose  
Cuff her soon, if she choose, she gon' walk away from you  
Straight to the Rooster, 'cause he's cock-a-doodle-cool, what they do fool  
Moonshine run, the small town, crap shootin' all time  
Phat you and that's gotta matchin' suit and hat  
(All casper suing kinda robbers out da wild)  
Time to break it on, break it on down, now  
Percival, take it on out  
Say whoa Nelly, whoa Nelly  
Say whoa Pappy, whoa Pappy  
Say whoa Mammy, whoa Mammy  
Say whoa Pappy, whoa, everybody get up  
No, no, no, no get down  
Everybody get up  
No, no, no, no get down  
Everybody get up  
No, no, no, no get down