

Outkast, PJ and Rooster

"Percy Junior, Percy Junior...what's that...what's that you playin'?"
"Workin' on something new."
"Sounds like some bullshit. Man, you really think the audience is gonna -- "
"Well, Rooster said I could play what I wanted."
"No, never mind anything that Rooster tell you. We'll play stuff that I like, kay?"
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' "Go, PJ go!"
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
"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."
"You better come harder than that, sweetie...this ain't no mortuary!"
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