

## Andre 3000 "Fight The Blob"

Visit "[Fight The Blob](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Alright, Westley Funkaneers, today we go to war  
I want you to man your instruments  
Hello? Well, lady your instruments, whatever  
You know what I'm talking about

Because we have a big, big problem on our hands  
And I say before we let this blob take over our city  
We funk him outta town  
Ya'll ready?

Blob, you goin' down  
Hey, hey, hey, blob, get out of town  
The Westley mob gon' make you frown  
Hey, hey, hey, blob, you goin' down

Nuclear waste, sloppy joe  
Where it goes no one knows  
Maybe underground where it's found  
But it can't play here no more, sing, come on

Nuclear waste, sloppy joe  
Where it goes no one knows  
Maybe underground where it's found  
But it can't play here no more

Hey, hey, hey, blob, you goin' down  
Hey, hey, hey, blob, get out of town  
The Westley mob gon' make you frown  
Hey, hey, hey, blob, you goin' down

Well done soldiers, the battle is won  
But the war continues  
Thanks to every last one of you courageous  
Funkaneers  
Atlanta can sleep tight tonight

Because you faced your problems head on  
You didn't run away from 'em  
And that's how true players do it  
They get straight to it, at ease soldiers

