

Ben Folds

"For Those Of Y'all Who Wear Fanny Packs"

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[note: i've listened real hard and
Done my research on references, but the fact remains.

..

Parts of this transcription are pretty much shots in the
dark.]

(. . .step on your fingernail. . .damn!
That's ok, i can play with one hand, see?
It sounds good!)

Oh goddamn, i saw a goddamn
Fuckin goddamn
Goddamn- woah!
Oh goddamn
Shitchya it's cool

Play it on the radio
Come here one time
Wassup y'all
I got this funky groove goin' on
I gotta give a shout out to my homeboy in la
Wassup boy? wassup y'all, come on
Yo, this goes out to my homeboy trey
Going out in chapel hill
Yeah shouts out to a.k.a. known as roadie killer

New york city, mm hmm

Yo, shouts out to my main manager man
Al wolmark known as a.k.a. you're a bad motherfucker
C.e.c.
Bring in the bass, y'all!
Yeah, and i thought that's how you felt about the
motherfucker
Yeah, i thought that's how you felt
Yeah, sledge, bring in the bass!

For those of y'all who wear fannie packs, come on
For those of y'all that wear fannie packs, come on
For those of y'all that wear fannie packs (and pony
tails) come on
For those of y'all that wear fannie packs (and got the

pony tails) come fucking on

Yeah, my boy sledge on the bass in your face
My boy ben on the piano coming in, let him in, let him
in!

Yeah. . .

Let my boy ben in, alright, yeah

Hey d?

Hey d?

Yeah, wassup?

You gonna let me in d?

Wassup?

You gonna me in?

Yo let that piano solo in

Let me in, let me in!

Goddamn, yeah!

You and your mother have seen things happen
I don't mind singing and i don't mind rappin'
I can find at least a hundred ways to get my shit
I play the piano-
Goddamn that's some funky shit!

Yeah, i said for those of y'all who wear fannie packs
This song's coming out, it's coming attchya!
I wanna borrow an allen wrench!
I wanna borrow some duct tape!
I wanna borrow a mic cable!
Bass in your face!

Bass in your face
Let's break it break it break it down
We're gonna break this shit down
Gimme some bass
That's pretty good
Bring this shit in!
Oh goddamn
Shitchya it's cool

Play that cymbal, man
Play that tasty, tasty high hat work
Yo, i'm gonna bring that tasty high hat work
Bring it
I'm gonna bring that shit in
I wanna taste it, man
Right now!
Ah ha ha ha. . .
Yo, this sound goes out to my main man
At the point in atlanta
Wassup, g? gimme my fuckin' monitor, man!

Ernie. .
I'm sorry, i can't give you any more
Monitor than that
It won't go any higher than that
Because the transistors the resistors
They won't go any higher

Alright, y'all
Take this motherfucker out with a piano solo
Goddamn, uh!
Uh god-
Damn!
Alright, turn that shit out!
1-2-3-4. . .

(i hope you taped that-
That's our next single.
Oh, they've left.
They gave up. . .
These guys are fucking idiots!
That sucked. . .)

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