

Everton Blender

"Sole Sunday *"

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* a shorter version w/ different beat appears on "Any Given Sunday"

[Gipp]

Yeah.. yeah.. yo

Gipp keep it slow poke, hang out the side with no rope

Sit in the tub, flick the remote and soak

Pull up, jump out, and then I strut for em

And if anybody got problems, I'ma cut for em

In this atmosphere now you can disappear smoke thick

Shells bail like tailbacks lookin for hoes

Drag my ass down the air like I care

Scar that ass, leave your shirt open like an arab

Makin money off these breakdown slabs

We got this zone, get your own

Better move on before your folk get split, you won't forget

The DF put it down, now get down, or sit down

[OutKast]

Sunday mornin, makes me feel

so Godly, pardon me, if I shake your soul..

(I got it, I got it shorty.. it's our ball, uhh)

[Khujjo]

I tackle my problems, never run from my foes

Stiff-arm facemask, hit the juke but it didn't leave a sucka froze

like he just tried to stuff a whole ki up in his nose on all fo's

You hit em high I hit em low, for this dough

Yo heart gon' bust out here, cause we comin full speed

We dig intend you lift you up off of your feet

at the lift, of the glass, sippin victory

Clean cut but I stay dirty

Uhh, you play fair, I teach

I spot this pig in yo' face like you never stopped eatin pork

or beast, and diseases end careers

Tenacious on his grill, uhh, all-pro hall of famer

with no fears, blood sweat and tears, uhhh, uhh, ohh
shit

[OutKast]

Sunday mornin, makes me feel
so Godly, pardon me, if I shake your soul..

[Andre 3000]

The rich boy got it bad cause he is rich
The po' boy got it bad cause he is po'
The bad boy got it bad cause he won't grow
The good gul got it good cause she got game
It runs in no undeveloped fellas considered lame
Same like mechanics do it, baby who need her Buick
repaired don't have no knowledge of what a brake
shoe is
Make woo it, turns a nickle, squirm and tickle
We wiggle, now yo' emotions like a dill pickle
in autumn, fall, into the bottom of black, holes
Make a left on nothingness cause that's where I'm at
Cold as summer, I got yo' number, you got my number
Let's add em, see what we come with maybe we can
slumber
like uhh, babies in homes and uhh, retarded ones, uhh
Dolphins and whales, uhh, the smartest ones, so
nothing you can do can be new up under the sun
Depending what sun you live under you can be the one
on

[OutKast]

Sunday mornin, makes me feel
so Godly, pardon me, if I shake your soul..

[Big Boi]

Ain't no Sunday School this mornin
they say somebody blowed up the church
What's even worse than that
I heard Pastor Jenkins he got hurt by the
perpetrators, demonstrators of violence and hatred
It's fin' to be 2001, the rojo-necks are racist
Fascists acting savage on the Sabbath must be
demons
Errand boys for Satan defeated when I repeat it
Rebuke thee, rebuke thee, the look in they eye was
spooky
But now I find myself in the park sittin in my hooptie
Like a movie, I was daydreamin and everythang
seemed real
But now I'm at Mosley Park and we got some chicken on
the grill
Get a beer, nigga chill, roll a joint, pop a peal

Cop a feel, on some cut, as we do it like this here on..

[sung]

On Any Given Sunday, alllll, Atlanta will be born

Ahhhhhh tradition will be broken

Ahhhhhh, victory is yours, on Any Given Sunday

[OutKast]

Sunday mornin, makes me feel

so Godly, pardon me, if I shake your soul..

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