

Outkast

"A Day In The Life Of Benjamin Andre"

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I met you in a club in Atlanta Georgia
Said me and my homeboy were coming out with an
album
You looked at me like yeah nigga right
But you gave me you number anyway
You were on the talcum powder

How's about them oranges
Moved away from home to school with big plans
By day, studied the history of music
By night, just to pay for that shit, you'd dance

To get your pants was a mission impossible
We were both the same age but I
Suppose wasn't on the same page but in
The same book of life so I'd paged you when

I felt you that were getting off of work
Or either when you're on your way to school
We starting hanging like Ernie and Bert
And in my idle head I'm thinking cool

Just when I think I'm going down your shirt
You're hiking up your skirt now
The events that followed had me volley
If your hometown would be heaven or hell

The angelic nastiness you possessed
Made you by far the best therefore hard to tell
You'd dropped me off by the dungeon
Never came in but I knew that you were wondering

Now are these niggaz in this house up to something
Selling crack sack by sacks so they could function?
Well, yes and no, yes we were selling it
But no it wasn't blow

Cook it in the basement then move it at a show
Then grab the microphone and everybody yelled,
"Ho!"
Meanwhile the video starts playing BET college radio
and a van

Packed full of niggaz with a blunt in their hand
And one in their ear you know what I'm saying

But I kept your number in my old phone
Got a new chip flip with the roam roam
So it took me a minute to retrieve seven digits
But I promised I would call you when I got home

But when I got home I never did
By the time I did, heard that you had a kid
By some nigga in Decatur
Who replied see you later when he got the good news
That's life shit

Now, I'm nineteen with a Cadillac
My nigga had a Lex with the gold pack
Got a plaque but I'm living with my pop pop
So I got glock and a low jack

You kinda fast for that fella in class who used to draw
And never said much 'cause half of what he saw
Was so far from that place you wanna be
That words only fucked it up more follow me

Are you starting to gather what I'm getting at?
Now if I'm losing you tell me then I'll double back
But keep in mind at the time, "Keep it
real" was the phrase
Silly once said now but those were the days

When spring break and Dayton
And Freakniks made you wanna
Drop out of college and never go back
Move to the south but that ain't a Kodak moment

On went myself and big boi
Well you knew him as Twan
That's right you were around before this shit begun
When Twan had a daughter and
Sort of was made to mature before the first tour

We hit the road like jack
Laughed and cried and drove it back with some Yak
Girls used to say, y'all talk funny, y'all from the
islands?
And I'd laughed and they just keep smiling

No, I'm from Atlanta baby, he from Savannah, maybe
We should hook up and get tore up and then lay down
Hey we got to go because the bus is pulling out in 30
minutes

She's playing tennis disturbing the tenants

15-love fit like glove

Description is like 15 doves

In a Jacuzzi catching the Holy Ghost

Making one woozy in the head and comatose, agree?

Enough about me how's about you?

How's the lil' kid? She was about 2 the last time we spoke

I hadn't smoked or took a shot of drink

'Cause I'd start the 2nd album off on another note

Now, that note threw some niggaz in the hood off

But see I'd balled out and before I fall out

I'd slow my Lac down to a nice speed

The brain is that fried egg I might need

New direction was apparent

I was a child looking at the floor staring

So changing my style was like release for the primitive beast

Yes I was on the rise, yeast was the street

To make bread never primary concern

Just to hop on these beats and wait my turn

I'd meet Muslims, ganstas, bitches, rastas

And macaroni niggaz imposter's

So on a trip to New York on some beeswax

I get invited to a club where emcees at

And on stage is a singer with some thing on her head

Similar to the turban that I covered up my dredz with

Which I was rocking at the time

When I was going through them phases trying to find

Anything that seemed real in the world

Still searching but I started liking this girl

Now you know her as Erykah on and on Badu

Call Tyrone on the phone why you

Do that girl like that boy you ought to be ashamed

The song wasn't about me and that ain't my name

We're young in love, in short we had fun

No regrets no abortion had a son

By the name of Seven and he's five

By the time I do this mix, he'll probably be six

You do the arithmetic me do the language arts

Y'all stand against the wall blindfolded me throw the

darts

To poke you in the heart and take you from the start
To one luxury transportation and a Marta card

Or either when your girlfriend that went to Mays
Momma or her daddy let her borrow the Benz because
she's smart

Or maybe if your neighbor does you a huge favor
And he sells you that rabbit that's been sitting in his
yard

You fix it up, you trick it out, you give it rims
You give it bump, you give it all your time
'Cause that's all you can think about
And that's as far as I got

And that's as far as I got and where I wanted to go
Knowing the whole time that's all you could think about
Even though if you cut it off and start that bitch up
You need a jump like you'll need in your rump to grow

And you change all the time so that rabbit that you
Thought about that whole summer
The next summer you didn't want that rabbit no more
You wanted something bigger and better
So the summer past and now the rabbit is old
Right, right, so now you want a Cadillac

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