

Outkast

"A Life In The Day Of Benjamin Andr%E9 (Incomplete)"

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I met you in a club in Atlanta, Georgia
Said me and my homeboy were comin' out with an
album
You looked at me like, "Yeah, nigga, rightÃ¢â€ŒÂ"
But you gave me your number anyway, you were on the
talcum

Powder, hows 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 gettin' off of
work

Or either when you're on your way to school
We starting hangin' like Ernie and Bert
And in my idle head I'm thinkin' cool
Just when I think I'm goin' down your shirt
You're hikin' 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 wonderin'
Now are these niggaz in this house up to somethin'
Selling crack sack by sacks so they could function?

Well, yes and no, yes, we were
Sellin' it, but, no, it wasn't blow
Cook it in the basement then move it at a show
Then grab the microphone, everybody yelled,
"HoÃ¢â€ŒÂ"
"

Meanwhile, the video starts playin'

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 sayin'

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 startin' to gather what I'm getting at?
Now if I'm losin' 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 Daytona
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 began
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 drived it back with some Yak
Girls used to say, "You all talk funny, you all from the
Islands?"
And I'd laughed and they just keep smilin'

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 thirty

minutes
She's playin' tennis, disturbing the tenants

15-love, fit like glove, description is like fifteen 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 little kid, she was about two, the last time we
spoke
I hadn't smoked or took a shot of drink
'Cause I'd start the second 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 lookin' at the floor, starin'
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, gangstas, bitches, rastas
And macaroni niggaz, impostors

So on a trip to New York on some beeswax
I get invited to a club where MC's 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 rockin' at the time
When I was goin' through them phases, tryin' to find
Anything that seemed real in the world
Still searching, but I started likin' 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 sittin' 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's old?
Right, right, so now you want a Cadillac

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