

## Outkast

### "A Life In The Day Of Benjamin Andr% E9"

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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, right"  
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, "Ho"

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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