

## Outkast

# "A Life In The Of Benjamin Andre (Incomplete)"

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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,  
Ã¢Â€ÂœHoÃ¢Â€Â¼  
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 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 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 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 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 because 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 the rabbit is old?  
Right, right, so now you want a Cadillac?}

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