

Outkast

"A Life In The 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 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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