

## Outkast

# "Chronomentrophobia"

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Chronomentrophobia... The fear of clocks... The fear of time

*[Verse 1]*

High as the cost of living  
I take what I've been given  
Pastor say "be strong"  
Ooh hey hey  
I ain't got time leave me alone

I ain't got much time left  
I've got to funk you now

*[Chorus]*

Chronomentrophobia chronomentrophobia  
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*[Verse 2]*

Lord be havin mercy on my soul  
I'm havin the impression that my life gon be a bowl  
Of cherries but its very hard for me to cope  
Got tired of bein broke  
This ATLien ain't got no time to sit and mope  
Made up my mind while y'all made up y'all beds  
On a cold wooden floor is where I laid my head

Born in 1975 never thought I'd make it this far  
Still battlin in this racial war  
Tryin to find solutions to the situation I'm facin  
Only thing thats free is my flow that y'all be chasin  
Lettin my niggaz know before I go I drop that  
knowledge  
Like droppin books lets stop the crooks  
From robbin you of your brains and such usin welfare  
as a crutch  
I'm in it for good you into my hood you won't be findin  
much  
Hope that when I'm gone y'all remember this  
What we stood for "fuck that fame and that glitz"  
It's beginnin to look a lot like the endin

And got to be more careful know what corners you be  
bendin  
Revelations gettin impatient and now I'm dead  
Remember what I said I'm gone bow ya heads

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