

## Outkast "Funkin' Around"

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Hello, well good evening ladies and gentlemen  
What we like to do right here  
Well, first of all let me let you know who I am  
Well, I go by the name of Andre 3000, alright?  
And we come from a little place  
Called like Stankonia Georgia right?  
You know right now everybody  
Wants to be from space  
And folks like to be from the country  
And everything like that  
You know, like really like the South  
It's like cool to be from the South  
Right about now  
Girls listen up

Torn between Saturday night  
And early Sunday mornin'  
I don't know, I'm somewhere stuck  
In between, tween  
I'm out here knowin' hip-hop is dead  
The average nigga on my corner yellin'  
What the fuck you mean, mean  
See we ain't even sing the mountain top  
Counter-clock wise goes the neighborhood  
Hand me down some canned-goods  
Won't cut the Gray pupon  
We got the layer-on  
Back to the drawing board

Can't afford to lose journey beyond  
One, slash one slash ninety-one  
My teacher six foot incher man  
Said, "Sit down son"  
And let me tell you like I heard it  
When I don't desert it  
It wadn't no other way to word it  
Got my feelings scurred and  
By the, bullet of bad, the singer of sad  
Songs to make you long for  
Your mom and your dad  
Plaid class with polka dots  
I hope you ain't mad

Back up little mama  
I'm about to react

Yup, we ain't just funky but wild  
No, you don't want to see me clown  
No, tomorrow sounds like right now

People have ya party, but please don't be late  
It's time to bounce, rock, roller skate  
Bounce, rock, roller skate  
Hey sexy Mama, there's no time to waste  
It's time to bounce, rock, roller skate  
Bounce, rock, roller skate  
Grab your partner, roll around  
And feel the sound, ah baby  
People have ya party, don't be late  
It's time to bounce, rock, roller skate  
Bounce, rock, roller skate

While Scotty is beaming La Pookie is skeeming  
Wait to you still live in my name-go  
While you snoozing I'm dreaming  
I'm Tylenol PM, you mouth to the same thing  
Everyday like Peridium  
Never try to be nothing but that what you're being  
One nation under the cool should be the rule  
Wether young man or young lady  
Begins or starts grade school  
Silence before violence, nine times out of ten times  
The quietest is the loudest

Bumplin' through your privates  
Daddy Fat Sacks can I have your back, naw  
Ooh, you're such a playa,  
Ohh, your southern ball  
Got me scrawled out  
In ya black book my name was crossed out  
Went from starting the second string  
Now in the dog house  
Remenicing, the party was missing  
Instead of arguements  
You think about the hugs and kisses  
If this is, something, hard for you to think  
You better bounce, rock, roller skate

Yup, we ain't just funky but wild  
No, you don't want to see me clown  
No, tomorrow sounds like right now  
Yup, we ain't just funky but wild

Andre and Big Boy presents our guest

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