

## Outkast "Gasoline Dreams"

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Alright  
Alright  
Alright

Don't everybody like the smell of gasoline?  
Well burn motherfucka burn American dreams  
Don't everybody like the taste of apple pie?  
We'll snap for your slice of life I'm tellin' ya why?  
I hear that mother nature's now on birth control  
The coldest pimp be looking for somebody to hold  
The highway up to Heaven got a crook on the toll  
Youth full of fire ain't got nowhere to go, nowhere to go

All of my heroes did dope  
Every nigga round me playin' married  
Or payin' child support  
I can't cope  
Never made no sense to me one day I hope it will  
And that's that, sport, sport

Pray I live to see the day when seven's happily married  
With kids, woe woe  
The world is movin' fast and I'm losin' my balance  
No time to dig, low, low  
To a place where ain't nowhere to go but up  
Ya wit me say shit, sho sho  
Now let me ask y'all this

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It's shitty like Ricky Stratton got a million bucks  
My cousin Ricky Walker got ten years doing fed time  
On a first offense drug bust, fuck the holic  
That's if ya racist or ya crooked  
Arrest me for this dope I didn't weight it up or cook it

You gotta charge the world cause over a million people  
took it  
Look at me, you outta your jurisdiction now ya lookin'  
stupid  
Officer, get off me sir  
Don't make me call L.A. he'll have ya walking sir

A couple of months ago they gave outkast the key to  
the city  
But I still gotta pay my taxes and they give us no pity  
About the youngsters amongst us  
You think they respect the law  
They think they monsters, they love us, reality rappin'  
And giving the youth the truth from this booth  
And when we on stage we scream  
Don't everybody, everybody

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Officer of the most high you touch me you touch the  
apple of this eye  
If they kick us out where will we go  
Not to Africa 'cause not one of them acknowledge us  
as they kin folk  
Still eatin' pork, abomination, desecration for beating  
flesh  
Penalty for violation is death  
Woe, woe, to the man that strive with his maker on  
judgement day  
Hip hip hooray, Mr. Reaper Babylon the great  
The mother of heartless is falling, prophecy must be  
fulfilled  
The liquor fire is calling

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