

# Outkast

## "Pj & Rooster"

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Percy Junior, Percy Junior  
Wh-what's that, what's that you playin'?  
Workin' on something new  
Sounds like some bullshit

Man, you really think the audience is gonna like that  
shit?  
Well, Rooster said I could play what I wanted  
No, never mind anything that Rooster tell you  
Nigga play stuff I like, k?

Ain't nobody like my style, yeah  
I light my fire, yeah  
I light ba-ba, I light ba-ba  
They blow it out, yeah  
They blew it out, they blew it out  
And don't nobody wanna feel like that, no

Monkeys on my back crawl  
Now watch them all fall  
Go on fall, look out!

Nobody wanted to dance  
When I had a lot of time on my hands  
Now I got a lot of hands on my time  
And everybody wanna be a friend of mine

Whoa whoa, I wouldn't mind a friend  
The fellas back home all tryin' to win  
Moon keeps shinin' on bootleg bottles  
Cops in the street keep ya feet on the throttle  
Selling whatcha got in a Ford A-model  
Yellin', 'Go, PJ go!'

Ain't nuttin' idle, everything is wild, yeah  
You can be hit now, yeah, soon as you turn around  
He in the ground, yeah, boy died, six feet underground

And ain't no bible at this here church, no  
You won't find God no, might meet Him first, aw  
Oh God, look out!

Nobody wanted to leave  
House so packed that we couldn't even breathe  
And ain't no better place to fall in love  
Angel sent from Heaven above

Swing down and come change your life  
You might make a baby, might meet your wife  
But one sure thing that you're gonna say  
"Deep down South there's a 'lil old place  
Them Idlewild cats, man, they don't play"  
Don't make me send a telegram to Rooster, he'll shoot  
ya

You better come harder than that, sweetie, this ain't no  
mortuary!

And you don't want to take it to the gat so soon  
Still be stankin' to the Jenkins waitin' in the upper room  
'Till ya make her say her prayers  
You some players but you made us mashed potato  
That potato, blast you hater, blast the gator

So you might just wanna kick back and drink Goose  
Take that to ya woman, relax, break loose  
Cuff her soon, if she choose, she gon' walk away from  
you  
Straight to the Rooster, 'cause he's cock-a-doodle-cool,  
what they do fool

Moonshine run the small town, crap shootin' all time  
Phat you and that's gotta matchin' suit and hat  
All cats pursuing, kinda wild is Idlewild  
Time to break it on, break it on down, now  
Percival, take it on out

Say whoa Mammy, whoa Mammy  
Say whoa Pappy, whoa Pappy  
Say whoa Mammy, whoa Mammy  
Say whoa Pappy, whoa, everybody get up

No, no, no, no, get down  
Everybody get up  
No, no, no, no, get down  
Everybody get up  
No, no, no, no, get down  
Everybody get up  
?

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