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# Outkast "Synthesizer"

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# (feat. George Clinton)

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[Intro: Andre Benjamin and George Clinton (singing)]

Everybody's got opinions on the way you're living But see they can't fill your shoes Life is made of half illusion (illusion) Forty percent confusion (confusion) Whatever's left I'm using to keep myself from losing, vea You don't know what I've been through (oooh) Hell I might go through you (ghetto boy that, won't eat, tonight) Uh-oh, oh no-oahohh (that little boy just wanna eat tonight) Hey hey (he scuffles with her booty and her face) hey hev And mm-mmmmmm (mom I'm seekin that sir tea and some soup yea) All in all it's all in my head

## [Verse One: Big Boi]

You know it's that high guy, from East P.I. Spittin the realness of reality, you mad at me boi how you gonna handle me? You want me to lolligag and talk that bullshit? I refuse to play so I'm gon' speak that Southern good shit That harder than yo' hood shit, lil' shit that make y'all niggaz think about the trigger before you pull it, on liquor stores and banks Them folks got more than enough bullets to put that ass off in the slang, don't claim no gang, we the niggaz

that did that "Ain't No Thang But a Chicken Wang" But still though, how you gonna play a nigga like dildo We OutKast til it's over, barbeque and never mildo For real bro

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#### [Verse Two: George Clinton]

Valley girls are horny tonight (synthesizer) Fuzzy logic, their pubic virginity (synthesizer) Ooooh oooh ooh .. (synthesizer) Ooooh oooh ooh .. (synthesizer)

Conceived under the influence of toxic wasted doctors Computer buggin debuggin device-a and vice versa and various viruses Performing with laser light precision and verbal incision

For a lingustic ballistic lobotomy Mind-fuckin you, a psycho-sodomy of the medula oblongata Accept your mind down your spine and out your behind Fuck you

#### [Verse Three: Andre Benjamin]

Synthesizer, microwave me Give me a drug so I can make seven babies Pump my breasts up, can you suck the fat up Please make my life appear like ain't no such thing as bad luck My, nose ain't right Like I need a new one Just take your pick, a yellow red A black or a blue one Virtual reality, virtual, BULLSHIT Synthesizer preachers can reach you up in the pulpit Who a bitch? Give me my gat so I can smoke this nigga Tell his mamma not to cry because they can clone him quicker than it took his daddy to make him Niggaz bitin verbatim Thought provokin records radio never played dem Instant, quick grits, new, improved Hurry hurry, rush rush, world on the move Marijuana illegal but ciggarettes cool I might LOOK kinda funny but I ain't no fool Now if you wanna synthesize I emp-athize

Now if you wanna synthesize I emp-athize But if you synthesize I will understand your synthesizer man

## [Verse Four: George Clinton]

Ghetto boy horny tonight SCSI with a booty in a cage Problem sinkin down and stretchin out so sleepy, playing safe in cyberspace (synthesizer) Cybersexy Wendy (synthesizer) Web walkin in the nude Digital good time, digital good time Said she'd lapdance on your laptop while your laptop's in your lap Digital good time, digital good time Cybersexy Wendy Web walkin in the nude Digital good time, digital good time Said she'd tapdance on your laptop while your laptop's in your lap Digital good time, digital good time Digital good time, digital good time Cybersexy Wendy Web walkin in the nude Digital good time, digital good time Digital good time, digital good time Fuzzy logic, it's groovy..

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