

Outkast F/ George Clinton

"Synthesizer"

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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
yea

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
hey

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

"In tonight's news, 20th century technology:

has the computer age, scientists, and doctors gone too
far?

Einstein or Frankenstein?

Dr. Scholl's, or Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde?

Are we digging into new ground,

or digging our own graves? Story at 11"

Verse Two: George Clinton

Valley girls are horny tonight (synthesizer)

Fuzzy logic, their pubic virginity (synthesizer)

Ooooh ooh ooh .. (synthesizer)

Ooooh ooh 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 linguistic 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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