

# Hootie Hoo

## OutKast

Hootie hoo, follow the funk from the skunk  
And the dank that is crunk in the Dungeon  
It goes on and on and on, like that  
Goin' out to the Jeeps and hoes in the 'llac  
Ah, suki, suki, all day and day, any day, every damn day  
I be thinkin' about the good ol' days when I was a whippersnapper  
Used to try to get a kiss but now it be them draws I'm after I'm just a Southernplayalistic pimp  
I used to slang a fat rock but now I'm servin' hemp  
I never even smoked a gram of crack but yo I'm dope  
Mo' doper than a junkie or a Pooky 'cause it's on  
So each one, teach one, I be claimin' true  
To East Pointe and College Park and the things I used to do Around ATL, home of the pimps and the money  
makers  
Club niggaz, Magic City and them Southern playas  
I never said I was a gangsta but I will do ya  
So Hallelujah, Hallelujah  
One for the playas at the crib, drinking drinks  
And two is for the sound, Hootie hoo that I make Tight like hallways, smoked out always  
Big boy on my left, Andre's on my right  
Tight like hallways, smoked out always Now playin' these bitches is my favorite sport  
But ain't no game when they be callin' your name in the court  
Oh, it's Saturday night, I guess that makes it alright  
Got an obese twenty sack, fully packed, it's so tight  
That it's bustin' out the seems, yes sir, I'm set  
Oh, but let me tuck the 380 before I jet Hops off in the Lac with Big Gipp, you got a light  
Communication device dun went off twice  
Should I answer the call, yes, I'm mackin' 'em all  
We met 'em up in the mall, recall Player's Ball  
Well, it's Player's Ball 2, so I guess I'll call you  
Later on, and then your whole crew can fall through Now later on done got here  
I takes a peek, now let me see, what do we got here?  
Draws, fallin' down like niggaz in a drive-by  
I got up in them hoes and I told 'em bye bye  
About two weeks later, she called me with some bullshit  
Talkin' 'bout her period late, guess what I did  
Click, now, it couldn't be me, not me Big boy on my left, Andre's on my right  
Tight like hallways, smoked out always  
Big boy on my left, Andre's on my right  
Tight like hallways, smoked out always Uh, well you know we gettin' blizzard

'Cuz we got that chicken gizzard  
In the dungeon and scope but some of you niggaz can't cope with it  
So, Opie, hip hop, to the front, to the back and it don't stop  
From the streets of ATL to the slums of College Park So got on Martino, it's Outkast for the 94 era  
You heard the player's call, we takin' it to another level  
So 'lujah, Halle, let me get a swallow of that Martel  
And you may go to hell Set sail with a nigga from ATL, Southwest that is  
It's that Southern ses in your chest that is  
One mo' gen for my friend who don't take  
No bullshit from no bitch who is stank  
I ain't the sugar daddy nigga who will make you Silly of you to think that I would, but I will lay you  
Down like some bo-los, you can throw those  
Head, till I'm dead, yes, it's now your broke hoes  
Don't get me wrong to disrespect is not my shit  
But if you fall in this category, then you see a bitch Big boy on my left, Andre's on my right  
Tight like hallways, smoked out always  
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