

# Unhappy

## Outkast

Drowning in the gray cell  
To dwell in earthly hell  
A pimp warrior fell  
One-two! Sir Lucious "L"  
Left Foot in the motherfuckin' booth  
Lucious! (Lucious!) Sir Lucious Left Foot has just entered  
Might as well have fun 'cause your happiness is done  
when your goose is cooked!  
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First rule in this thing, never  
let 'em see you sweat!  
Never let 'em be a threat and your feelings you must protect 'em!  
As well as your rectum! Must keep self out of harm, out of danger's way  
Let strangers play while you graduate and move on!  
True happiness is not acquired and you won't find it for sale  
Unless you're in jail and trying to get a bail bondsman to go on and post that bail,  
You would be happy as Hell  
You thought you were happy until that court day came  
Couldn't afford that case, nobody to take your place, family Hummers at stake  
Too late to escape and you're on the run  
Might as well have fun 'cause your happiness is done when your goose  
is cooked!  
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Once upon a rhyme, one time  
when I was a child (Flip that smile upside down now)  
When I found out that Santa Claus was nothing more than Vanilli  
It was silly, 'cause my mom and pop, they worked for every penny  
Didn't have many, but had enough to get by, enough to get fly  
Only to start the new year off in debt  
Now you forget your happiness came and went like mom and dad's relationship  
Take a trip, you bring potato chips, I'll bring the hot sauce  
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when your goose is cooked!  
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1979, Dirty South, Local  
lounge (Flip that smile upside down now!)  
I never thought that alcohol could ease the notion of the sadness  
Now what used to be a happy home done turned into some bad shit!  
Graphic language, mild violence and the silence of the fams!  
No members to remember but I know just who I am  
I've grown into a man and like my nigga said we executed the game plan  
'Cause we got that hot sauce!  
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