

# Gasoline Dreams

## OutKast

Alright alright alright alright Don't everybody like the smell of gasoline?

Well burn motherfucker burn American Dream

Don't everybody like the taste of Apple Pie?

We'll snap for your slice of life I'm tellin' ya why

I hear that mother nature's now on birth control

The coldest pimp be looking for somebody to ho

The highway up to Heaven got a crook on the toll

Youth full of fire ain't got nowhere to go nowhere 2 go All of my heroes did dope

Every nigga round me playin' married

Or paying child support

I can't cope

Never made no sense to me one day I hope it will

And that's that, sport, sport

Pray I live to see the day when Seven's happily married

With kids, woe woe

The world is moving fast and I'm losin' my balance

No time to dig, low low

To a place where ain't nowhere to go but up

Ya wit me say shit, sho sho

Now let me ask y'all this Don't everybody like the smell of gasoline?

Well burn motherfucker burn American Dream

Don't everybody like the taste of Apple Pie?

We'll snap for your slice of life I'm tellin' ya why

I hear that mother nature's now on birth control

The coldest pimp be looking for somebody to ho

The highway up to Heaven got a crook on the toll

Youth full of fire ain't got nowhere to go nowhere 2 go It's shitty like Ricky Stratton got a million bucks

My cousin Ricky Walker got ten years doing Fed time

On a first offense drug bust, fuck the Holic

That's if ya racist or ya crooked

Arrest me 4 this dope I didn't weight it up or cook it

You gotta charge the world cause over a million people took it

Look at me, you outta your jurisdiction now ya lookin' stupid

Officer, get off me sir

Don't make me call L.A. he'll have ya walking sir

A couple of months ago they gave OutKast the key to the city

But I still gotta pay my taxes and they give us no pity

About the youngsters amongst us

You think they respect the law

They think they monsters, they love us, reality rappin'  
And giving the youth the truth from this booth  
And when we on stage we scream  
Don't everybody everybody Don't everybody like the smell of gasoline?  
Well burn motherfucker burn American Dream  
Don't everybody like the taste of Apple Pie?  
We'll snap for your slice of life I'm tellin' ya why  
I hear that mother nature's now on birth control  
The coldest pimp be looking for somebody to ho  
The highway up to Heaven got a crook on the toll  
Youth full of fire ain't got nowhere to go nowhere 2 go Officer of the most high  
You touch me you touch the apple of this eye  
If they kick us out where will we go  
Not to Africa cause not one of them acknowledge us as they kin folk  
Still eatin' pork  
Abomination desecration for beating flesh  
Penalty for violation is death  
Woe, woe, to the man that strive with his maker on judgment day  
Hip Hip Hooray!  
Mr. Reaper Babylon the great  
The mother of heartless is falling, prophecy must be fulfilled  
The liquor fire is calling Don't everybody like the smell of gasoline?  
Well burn motherfucker burn American Dream  
Don't everybody like the taste of Apple Pie?  
We'll snap for your slice of life I'm tellin' ya why  
I hear that mother nature's now on birth control  
The coldest pimp be looking for somebody to ho  
The highway up to Heaven got a crook on the toll  
Youth full of fire ain't got nowhere to go nowhere 2 go

Songwriters

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