

# Synthesizer

## Outkast

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 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 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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