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 lingustic 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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