

Chronomentrophobia

OutKast

Chronomentrophobia, the fear of clocks.

The fear of time.[Verse 1]

How's the cost of living,

I take what I have been givin',

Has to say, be strooong,

hooo yeahhhhahhhh,

I aint' got tiiiime,

Leave me aloone,[Bridge]

Aint' got much time left,

I've got to funk you now[chorus]

Chronomentrophobia [repeat 8x]

[Verse 2]

Lord, please have mercy on my soul,

I have the impression that my life goin' to be a bowl with cherries,

but it's going to be very hard for me to cope,

tired of being broke,

this ATLian aint' got no time to sit and mope,

made up my mind while yall made up yo beds,

on a cold wooden floor is where I lie my head,

born in 1975,

Never thought I would make it this far, I'm still battilin' this racial war,

tryin' to find solutions of the situation I face,

the only thing that is free is my flow that yall be chasin',

lettin' my niggas know before I go,

I drop that knowledge like dropping books,

lets stop the crooks from robbing you from your reins and such,

using wellfare as a cruch,

im in it for good,

you into my hood you wont be findin' much,

hope that when im gone yall remember this,

what we stood for,

fuck that fame make that glits,

it's begening to look a lot like the ending, got to be more careful,

know what corners you be benden, revalations is getting impatient,

now i'm dead,

remember what I said,

i'm gone,

bow yo heads

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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