

# A Life In the Day of Benjamin Andre (Incomplete)

## Outkast

I met you in a club in Atlanta Georgia  
Said me and my homeboy were coming out with an album  
You look at me like yeah nigga right  
But you gave me you number anyway you were on the talcum  
Powder, how's about them oranges  
Moved away from home to school with big plans  
By day, studied the history of music  
By night, just to pay for that shit, you'd dance  
To get your pants was a mission impossible  
We were both the same age but I  
Suppose wasn't on the same page but in  
The same book of life so I paged you when  
I felt you that were getting off of work  
Or either when you're on your way to school  
We starting hanging like Ernie and Bert  
And in my idle head I'm thinking cool  
Just when I'm thinking I'm going down your shirt  
You're hiking up your skirt now  
The events that followed had me folly if your hometown would be  
Heaven or hell  
The angelic nastiness you possess made you by far the best  
Therefore hard to tell  
You dropped me off by the dungeon  
Never came in, but I knew that you were wondering  
Now are these niggas in this house up to something  
Selling cracks sack by sack so they could function?  
Well, yes and no  
Yes we were selling it  
But no it wasn't blow  
Cook it in the basement then move it at a show  
Then grab the microphone and everybody yelled ho  
Meanwhile the video starts playing  
BET college radio and a van  
Pack full of niggas with a blunt in their hand  
And one in their ear  
You know what I'm saying  
But, I kept your number in my old phone  
Got a new chip flip with the roam roam  
So it took me a minute to retrieve seven digits

But I promised I would call you when I got home  
But, when I got home I never did  
By the time I did, heard that you had a kid  
By some nigga in Decatur  
Who replied see you later when he got the good news, that's life shit  
Now, I'm nineteen with a Cadillac  
My nigga had a Lex with the gold ?  
Got a plaque but I'm living with my pop pop  
So I got glock and a low jack  
You kinda fast for that fella in class who used to draw  
And never said much ?cause half of what he saw  
Was so far from that place you want to be  
That words only fucked it up more follow me  
Are you starting to gather what I'm getting at?  
Now if I'm losing you tell me then I'll double back  
But keep in mind, at the time keep it real was the phrase  
Silly once said now, but those were the days  
When spring break  
And Daytona  
And Freakniks  
Made you want to  
Drop out of college and never go back  
Move to the south but that ain't a Kodiac  
Moment, on went myself and big boi  
Well you knew him as Twan  
That's right you were around before this shit begun  
When Twan had a daughter and  
Sort of was made to mature before the first tour  
We hit the road like jack  
Laughed and cried and drive it back with some Yak  
Girls used to say, y'all talk funny, y'all from the islands?  
Laughed and they just keep smiling  
No, I'm from Atlanta baby  
He from Savannah, maybe  
We should hook up and get tore up and then lay down hey we  
Got to go because the bus is pulling out in 30 minutes  
She's playing tennis disturbing the tenants  
15-love  
Fit like glove  
Description is like  
15 doves  
In a Jacuzzi catching the Holy Ghost  
Making one woozy in the head in come a toast, agree?  
Enough about me  
How's about you?

How's the lil' kid?  
She was about 2 the last time we spoke  
I hadn't smoked or took a shot of drink  
Cause I started the second album off on another note  
Now, that note threw some niggas in the hood off  
But see I'd balled out, and before I fall I'd  
Slow my Lac down to a nice speed  
The brain is that fried egg I might need  
New direction was apparent  
I was a child looking at the floor staring  
So changing my style was like release for the primitive beast  
Yes I was on the rise, yeast was the street  
To make bread-Never primary concern  
Just to hop on these beats and wait my turn  
I'd meet Muslims, gangsters, bitches, rastas, and macoroni niggas ? impostors  
So on a trip to New York on some biz wax  
I get invited to a club where emcees at  
And on stage is a singer with some thing on her head  
Similar to the turban that I covered up my dreads with  
Which I was rocking at the time  
When I was going through them phases trying to find  
Anything that seemed real in this world  
Still searching, but I started liking this girl  
Now you know her  
As Erykah on and on Badu  
Call Tyrone on the phone why you  
Do that girl like that boy you ought to be ashamed  
The song wasn't about me and that ain't my name  
We're young, in love, in short we had fun  
No regrets no abortion, had a son  
By the name of Seven  
And he's five  
By the time I do this mix, he'll probably be six  
You do the arithmetic  
Me do the language arts  
Y'all stand against the wall blindfolded me throw the darts  
To poke you in the heart  
And take you from the start  
To one luxury transportation in a Marta car  
Or either when your girlfriend that went to Mays  
Momma or her daddy let her borrow the Benz because she's smart  
Or maybe if your neighbor does you a huge favor  
And he sells you that rabbit that's been sitting in his yard  
You fix it up, you trick it out, you give it rims, you give it bump  
You give it all your time because that's all you can think about

And that's as far as I got

Songwriters

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