

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 macaroni 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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