

For Those of Y'all Who Wear Fanny Packs

Ben Folds Five

Oh goddamn, I saw a goddamn
Fuckin' goddamn, goddamn, woah
Oh goddamn, shitchya it's cool Play it on the radio
Come here one time, wassup y'all
I got this funky groove goin' on
I gotta give a shout out to my homeboy in L.A. Wassup boy? Wassup y'all, come on
Yo, this goes out to my homeboy Trey
Going out in Chapel Hill
Yeah, shouts out to A.K.A. known as Roadie Killer
New York City Yo, shouts out to my main manager man
Al Wolmark known as A.K.A. you're a bad motherfucker
C.E.C. bring in the bass, y'all
Yeah and I thought that's how you felt about the motherfucker
Yeah I thought that's how you felt
Yeah Sledge, bring in the bass For those of y'all who wear fannie packs, come on
For those of y'all that wear fannie packs, come on
For those of y'all that wear fannie packs and pony tails, come on
For those of y'all that wear fannie packs
And got the pony tails come fucking on Yeah, my boy, Sledge on the bass in your face
My boy, Ben on the piano coming in, let him in, let him in
Yeah, let my boy, Ben in, alright, yeah Hey D? Hey D? Yeah, wassup?
You gonna let me in D? Wassup?
You gonna me in? Yo let that piano solo in
Let me in, let me in, Goddamn, yeah You and your mother have seen things happen
I don't mind singing and I don't mind rappin'
I can find at least a hundred ways to get my shit
I play the piano, goddamn that's some funky shit Yeah, I said for those of y'all who wear fannie packs
This song's coming out, it's coming attchya
I wanna borrow an allen wrench
I wanna borrow some duct tape
I wanna borrow a mic cable bass in your face Bass in your face, let's break it, break it, break it down
We're gonna break this shit down, gimme some bass
That's pretty good bring this shit in
Oh goddamn, shitchya it's cool Play that cymbal, man
Play that tasty, tasty high hat work
Yo, I'm gonna bring that tasty high hat work bring it
I'm gonna bring that shit in, I wanna taste it, man right now Yo, this sound goes out to my main man
At the point in Atlanta, wassup
Gimme my fuckin' monitor, man

Ernie, I'm sorry, I can't give you any more Monitor than that
It won't go any higher than that
Because the transistors the resistors
They won't go any higher Alright, y'all, take this motherfucker out with a piano solo
Goddamn, uh, uh goddamn
Alright, turn that shit out I hope you taped that, that's our next single
Oh, they've left, they gave up
These guys are fucking idiots
That sucked

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