

Hootie Hoo

Outkast

Hootie Hoo

Follow the funk from the skunk
And the dank that is crunk in the Dungeon
It goes on and on and on, like that
Going out to the Jeeps and hoes in the 'llac
Ah Suki, Suki

All day and day, any day, every damn day
I be thinking about the good ol' days when I was a whippersnapper
Used to try to get a kiss, but now it be them draws I'm after
I'm just a Southernplayalistic pimp
I used to sling a fat rock, but now I'm serving hemp
I never even smoked a gram of crack, but yo I'm dope
Mo' doper than a junkie or a Pooky cause it's on
So each one, teach one, I be claiming true
To East Point and College Park and the things I used to do
Around ATL, home of the pimps and the money makers
Club niggas, Magic City and them Southern players
I never said I was a gangsta but I will do ya
So Hallelujah, Hallelujah
One for the players at the crib, drinking drinks
And two is for the sound, Hootie Hoo that I make[Chorus]

Hootie Hoo

Tight like hallways, smoked out always(Hootie Hoo)

Yeah, Hootie Hoo

Big Boi on the left, Andre's on my right
Tight like hallways, smoked out always (Hootie Hoo)Now playing these bitches is my favorite sport
But ain't no game when they be calling your name in the court
Oh, it's Saturday night, I guess that makes it alright
Got an obese twenty sack, fully packed, it's so tight
That it's busting out the seams, yes sir, I'm set
Oh, but let me tuck the 380 before I jet
Hops off in the Lac with Big Gipp, you got a light (Hootie Hoo)
Communication device dun went off twice
Should I answer the call, yes, I'm macking 'em all
We met 'em up in the mall, recall Player's Ball
Well, it's Player's Ball 2, so I guess I'll call you
Later on, and then your whole crew can fall through
Now later on done got here
I takes a peek, now let me see, what do we got here?

Draws, falling down like niggas in a drive-by
I got up in them draws and I told her bye bye
About two weeks later, she called me with some bullshit
Talking 'bout her period late, guess what I did
Click

No, it couldn't be me. Not me[Chorus]Uh, well you know we getting blizzard cause we got that chicken gizzard
In the dungeon and scope but some of you niggas can't cope with it
So, Opie, hip hop, to the front, to the back and it don't stop
From the streets of ATL to the slums of College Park
So god almighty no, it's Outkast for the 94 era
You heard the player's call, we taking it to another level
So 'lujah, Halle, let me get a swallow of that Martel
And you may go to hellSet sail with a nigga from ATL, Southwest that is
It's that Southern ses in your chest that is
One mo' gen for my friend who don't take
No bullshit from no bitch who is stank
I ain't the sugar daddy nigga who will make you
Silly of you to think that I would, but I will lay you
Down like some bo-los, you can throw those
Head, til I'm dead, yes, it's now your broke hoes
Don't get me wrong to disrespect is not my shit
But if you fall in this category, then you're a bitch

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