# Atliens

## Outkast

Well, it's the M I crooked letter, ain't no one better
And when I'm on the microphone you best to wear your sweater
'Cause I'm cooler than a polar bear's toenails
Oh Hell, there he go again talkin' that shitBend, corners like I was a curve, I struck a nerve
And now you 'bout to see this Southern playa serve
I heard it's not where you're from but where you pay rent
Then I heard it's not what you make but how much you spendYou got me bent like elbows, amongst other things, but I'm not worried
'Cause when we step up in the party, like I'm out you scurry
So go get your fuckin' shine box and your sack of nickles
It tickles to see you try to be like Mr. PicklesDaddy fat sacks, B I G B O I
It's that same motherfucka that took them knuckles to your eye
And I try, to warn you not to test but you don't listen
Givin' the shout out to my Uncle Donnel locked up in prisonNow throw your hands in the air
And wave 'em like you just don't care
And if you like fish and grits and all that pimp shit
Everybody let me hear you say oh yea yerNow throw your hands in the air
And wave 'em like you just don't care
And if you like fish and grits and all that pimp shit
Everybody let me hear you say oh yea yerNow, my oral demonstration be like clitoral stimulation
To the female gender, ain't nothin' better
Let me know when it's wet enough to enter
If not I'll wait, because the future of the world depends onIf or if not the child we raise gon' have that nigga syndrome
Or will it know to be the hard regardless of the skintone
Or will it feel that if we tune it, it just might get picked on
Or will it give a fuck about what others say and get goneThe alienators 'cause we different keep your hands to the sky
Like Sounds of Blackness when I practice what I preach and don't lie
I'll be the baker and the maker of the piece of my pie
Now breaker, breaker 10-4 can I get some reply? Now everybody sayNow throw your hands in the air
And wave 'em like you just don't care
And if you like fish and grits and all that pimp shit
Everybody let me hear you say oh yea yerNow throw your hands in the air
And wave 'em like you just don't care
And if you like fish and grits and all that pimp shit
Everybody let me hear you say oh yea yerEveryday I sit while my nigga be in school
Thinkin' about the second album at the Dungeon shootin' pool
Like E S to the P N, 'cause we adjust to the beat in the zone

Honey I'm home but I'm not marriedCarried a lot of problems around being frustrated
And now I'm sittin' at the end of the month I just made it
Like you made the B team and like
The daddy's wife you makin' the coffee
You heard the ATLiens so back the hell up off meSoftly as if I played piano in the dark
Found a way to channel my anger not to embark
The world's a stage and everybody gots to play they part
God works in mysterious ways so when he startsThe job of speakin' through us we be so sincere with this here
No drugs or alcohol so I can get the signal clear as day
Put my Glock away I got a stronger weapon
That never runs out of ammunition so I'm ready for war, okay?Now throw your hands in the air
And wave 'em like you just don't care
And if you like fish and grits and all that pimp shit
Everybody let me hear you say oh yea yerNow throw your hands in the air
And wave 'em like you just don't care
And if you like fish and grits and all that pimp shit
Everybody let me hear you say oh yea yer

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