

# Rosa Parks (DJ Mattos Remix)

## OutKast

Ah ha, hush that fuss  
Everybody move to the back of the bus  
Do you want to bump and slump with us  
We the type of people make the club get drunk  
Ah ha, hush that fuss  
Everybody move to the back of the bus  
Do you want to bump and slump with us  
We the type of people make the club get drunk Many a day has passed, the night has gone by  
But still I find the time to put that bump off in your eye  
Total chaos, for these players, thought we was absent  
We takin' another route to represent the Dungeon Family  
Like Great Day, me and my nigga decide to take the back way  
We stabbing every city then we headed to that bat cave  
A-T-L, Georgia, what we do for ya  
Bull doggin' hoes like them Georgetown Hoyas  
Boy you sounding silly, thank my Brougham ain't sittin' pretty  
Doing doughnuts round you suckas like then circles around titties  
Damn we the committee gone burn it down  
But us gone bust you in the mouth with the chorus now Ah ha, hush that fuss  
Everybody move to the back of the bus  
Do you want to bump and slump with us  
We the type of people make the club get drunk  
Ah ha, hush that fuss  
Everybody move to the back of the bus  
Do you want to bump and slump with us  
We the type of people make the club get drunk I met a gypsy and she hippped me to some life game  
To stimulate then activate the left and right brain  
Said baby boy you only funky as your last cut  
You focus on the past your ass'll be a has what  
that's one to live by or either that one to die to  
I try to just throw it at you determine your own adventure  
Andre, got to her station here's my destination  
She got off the bus, the conversation lingered in my head for hours  
Took a shower kinda sour cause my favorite group ain't coming with it  
But I'm with ya you cause you probably going through it anyway  
But anyhow when in doubt went on out and bought it  
Cause I thought it would be jamming but examine all the flawsky-wawsky  
Awfully, it's sad and it's costly, but that's all she wrote  
And I hope I never have to float in that boat

Up shit creek it's weak is the last quote  
That I want to hear when I'm going down when all's said and done  
And we got a new joe in town  
When the record player get to skipping and slowing down  
All yawl can say is them niggas earned that crown but until then

Songwriters

ANDRE BENJAMIN, ANTWAN PATTONPublished by

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Other patents pending.

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