

ATLiens (Illinoize remix)

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 talking that shit
Bend, corner's like I was a curve, I struck a nerve
And now you bout to see this Southern player 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 spent
You 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. Pickles
Daddy fat sacks, B-I-G B-O-I
It's that same motherfucker that took them knuckles to your eye
And I try, to warn you not to test but you don't listen
Giving the shout out to my Uncle Donnel locked up in prison 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
Then everybody let me hear you say O-Yea-yer 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
Then everybody let me hear you say O-Yea-yer Now, my oral illustration 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 on
If or if not the child we raise gon' have that nigga syndrome
Or will it know to be the hard regardless of the skintone
I really feel that if we tune it, it just might get picked on
Or will it give a fuck about what others say and get gone
The alienators cause we different keep your hands to the sky
Like Sounds of Blackness when I practice what a preach ain't no 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 say 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
Then everybody let me hear you say O-Yea-yer 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

Then everybody let me hear you say O-Yea-ye
Everyday I sit while my nigga be in school
Thinking about the second album at the Dungeon shooting pool
Like E-S to the P-N, cause we adjust to the beat in the zone (zone)
Honey I'm home but I'm not married
Carried a lot of problems around being frustrated
And now I'm sitting at the end of the month I just made it
Like you made the B team
And like the daddy's wife you making the coffee
You heard the A-T-L-ians
So back the hell up off me
Softly 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's got to play their part
God works in mysterious ways so when he starts
The job of speaking 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
Then everybody let me hear you say O-Yea-ye
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
Then everybody let me hear you say O-Yea-ye

Songwriters

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