

Gasoline Dreams

OutKast/Goodie Mob/Khujo Goodie

Alright

Alright

AlrightDon't everybody like the smell of gasoline?

Well burn motherfucka burn American dreams

Don't everybody like the taste of apple pie?

We'll snap for your slice of life I'm tellin' ya why?

I hear that mother nature's now on birth control

The coldest pimp be looking for somebody to hold

The highway up to Heaven got a crook on the toll

Youth full of fire ain't got nowhere to go, nowhere to goAll of my heroes did dope

Every nigga round me playin' married

Or payin' child support

I can't cope

Never made no sense to me one day I hope it will

And that's that, sport, sportPray I live to see the day when seven's happily married

With kids, woe woe

The world is movin' fast and I'm losin' my balance

No time to dig, low, low

To a place where ain't nowhere to go but up

Ya wit me say shit, sho sho

Now let me ask y'all thisDon't everybody like the smell of gasoline?

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Youth full of fire ain't got nowhere to go, nowhere to goIt's shitty like Ricky Stratton got a million bucks

My cousin Ricky Walker got ten years doing fed time

On a first offense drug bust, fuck the holice

That's if ya racist or ya crooked

Arrest me for this dope I didn't weight it up or cook it

You gotta charge the world cause over a million people took it

Look at me, you outta your jurisdiction now ya lookin' stupid

Officer, get off me sir

Don't make me call L.A. he'll have ya walking sirA couple of months ago they gave outkast the key to the city

But I still gotta pay my taxes and they give us no pity

About the youngsters amongst us

You think they respect the law

They think they monsters, they love us, reality rappin'

And giving the youth the truth from this booth

And when we on stage we scream

Don't everybody, everybodyDon't everybody like the smell of gasoline?

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Youth full of fire ain't got nowhere to go, nowhere to goOfficer of the most high you touch me you touch the
apple of this eye

If they kick us out where will we go

Not to Africa 'cause not one of them acknowledge us as they kin folk

Still eatin' pork, abomination, desecration for beating flesh

Penalty for violation is death

Woe, woe, to the man that strive with his maker on judgement day

Hip hip hooray, Mr. Reaper Babylon the great

The mother of heartless is falling, prophecy must be fulfilled

The liquor fire is callingDon't everybody like the smell of gasoline?

Well burn motherfucka burn American dreams

Don't everybody like the taste of apple pie?

We'll snap for your slice of life I'm tellin' ya why

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