

# A Life in the Day of Benjamin AndrÃ©©

## OutKast

I met you in a club in Atlanta, Georgia  
Said, Me and my homeboy were coming out with an album  
You looked at me like, yeah, nigga right  
But you gave me your number anyway, you were on the talcumPowder, how's about them oranges  
Moved away from home to school with big plans  
By day, studied the history of music  
By night, just to pay for that shit, you'd danceTo get your pants, was a mission impossible  
We were both the same age but I  
Suppose wasn't on the same page but in  
The same book of life so I'd paged you whenI felt you, that were getting off of work  
Or either when you're on your way to school  
We starting hanging like Ernie and Bert  
And in my idle head, I'm thinking coolJust when I think I'm going down your shirt  
You're hiking up your skirt now  
The events that followed, had me volley  
If your hometown would be Heaven or HellThe angelic nastiness you possessed made you by far the best  
Therefore hard to tell  
You'd dropped me off by the dungeon  
Never came in but I knew that you were wonderingNow are these niggaz, in this house up to something  
Selling crack, sack by sacks, so they could function?  
Well, yes and no  
Yes, we were selling itBut no, it wasn't blow  
Cook it in the basement, then move it at a show  
Then grab the microphone and everybody yelled, Ho  
Meanwhile the video starts playingBET, college radio and a van  
Packed full of niggaz, with a blunt in their hand  
And one in their ear  
You know what I'm sayingBut, I kept your number in my old phone  
Got a new chip flip with the roam, roam  
So it took me a minute to retrieve seven digits  
But I promised, I would call you when I got homeBut when I got home, I never did  
By the time I did, heard that you had a kid  
By some nigga in Decatur  
Who replied, see you later, when he got the good news, that's life shitNow, I'm nineteen with a Cadillac  
My nigga had a Lex with the gold pack  
Got a plaque but I'm living with my pop, pop  
So, I got glock and a low jackYou kinda fast for that fella in class, who used to draw  
And never said much cause half of what he saw  
Was so far from that place you wanna be

That words only fucked it up more, follow me  
Are you starting to gather, what I'm getting at?  
Now if I'm losing, you tell me then I'll double back  
But keep in mind, at the time, Keep it real was the phrase  
Silly once said, Now but those were the days  
When spring break  
And Daytona  
And Freakniks  
Made you wanna  
Drop out of college and never go back  
Move to the south but that ain't a Kodak  
Moment, on went myself and big boi  
Well, you knew him as Twan  
That's right, you were around before this shit begun  
When Twan had a daughter and  
Sort of was made to mature before the first tour  
We hit the road like Jack  
Laughed and cried and drove it back with some Yak  
Girls used to say, Y'all talk funny, y'all from the islands?  
And I'd laughed and they just keep smiling  
No, I'm from Atlanta, baby  
He from Savannah, maybe  
We should hook up and get tore up and then lay down, hey we  
Got to go because the bus is pulling out in thirty minutes  
She's playing tennis, disturbing the tenants  
Fifteen love  
Fit like glove  
Description is like  
Fifteen doves  
In a Jacuzzi, catching the Holy Ghost  
Making one woozy in the head and comatose, agree?  
Enough about me  
How's about you?  
How's the lil' kid?  
She was about two, the last time we spoke  
I hadn't smoked or took a shot of drink  
Cause I'd start the second album off, on another note  
Now, that note threw some niggaz in the hood off  
But see I'd balled out and before I fall out  
I'd slow my Lac down to a nice speed  
The brain is that, fried egg I might need  
New direction was apparent  
I was a child, looking at the floor, staring  
So, changing my style was like release for the primitive beast  
Yes, I was on the rise, yeast was the street  
To make bread, never primary concern  
Just to hop on these beats and wait my turn  
I'd meet Muslims, ganstas, bitches, rastas  
And macoroni, niggaz, imposters  
So on a trip to New York, on some beeswax  
I get invited to a club where emcees at  
And on stage is a singer with some thing on her head  
Similar to the turban that I covered up my dredz with  
Which I was rocking at the time  
When I was going through them phases, trying to find  
Anything that seemed real in the world  
Still searching but I started liking this girl  
Now you know her  
As Erykah on and on Badu  
Call Tyrone on the phone, why you?

Do that girl like that boy you ought to be ashamed  
The song wasn't about me and that ain't my name  
We're young, in love, in short we had fun  
No regrets no abortion, had a son  
By the name of Seven  
And he's five  
By the time I do this mix, he'll probably be six  
You do the arithmetic  
Me do the language arts  
Y'all stand against the wall, blindfolded, me throw the darts  
To poke you in the heart  
And take you from the start  
To one luxury transportation and a Marta card  
Or either when your girlfriend that went to Mays  
Momma or her daddy, let her borrow the Benz because she's  
smart  
Or maybe if your neighbor does you a huge favor  
And he sells you that rabbit that's been sitting in his yard  
You fix it up, you trick it out, you give it rims, you give it bump  
You give it all your time because that's all you  
can think about  
And that's as far as I got

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