

Synthesizer (featuring George Clinton)

OutKast

Everybody's got opinions
On the way you're living
But see they can't fill your shoes
Life is made of half illusion (illusion)
Forty percent confusion (confusion)
Whatever's left I'm using to keep myself from losing, yea
You don't know what I've been through (ooh)
Hell I might go through you (ghetto boy that, won't eat, tonight)
Uh-oh, oh no-oh (that little boy just wanna eat tonight)
Hey hey (he scuffles with her booty and her face) hey hey
And mm-mm (mom I'm seekin' that sir tea and some soup yea)
All in all it's all in my head You know it's that high guy, from East PI
Spittin' the realness of reality, you mad at me
Boi how you gonna handle me?
You want me to lolligag and talk that bullshit?
I refuse to play so I'm gon' speak that Southern good shit
That harder than yo' hood shit, lil' shit
That make y'all niggas think about the trigger
Before you pull it, on liquor stores and banks
Them folks got more than enough bullets to put that ass
Off in the slang, don't claim no gang, we the niggas
That did that "Ain't No Thang But a Chicken Wang"
But still though, how you gonna play a nigga like dildo
We OutKast til it's over, barbeque and never mildo
For real bro "In tonight's news, 20th century technology:
Has the computer age, scientists, and doctors gone too far?
Einstein or Frankenstein?
Dr Scholl's, or Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde?
Are we digging into new ground
Or digging our own graves? Story at 11 "Valley girls are horny tonight (synthesizer)
Fuzzy logic, their pubic virginity (synthesizer)
Ooh ooh ooh (synthesizer)
Ooh ooh ooh (synthesizer) Conceived under the influence of toxic wasted doctors
Computer buggin' debuggin' device-a and vice versa
And various viruses
Performing with laser light precision and verbal incision
For a linguistic ballistic lobotomy
Mind-fuckin' you, a psycho-sodomy
Of the medula oblongata

Accept your mind down your spine and out your behind

Fuck youSynthesizer, microwave me

Give me a drug so I can make seven babies

Pump my breasts up, can you suck the fat up

Please make my life appear

Like ain't no such thing as bad luck

My, nose ain't right

Like I need a new one

Just take your pick, a yellow red

A black or a blue one

Virtual reality, virtual, bullshit!

Synthesizer preachers can reach you up in the pulpit

Who a bitch?

Give me my gat so I can smoke this nigga

Tell his mamma not to cry

Because they can clone him quicker

Than it took his daddy to make him

Niggas bitin' verbatim

Thought provokin' records radio never played dem

Instant, quick grits, new, improved

Hurry hurry, rush rush, world on the move

Marijuana illegal but cigarettes cool

I might look! Kinda funny but I ain't no fool

Now if you wanna synthesize I emp-athize

Now if you wanna synthesize I emp-athize

But if you synthesize I will understand

Your synthesizer manGhetto boy horny tonight

Scsi with a booty in a cage

Problem sinkin down and stretchin out

So sleepy, playing safe in cyberspace (synthesizer)

Cybersexy Wendy (synthesizer)

Web walkin' in the nude

Digital good time, digital good time

Said she'd lap dance on your laptop

While your laptop's in your lap

Digital good time, digital good time

Cybersexy Wendy

Web walkin' in the nude

Digital good time, digital good time

Said she'd tap dance on your laptop

While your laptop's in your lap

Digital good time, digital good time

Digital good time, digital good time

Cybersexy Wendy

Web walkin' in the nude

Digital good time, digital good time
Fuzzy logic, it's groovy

Songwriters

GEORGE CLINTON, ANDRE BENJAMIN, ANTWAN PATTONPublished by

Lyrics Â© Peermusic Publishing, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song
Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>