# Unhappy

## Outkast

Drowning in the gray cell
To dwell in earthly hell
A pimp warrior fell
One-two! Sir Lucious "L"
Left Foot in the motherfuckin' booth
Lucious! (Lucious!) Sir Lucious Left Foot has just entered[Chorus: x4]
Might as well have fun 'cause your happiness is done when your goose is cooked!First rule in this thing, never let 'em see you sweat!
Never let 'em be a threat and your feelings you must protect 'em!
As well as your rectum! Must keep self out of harm, out of danger's way
Let strangers play while you graduate and move on!True happiness is not acquired and you won't find it for sale
Unless you're in jail and trying to get a bail bondsman to go on and post that bail,
You would be happy as Hell
You thought you were happy until that court day came
Couldn't afford that case, nobody to take your place, family Hummers at stake
Too late to escape and you're on the run[Chorus]One upon a rhyme, one time when I was a child (Flip that smile upside down now)
When I found out that Santa Claus was nothing more than Vanilli
It was silly, 'cause my mom and pop, they worked for every penny
Didn't have many, but had enough to get by, enough to get flyOnly to start the new year off in debt
Now you forget your happiness came and went like mom and dad's relationship
Take a trip, you bring potato chips, I'll bring the hot sauce[Chorus]1979, Dirty South, Local lounge (Flip that smile upside down now!)
I never thought that alcohol could ease the notion of the sadness
Now what used to be a happy home done turned into some bad shit!
Graphic language, mild violence and the silence of the fams!No members to remember but I know just who I am
I've grown into a man and like my nigga said we executed the game plan
'Cause we got that hot sauce![Chorus]

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