

The Rooster

Outkast

Hold up...yeah

Inhales

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh. Somebody done told you wrong

Thought you were gonna end off like that there, huh

Hot, too hot, too hot, too motherfuckin' hot

Like motherfuckin' tools Okay, I start out all alone

'Cause my baby mama left me

Now there's nobody at home

Beginning to feel like Mrs. Jackson done got cloned

Well it's some real shit and I'm lving it through this song A moving vehicle took my family

As I slept out on the sofa in the boom boom room

I woke up very upset, I throw the covers back

And peek out through the draperies My daughter, my baby

My baby mama all escaping me

Like a candle in the wind

She was my friend Like princess Di before she died

Therefore we tried and tried again

But in the end you pay attention to the pluses

But the minuses behind make it seem like you can't win Throw your neck out! Throw your back out

Throw your neck out! Throw your back out

Throw your neck out! Throw your back out

Throw your neck out! Throw your back out Round two, a single parent, what is Big to do?

Throw a party? Not hardly! I'm trying to stay up outta that womb

Or that P U S S - uss! I said, "Uss"

Luther Vandross couldn't make a home

Out of this house that we smooshed Smashed, pushed to the limit! Smash and turned it timid

Hell everyone was suffering, the house was feeling wicked

The cat got sold, the dog got old, the food got cold

Both of our tempers were on swolle For the most part you fuss, fight, fart

You build it up to break it down and now take it from the start

Repeatedly leading a path that only ends in a flash

Of two stubborn minds, grown folks blind to the signs Throw your neck out! Throw your back out

Throw your neck out! Throw your back out

Throw your neck out! Throw your back out

Throw your neck out! Throw your back out

Throw your back out K.O. knocked out by technicality

The love has kissed the canvas

Now the whole family gets mad at me

My daughter don't want me at her P T A meetings And then my son he can't talk

When I change him he's peeing
I think he's pissed
I can't dismiss the matter of the fact
Because he saw me and you argue
Now the energy is coming back
Set an example, a positive pattern, keep life on track
But I'm married to the music
And committed to the waxTapes, CDs, baby please
You make me wanna scream
You're on my team starting first string so why are we arguing?
Tapes, CDs, baby please, you make me wanna scream
You're on my team starting first string so why are we arguing? Throw your fuckin' neck out! Throw your back
out
Throw your neck out! Throw your back out
Throw your neck out! Throw your back out
Throw your neck out! Throw your back out
Throw your back out! Tapes, CDs, baby please, you make me wanna scream
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