Hootie Hoo

Outkast

Hootie hoo, follow the funk from the skunk
And the dank that is crunk in the Dungeon
It goes on and on and on, like that
Goin' out to the Jeeps and hoes in the 'llac
Ah, suki, suki, all day and day, any day, every damn day
I be thinkin' about the good ol' days when I was a whippersnapper
Used to try to get a kiss but now it be them draws I'm after
I'm just a Southernplayalistic pimp
I used to slang a fat rock but now I'm servin' hemp
I never even smoked a gram of crack but yo I'm dope
Mo' doper than a junkie or a Pooky 'cause it's on
So each one, teach one, I be claimin' true
To East Pointe and College Park and the things I used to do
Around ATL, home of the pimps and the money makers
Club niggaz, Magic City and them Southern playas
I never said I was a gangsta but I will do ya
So Hallelujah, Hallelujah
One for the playas at the crib, drinking drinks
And two is for the sound, Hootie hoo that I make
Tight like hallways, smoked out always
Big boy on my left, Andre's on my right
Tight like hallways, smoked out always
Now playin' these bitches is my favorite sport
But ain't no game when they be callin' your name in the court
Oh, it's Saturday night, I guess that makes it alright
Got an obese twenty sack, fully packed, it's so tight
That it's bustin' out the seems, yes sir, I'm set
Oh, but let me tuck the 380 before I jet
Hops off in the Lac with Big Gipp, you got a light
Communication device dun went off twice
Should I answer the call, yes, I'm mackin' 'em all
We met 'em up in the mall, recall Player's Ball
Well, it's Player's Ball 2, so I guess I'll call you
Later on, and then your whole crew can fall through
Now later on done got here
I takes a peek, now let me see, what do we got here?
Draws, fallin' down like niggaz in a drive-by
I got up in them hoes and I told 'em bye bye
About two weeks later, she called me with some bullshit

Talkin' 'bout her period late, guess what I did
Click, now, it couldn't be me, not me
Big boy on my left, Andre's on my right
Tight like hallways, smoked out always
Big boy on my left, Andre's on my right
Tight like hallways, smoked out always
Uh, well you know we gettin' blizzard
'Cuz we got that chicken gizzard
In the dungeon and scope but some of you niggaz can't cope with it
So, Opie, hip hop, to the front, to the back and it don't stop
From the streets of ATL to the slums of College Park
So got on Martino, it's Outkast for the 94 era
You heard the player's call, we takin' it to another level
So 'lujah, Halle, let me get a swallow of that Martel
And you may go to hell
Set sail with a nigga from ATL, Southwest that is
It's that Southern ses in your chest that is
One mo' gen for my friend who don't take
No bullshit from no bitch who is stank
I ain't the sugar daddy nigga who will make you
Silly of you to think that I would, but I will lay you
Down like some bo-los, you can throw those
Head, till I'm dead, yes, it's now your broke hoes
Don't get me wrong to disrespect is not my shit
But if you fall in this category, then you see a bitch
Big boy on my left, Andre's on my right
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