

A Life In The Day Of Benjamin Andre

Andre 3000

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 cool
Just when I think I'm going down your shirtYou're hiking up your skirt now
The events that followed had me
Volley if your hometown would be Heaven or Hell
The angelic nastiness you possessed made you by far the best
Therefore hard to tellYou'd dropped me off by the dungeon
Never came in, but I knew that you were wondering
Now 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 it but no it wasn't blow
Cook it in the basement then move it at a show
Then grab the microphone and everybody yelled, HoMeanwhile the video starts playing
BET 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 meAre 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 30 minutes
She's playing tennis disturbing the tenants
15-love fit like glove
Description is like 15 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 'fore 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 relief 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, gangstas, bitches
Rastas, and Macaroni niggaz, imposters
So, on a trip to New York on some beeswax
I get invited to a club where MC's 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
And that's as far as I got, and where I wanted to go
Knowing the whole time that's all you could think about
Even though if you cut it off and start that bitch up
You need a jump like you'll need in your rump to grow
And you change all the time
So that rabbit that you thought about that whole summer
The next summer you didn't want that rabbit no more
You wanted something bigger and better
So the summer past and the rabbit is old?
Right, right, so now you want a Cadillac

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