

Funkin' Around

Outkast

Hello, well good evening ladies and gentlemen
What we like to do right here
Well, first of all let me let you know who I am
Well, I go by the name of Andre 3000, alright?
And we come from a little place
Called like Stankonia Georgia right?
You know right now everybody
Wants to be from space
And folks like to be from the country
And everything like that
You know, like really like the South
It's like cool to be from the South
Right about now
Girls listen up Torn between Saturday night
And early Sunday mornin'
I don't know, I'm somewhere stuck
In between, tween
I'm out here knowin' hip-hop is dead
The average nigga on my corner yellin'
What the fuck you mean, mean
See we ain't even sing the mountain top
Counter-clock wise goes the neighborhood
Hand me down some canned-goods
Won't cut the Gray pupon
We got the layer-on
Back to the drawing board Can't afford to lose journey beyond
One, slash one slash ninety-one
My teacher six foot incher man
Said, "Sit down son"
And let me tell you like I heard it
When I don't desert it
It wadn't no other way to word it
Got my feelings scurred and
By the, bullet of bad, the singer of sad
Songs to make you long for
Your mom and your dad
Plaid class with polka dots
I hope you ain't mad
Back up little mama

I'm about to react
Yup, we ain't just funk'in' around
No, you don't want to see me clown
No, tomorrow sounds like right now
People have ya party, but please don't be late
It's time to bounce, rock, roller skate
Bounce, rock, roller skate
Hey sexy Mama, there's no time to waste
It's time to bounce, rock, roller skate
Bounce, rock, roller skate
Grab your partner, roll around
And feel the sound, ah baby
People have ya party, don't be late
It's time to bounce, rock, roller skate
Bounce, rock, roller skate
While Scotty is beaming La Pookie is skeeming
Wait to you still live in my name-go
While you snoozing I'm dreaming
I'm Tylenol PM, you mouth to the same thing
Everyday like Perdium
Never try to be nothing but that what you're being
One nation under the cool should be the rule
Wether young man or young lady
Begins or starts grade school
Silence before violence, nine times out of ten times
The quietest is the loudest
Bumplin' through your privates
Daddy Fat Sacks can I have your back, naw
Ooh, you're such a playa,
Ohh, your southern ball
Got me scrawled out
In ya black book my name was crossed out
Went from starting the second string
Now in the dog house
Remenicing, the party was missing
Instead of arguements
You think about the hugs and kisses
If this is, something, hard for you to think
You better bounce, rock, roller skate
Yup, we ain't just funk'in' around
No, you don't want to see me clown
No, tomorrow sounds like right now
Yup, we ain't just funky but wild
Andre and Big Boy presents our guest

Lyrics provided by

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