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B.O.B.
Words & Music by
André Benjamin, Antwan Patton & David Sheats

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Who want some? Don't come unprepared, I'll be there but when I leave there better be a household name. Weather man mail. A scale and some Arm and Hammer, soul gold grill and some baby mama. Black Cadillac and a pack of pampers.

tellin' us it ain't gon' rain. So now we sittin' in a drop-top, soakin' wet, in a silk suit, tryin' not to sweat. Stack of questions with no answers. Cure for cancer, cure for AIDS, make a nigga wanna stay on tour for days.

hit somersaults without the net, but this'll be the year that we won't forget one - nine - nine - nine, Anno Domini. Get back home, things are wrong, well not really it was bad all along. Before he left adds up, to a ball of power.

anything goes, be what you wanna be, long as you know consequences, to give and for livin' defenses. Thoughts at a thousands miles per hour, hello, ghetto, let your brain breathe, believe there's always more, shhhhh!
B♭m

Don't pull the thing out unless you plan to bang.

B♭m/A♭

(Bombs over Baghdad!)

Don't even bang unless you plan to hit something.

B♭m/A♭

(Bombs over Baghdad!)

N.C.

1. Uno, dos, tres, it's on. Did you ever think a pimp rock a microphone? Like
2. get drunk, stay drunk, at the club. Should have bought an ounce, but you copped a dub
3. have hit, quit it, rag top. Before you read up, get a laptop, make a

Drums
that there boy and we still stay street. Big things happen every time we meet like a
should have held back, but you threwed the punch. 'Spose to meet your girl but you packed a lunch. No
business for yourself, boy, set some goals. Make a fat diamond out of dusty coal.

track team, crack fiend, dyin' to geok. OutKast bumpin' up and down the street. Slam back, Cadillac, 'bout five nigga deep. Seventy-
D to-the I to-the G for you. Got a son on the way by the name of Bamboo. Got a little baby girl four yeah, Jordan,
Record number four, but we on the road, hold up, slow up, stop, control. Like Janet, Planets, Stankonia is only a

Play 3 times

-five MC's freestylin' to the beat. 'Cause we
never turn my back on my kids for them. Should
movin' like Floyd comin' straight to Florida.

Lock all your windows then block the corridors,
pullin' off on bell 'cause a whippin's in order. I like a three piece fish before I cut your daughter. Yo
quiero Taco Bell, then I hit the border. Pity pat rappers tryin’ to get the five. I’m a microphone fiend tryin’ to stay alive. When you

come to ATL boy you better not hide ’cause the Dungeon Family gon’ ride, high!

Don’t pull the thang out unless you plan to bang.

(Bombs over Baghdad!) Don’t even bang unless you
B/m/A\(^b\)  E\(^b\)/G  G\(^b\)

plan to hit something.  (Bombs over Baghdad!)

B\(^b\)  B\(^b\)/A\(^b\)

Yeah.)  (Bombs over Baghdad.)

B\(^b\)  B\(^b\)/A\(^b\)  E\(^b\)/G  G\(^b\)

Play 4 times ad lib.

Yeah.)  (Bombs over Baghdad.)

B\(^b\)

Bob your head... rag top.  Bob your head... rag top.
Bob your head, rag top. Bob your head, rag top.

Bob your head, rag top. Power music, electric revival. Power music, electric revival.
-lectric revival. Power music, electric revival.

Power music, electric revival. Power music, electric revival.

Power music, electric revival. Power music, electric revival.

Power music, electric revival.
My baby don't mess around... because she loves me so... and this I know for sure.

But does she really wanna, but can't stand to see me walk out the door.
Don't try to fight the feelin' 'cause the

thought alone is killing me right now.

Thank God for Mum and Dad for sticking two together 'cause we

don't know how.
Hey ya.
Hey, ya.
Hey ya
You think you've got it, oh— you think you've got it, but you just don't get it till there's
Nothing at all.

We've been together, oh... we've been together, but separate's always better when there's feelings involved.

If what they say is (Nothing is forever) then what makes, then what makes, then
what makes, then makes, then then what makes, (love excep tion?)

So why you, why you, why you, why you, why you, are we so in deni al when we

know we're not happy here._ Hey

ya, hey ya._
Don't want to meet your Daddy.
Hey ya. just want you in my

caddy.
Hey ya. Don't want to meet your

Mamma.
Hey ya. just want to make you cun ma.

I'm ya. I'm just being
I'm just being honest.  

See block lyric

Play 4 times

N.C.

Shake it shake shake it shake it shake it shake it shake it shake it
shake it shake it shake it shake it like a polaroid picture. Hey ya.

Shake it shake it shake it shake it shake it shake it shake it shake it shake it like a polaroid picture. Now Be-yon-cés and Lucy Liu's, and baby dolls, get on the floor.

shake it shake it shake it You know what to shake it like a polaroid
Hey, alright now
Alright now fellas (YEAH!)
Now what's cooler than bein' cool?
(ICE COLD!) I can't hear ya'
I say what's cooler than bein' cool?
(ICE COLD!) whooo...
Alright, alright, alright, alright
Alright, alright, alright, alright
Alright, alright, alright, alright
Alright, alright, ok now ladies (YEAH!)
And we gon' break this thing down in just a few seconds
Now don't have me break this thing down for nothin'
Now I wanna see y'all on y'all baddest behavior
Lend me some suge', I am your neighbour, ahh here we go!
Yeah, this one right here goes out to all the baby’s mamas,
mamas...
Mamas, mamas, baby mamas, mamas.

Yeah, go like this
I’m sorry Ms. Jackson, (ohh), I am for real.
Never meant to make your daughter cry. I apologize a trillion times.

I'm sorry Ms. Jackson, (ooh). I am for real.

Never meant to make your daughter cry. I apologize a trillion times.

A baby drama mama, don't like me. She doing things like havin' her boys come from her neighbourhood to the studio tryin' to fight me. She
need to get a piece of the American pie and take her bite out. That's my house, I disconnect the cable and turn the lights out. And

I let her know her grandchild is a baby, and not a pay-cheque. Private schools, day-care, shit, medical bills, I'll pay that. I

love your mom and everything, see I ain't the one who laid down. She wanna rib you up, start a custody war, my lawyer stay down.

She never got a chance to hear my side of the story we was divided. She had fish fries and cookouts for my child's birthday I ain't invited.
Am

Despite it, show her the utmost respect when I fall through. All you do is defend that lady when I call you, yeah.

F

I'm sorry Ms. Jackson, (ooh). I am for real. Never meant to make your daughter cry.

G

I apologise a trillion times. I'm sorry Ms. Jackson, (ooh). I am for real.

Am7

Never meant to make your daughter cry. I apologise a trillion times.
Me and your daughter got a special thang going on. You say it's puppy love,

we say it's full grown. Hope that we feel this, feel this way forever.

You can plan a pretty picnic but you can't predict the weather. Ms. Jack-

Ten times out of nine, now if I'm lyin' fine, the quickest muzzle throw it on my mouth and I'll decline.
King meets queen, then the puppy love thing, together dream 'bout that crib with the Goodyear swing on the oak tree, I hope we feel like this forever. Forever, forever, ever, forever, ever? Forever never seems that long until you're grown and notice that the day by day rule can't be too long. Ms. Jackson my intentions were good, I wish I could become a magician to abacadabra all the sadder thoughts of me, thoughts of she, thoughts of he
aslin' what happened to the feelin' that her and me had, I pray so much about it need some knee

pads. It happened for a reason one can't be mad so know this, know that everything is cool. And

yes I will be present on the first day of school, and graduation. I'm sorry Ms. Jackson, (ooh).

I am for real. Never meant to make your daughter cry.
I apologise a trillion times. I'm sorry Ms. Jackson, (ooh). I am for real.

Never meant to make your daughter cry. I apologise a trillion times.

"Look at the way he treats me", shit, look at the way you treat me, see your little nosey-ass homegirls got they ass up in the creek.

without a paddle, you left to straddle and ride this thing on out. Now you and your girl ain't speakin' no more 'cause my dick all in her mouth.
Know what I'm talkin' about, jealousy, infidelity, envy, cheating, beating, and to the G they be the same thing.

So who you placin' the blame on, you keep on singin' the same song.
let bygones be bygones, you can go on, and get the hell on you and your mama.

I'm sorry, Ms. Jackson. (ooh). I am for real.

Never meant to make your daughter cry. I apologize a trillion times.
THE LOVE BELOW (INTRO) / LOVE HATER

Words & Music by
André Benjamin & Kevin Kendricks

\[ \text{Free time} \]

\[ \text{Some say Atlanta,} \]

\[ \text{some say New York.} \]

\[ \text{ad lib.} \]

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Some say Petit France, but who knows.

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Everybody needs a glass of water today.
2° (Don't nobody wanna grow old alone.)

Everybody needs someone to rub their shoulders.

Everybody needs someone to chase their hate away.
And

Em7
E7
You know you've got company comin' over.
ev'ry body need quit actin' hard... and shit.

To Coda Θ

so you scrub extra hard...
before you get your ass whooped.
(I'll slap the fuck out ya!)
And

every body needs some body to love,
before it's too,
every body needs some body to love,
before it's too.

1.
late
late.
It's too
late.

E7
N.C.
Hater of love.

Everybody needs somebody to love.

Repeat ad lib.

D.S. al Coda

Coda

Fmaj7

B7sus4

E7

Ev 'ry body needs some body to love.

Play 3 times

Am(add9)

D9

rit.

Gm14(no7)

Free time

C7

Fmaj9

E7aug

Am11

ad lib.
Regardless, we don't want to get involved with no lawyers and judges just to hold grudges in a courtroom.

a quick way to get a rest place sleep, a room and a week, a week for a real, No go on the new sex, My AIDS test is negative.

name been perfect, dropping names she's weak, unclear of this block is lost, What take me for a week.

Denting, you sound like a problem puzzling. Oh, so you're one them herbs. got rephrased in the sign of ATM recycled, but
worst and I hope I never have to hear it again because it's week is the last quinio.

...
André Benjamin, Amerwan Petton & Matt Boykin
Words & Music by

ROSES
Ah, hush dat fuss. Everybody move to the back of the bus.

Do you wanna bump and slump with us? We the type of people make the club get crunk.

Ah, hush dat fuss. Everybody move to the back of the bus.

Do you wanna bump and slump with us? We the type of people make the club get crunk.
A-ha, a-ha. Baby, yeah, yeah.

A-ha, yeah, yeah. Baby, a-ha.

N.C.

A-ha, baby. A-ha, yeah, yeah.

Baby, yeah, yeah. A-ha, a-ha.
Am F/A G/A Am
A - ha, hush dat fuss. Ev - 'ry - bo - dy move to the back of the bus.
A - ha, a - ha. Ba - by, yeah, yeah.

F/A G/A Am
Do you wan - na bump and slump with us? We the type of peo - ple make the club get crunk.
A - ha, yeah, yeah. Ba - by, a - ha.

Am F/A G/A Am
A - ha, hush dat fuss. Ev - 'ry - bo - dy move to the back of the bus.
A - ha, ba - by. A - ha, yeah, yeah.

Repeat ad lib. to fade
Do you wan - na bump and slump with us? We the type of peo - ple make the club get crunk.
Ba - by, yeah, yeah. A - ha, a - ha.
SHE'S ALIVE
Words & Music by
André Benjamin & Kevin Kendricks

Ebmaj7  A7maj7  Dm7  Gmaj7  Bm7  Emaj7  Amaj7  Dmaj7

Gmaj7  Cmaj7  Fmaj7  Bb7sus4  Cmaj7

A boy to raise at

Gm  A7

A young age. No help from him but she's alive.

Gm  A7  Gm  A7  Dm

To

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be made strong, but all alone, must be a pain but she's alive...

Spoken: I was scufflin' going to school, I was scufflin' working at night,

-teen seventy-five. That night crickets cried, they knew what was going and you know what? I truly believe and that's what I tell a lot of parents. Single parents.

don't tell me what God can't do. I made sure you had. I never felt like you should be deprived of
A\textsuperscript{maj7}  D\textsuperscript{maj7}

-long country road and one says she thinks it's time. This baby wants to come right anything. If a man didn't want to take care of his child you move on. And that's what I did.

Cmaj7  Gm  A\textsuperscript{7}  Gm  A\textsuperscript{7}

now.  A boy to raise at a young age. No

Gm  A\textsuperscript{7}  Dm  Gm  A\textsuperscript{7}

help from him but she's alive.  To be made strong, but

Gm  A\textsuperscript{7}  Gm  A\textsuperscript{7}  Dm

all alone, must be a pain but she's alive.  A
boy to raise at a young age no help from him but she's alive

Spoken: He always wanted to be a father but he never took care of you. He had no money, he had nothing. How can you care about somebody and you never give the welfare of them? A

boy to raise at a young age. No
help from him but she's alive. To

be made strong, but all alone, must be a drag but she's alive.

Spoken: And I knew I had to go that road by myself.

She's alive.
SO FRESH, SO CLEAN
Words & Music by André Benjamin, Antwan Patton, Rico Wade, Patrick Brown & Raymon Murray

\( \text{N.C.} \)

Drums

\( \text{Cm} \)

\( \text{Ain't no-bo-dy dope as me, I'm} \)
\( \text{dressed so fresh, so clean. (So fresh and so clean, clean.)} \)

\( \text{Cm} \)

\( \text{Don't you think I'm so sexy, I'm} \)

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dressed so fresh, so clean.  
(So fresh and so clean, clean.)

Ain't no - bo - dy dope as me. I'm

dressed so fresh, so clean.  
(So fresh and so clean, clean.)

I love when you stare at me. I'm

dressed so fresh, so clean.  
(So fresh and so clean, clean.)

Rap: Sir Luscious got gator belts and patty melts and Monte Carlo's Canary yellow, '70 Seville is on display. My nigga

59
and El Dorado's I'm waking up out of my slumber feeling like Ralo. So follow it's your time at the Apollo, minus the Bungle whipped it up so I gone get my rims today, so a nigga can ride out to the colourful hideout, I'm a show you how to wild out like

Kiki Shepard, what about a bo in a leopard print? Teddy Prendergrass cooler than Freddie Jackson, sippin' a Jack Trippa. Let me be bambino on your snipped, YKK on yo zippa lick you like a lizard. When I'm

milkshake in a snowstorm. Left my throat warm in the dorm room at the AU. We do, hey you and might do some cake too. But you slizzard or sober 6 million ways to fold ya. Like Noah I get crews to choose and you get pretty deep. But I
Fm

Cm

must have me mistaken with statements that you make. 'Cause I
call yo ass round 8-ish I know you'll be there for me. 'Cause I
ain't no-body dope as me. I'm
dressed so fresh, so clean.
(So fresh and so clean, clean.)

Dressed so fresh, so clean.
(So fresh and so clean, clean.)

Fm

Cm

Don't you think I'm so sexy. I'm

Ain't no-body dope as me. I'm
dressed so fresh, so clean. I love when you stare at me. I'm

(So fresh and so clean... clean.)

Rap: Those huge baby eyes get to runnin' off at they mouth, and tellin' me
dressed so fresh, so clean. (So fresh and so clean... clean.)

everything that's on your nasty mind. They say your malnutrition in need of vitamin D and inviting me to that tingle in your spine

I love who you are, I love who ya ain't, you're so Ann Frank. Let's hit the attic to hide out for 'bout two weeks. With
change and no chains and whips I do suck lips, till hips jerk and double time the boy next door's a freak, ha ha.

just so fresh, so clean. (So fresh and so clean.) (And we are...)

The coolest motherfuckers on the planet. The sky is fallin' ain't no need to panic.
I got a stick and want your automatic.

Compatible, created in the attic.

Ain't nobody dope as me, I'm dressed so fresh, so clean.

(And we are...) ooh.)
Don't you think I'm so sexy, I'm dressed so fresh, so clean.
(So fresh and so clean, clean.)

Ain't nobody dope as me, I'm dressed so fresh, so clean.
(So fresh and so clean, clean.)

I love when you stare at me, I'm dressed so fresh, so clean.
(So fresh and so clean, clean.)

Repeat to fade
THE WAY YOU MOVE
Words & Music by
Antwan Patton, Patrick Brown & Carlton Mahone

\[ \text{N.C.} \]

\begin{align*}
\text{Drums} \\
\text{Boom, boom, boom.} & \quad \text{Hey, hey.}
\end{align*}

\[ \text{N.C.} \]

\begin{align*}
\text{Rap: Ready for action, nip it in the bud. We never relaxin', Outkast is everlastin',} \\
\text{silent (shhh!), the girls all pause with glee, turning left turning right, are they looking at me? But I was}
\end{align*}

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not clashin', not at all but see my nigga went to do a little actin'. Now that's for looking at them, there, there on the dance floor, now they go me in the middle feeling like a man whore,

anyone askin' give me one pass em'. Drip drip drop there goes an ear-gasm, now you cumin' out the side of your face. We're tappin' specially the big girl, big girls need love too no discrimination here, squirrel. So keep your hands off my cheeks, and let me

right into your memory banks (thanks!). So click it or ticket lets see your seat belt fastened. study how you ride the beat, you big freak! Skinny slim women got the camel toe within them. You can

Trunk rattlin' like two midgets in the back seat, wrasling, speakerbox vibrate the tag, make it hump them, lift them, bend them, give them something to remember. Yell out
sound like you got aluminium cans in a bag. But I know ya'll wanted that 808 can you
timber when you fall through the chop shop. Take a deep breath and exhale your ex

feel that B-A-S-S, bass. But I know ya'll wanted that 808 can you
male friend, boyfriend was boring as hell. Now let me listen to the stories you tell and we can make

feels that B-A-S-S, bass.
moves like a person in jail. On the low, hoe. I like the way you move.

I like the way you move.
(Whoo - oo - ooh!)
I love the way you move, I love the way, I love the way.
I love the way you move. I love the way you move.
(Whoo-ooh-ooh!) I love the way you move.
I love the way. I love the way. Rap. The whole room fell
I love the way. Hey, baby, girl, don't you stop me. Come on baby, dance all around me. You so fine, (so fine)
you so fine. You drive me outta my mind. Outta my mind...

If I could, I would just be with you, baby.
Ooh, 'cause you like me and excite me, and

you know you got me baby. I like the way you move.

I like the way you move. (Whoo-ooh-ooh!)

I love the way you move. I love the way, I love the way.
THE WHOLE WORLD

Words & Music by André Benjamin,
Antwan Patton, David Sheats & Michael Render

Yeah, I'm afraid, like I'm scared as a dog, but I've got

a new song and I want y'all to sing a long.

Sing a long.

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this is the way that we walk on a sunny day when it's rainin' inside.

and you're all alone. All alone.

yeah. 'Cause the whole world loves it when you don't get
down. (Bah, bah-da, bah, bah-da da.) And the whole world loves it when you make that sound. (Bah, bah-da, bah bah, bah-da da.) And the whole world loves it when you're in the news. (Bah, bah-da, bah, bah, bah-da da.) And the whole world
loves it when you sing the blues. (Bah, bah-dah, bah bah, bah-da da.

N.C.

1. Take a little trip, hater pack up yo' mind, look forward not behind, then you'll see what you find. I
2. Player I grind, my focus is crime, raw with the rhyme, I'm slick with the slime. My

caught a sucker dyin' 'cause he thought could rhyme. Now if his momma is a quarter daughter must be a dime. I gotta
words are diamonds dug out a mine, spit 'em, polish, look how they shine.

meet her, don't take no shorts I don't use abbraver, I don't even play the radio neither, glitter, glisten, gloss, floss I catch a beat runnin' like Randy Moss.
only if I need to know the sports or the weather, I'm a cool type of brother but yep, your head I'll sever from the Ride dat bitch off like a brand new horse. I'm rollin' my stones, gatherin' no moss.

neck see ain't nuttin' changed, hit the stage, set a date sucker, in battle we can engage. I'll Mmi I'm comin' I hope you get off or rock your boat like Aaliyah then talk.

slice you, wife you, marry you, divorce you, throw the Porsche at you, is what I'm forced to do. With my Back, back, forth, forth. Get that sailor on course, course

back against the wall, crack his back y'all. Naw, it ain't went nowhere like havin' hair with stylin' make that truck a corpse, corpse. Rap, roll, utterly rocked with my
gel in it, throw a curl in it. Dread that nappy shit up, throw a shell in it. Whatever floats your boat, or finds your lost remote and mouth to the mic and my hand on my cock.

d this for dem niggaz workin' at the airpo't who got laid off, I take my shades off. If you look straight in my eyes, you still might see a disguise 'cause the Cadillac OutKast just won't stop. 'Cause the

Coda

N.C.

Turn on the T.V. and everything is lookin' dismal, went in the bathroom medicine cabinet Pepto-Bismal.
need it for my stomach 'cause my tummy kinda aches like a junkie on withdrawal, fresh up off the plate,

wait, back to the enemy of the state is the Republicans or Democratic candidate

debate, now even the black box hold the fate, clueless like Shaggy and Scooby befo' commercial break.

Hate, extreme prejudice, let's dismiss this if you want to you can dub it to your hit list.
I know you gon' to, we in this to replenish yo musical wish list. When it come to this music we stay relentless. Pursuing all that's persuasive. Doing God's willing all things that are doable. The only liable limitation is yourself. Dre

set it on the right and I'll set it on the left. 'cause the whole world

loves it when you don't get down. (Bah, bah-da, bah, bah, bah-da da.) And the
whole world loves it when you make that sound. (Bah, bah-da, bah bah, bah-da da.)
And the

whole world loves it when you're in the news. (Bah, bah-da, bah bah, bah-da da.)
And the

Repeat ad lib. to fade

whole world loves it when you sing the blues. (Bah, bah-da, bah bah, bah-da da.)
The Best Of

Outkast

B.O.B.

Hey Ya!

The Love Below (Intro)/Love Hater

Ms. Jackson

Rosa Parks

Roses

She's Alive

So Fresh, So Clean

The Way You Move

The Whole World