

# ATLiens

## Outkast

Well, it's the M I crooked letter, ain't no one better  
And when I'm on the microphone you best to wear your sweater  
'Cause I'm cooler than a polar bear's toenails  
Oh Hell, there he go again talkin' that shit Bend, corners like I was a curve, I struck a nerve  
And now you 'bout to see this Southern playa serve  
I heard it's not where you're from but where you pay rent  
Then I heard it's not what you make but how much you spend You got me bent like elbows,  
amongst other things, but I'm not worried  
'Cause when we step up in the party, like I'm out you scurry  
So go get your fuckin' shine box and your sack of nickles  
It tickles to see you try to be like Mr. Pickles Daddy fat sacks, B I G B O I  
It's that same motherfucka that took them knuckles to your eye  
And I try, to warn you not to test but you don't listen  
Givin' the shout out to my Uncle Donnel locked up in prison  
Now throw your hands in the air  
And wave 'em like you just don't care  
And if you like fish and grits and all that pimp shit  
Everybody let me hear you say oh yea yer Now throw your hands in the air  
And wave 'em like you just don't care  
And if you like fish and grits and all that pimp shit  
Everybody let me hear you say oh yea yer Now, my oral demonstration be like clitoral  
stimulation  
To the female gender, ain't nothin' better  
Let me know when it's wet enough to enter  
If not I'll wait, because the future of the world depends on If or if not the child we raise gon'  
have that nigga syndrome  
Or will it know to be the hard regardless of the skintone  
Or will it feel that if we tune it, it just might get picked on  
Or will it give a fuck about what others say and get gone  
The alienators 'cause we different keep your hands to the sky  
Like Sounds of Blackness when I practice what I preach and don't lie  
I'll be the baker and the maker of the piece of my pie  
Now breaker, breaker 10-4 can I get some reply? Now everybody say Now throw your hands in  
the air  
And wave 'em like you just don't care  
And if you like fish and grits and all that pimp shit  
Everybody let me hear you say oh yea yer Now throw your hands in the air  
And wave 'em like you just don't care  
And if you like fish and grits and all that pimp shit  
Everybody let me hear you say oh yea yer Everyday I sit while my nigga be in school  
Thinkin' about the second album at the Dungeon shootin' pool  
Like E S to the P N, 'cause we adjust to the beat in the zone

Honey I'm home but I'm not married  
Carried a lot of problems around being frustrated  
And now I'm sittin' at the end of the month I just made it  
Like you made the B team and like  
The daddy's wife you makin' the coffee  
You heard the ATLiens so back the hell up off me  
Softly as if I played piano in the dark  
Found a way to channel my anger not to embark  
The world's a stage and everybody gets to play they part  
God works in mysterious ways so when he starts  
The job of speakin' through us we be so  
sincere with this here  
No drugs or alcohol so I can get the signal clear as day  
Put my Glock away I got a stronger weapon  
That never runs out of ammunition so I'm ready for war, okay?  
Now throw your hands in the air  
And wave 'em like you just don't care  
And if you like fish and grits and all that pimp shit  
Everybody let me hear you say oh yea yer  
Now throw your hands in the air  
And wave 'em like you just don't care  
And if you like fish and grits and all that pimp shit  
Everybody let me hear you say oh yea yer

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>