

# Hootie Hoo

## Outkast

[Big Boi]

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 Nikki's, 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

chorus:Hootie Hoo

Tight like hallways, smoked out always(Hootie Hoo)

Yeah, Hootie Hoo

Big Boi on the left, Andre's on my right

Tight like hallways, smoked out always (Hootie Hoo)[Andre Benjamin]

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(Hootie Hoo)

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  
Naw, it couldn't be me. Not me  
chorus(2X)[Big Boi]  
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[Andre Benjamin]  
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 pay you  
Silly of you to think that I would, but I will lay you  
Down like some bo-los, you can throw those  
Head, til 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 youse a bitchchorus(4X)

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>