

Rosa Parks

Outkast

[Intro: André 3000 + Debra Killings]

Uh-huh, uh-huh, baby, yeah, yeah

Cut it up, oh, oh, oh!

Uh-huh, yeah, yeah, baby, uh-huh

Uh-cracka, lacka-lacka-lacka, cracka, lacka-lacka-lacka

Uh-huh, baby, uh-huh, yeah, yeah

Uh-cracka, lacka-lacka-lacka, cracka, lacka-lacka-lacka

Baby, yeah, yeah, uh-huh, uh-huh

[Hook: Big Boi]

Ah ha, hush that 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 ha, hush that 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

[Verse 1: Big Boi]

Many a day has passed, the night has gone by

But still I find the time to put that bump off in your eye

Total chaos, for these playas, thought we was absent

We takin' another route to represent the Dungeon Family

Like Great Day, me and my nigga decide to take the back way

We stabbin' every city then we headed to that Bat cave

ATL, Georgia, what do we do for ya?

Bulldoggin' hoes like them Georgetown Hoyas

Boy, you sounding silly, think my Brougham ain't sittin' pretty

Doing doughnuts 'round you suckas like them circles around titties

Damn, we, the committee, gon' burn it down

But us gon' bust you in the mouth with the chorus now, say

[Hook: Big Boi]

Ah ha, hush that 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

Say, ah ha, hush that 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

[Verse 2: André 3000]

I met a gypsy and she hipped me to some life game
To stimulate then activate the left and right brain
Said, "Baby boy, you only funky as your last cut
You focus on the past, your ass'll be a 'has-what'"
That's one to live or either that's one to die to
I try to just throw it at you, determine your own adventure
André, got to her station, here's my destination she got off the bus
The conversation lingered in my head for hours took a shower Kinda sour 'cause my favorite group ain't comin' wit it
But I'm witcha 'cause you probably goin' through it anyway
But anyhow, when in doubt, went on out and bought it
Cause I thought it would be jammin'
But examine all the flawsky-wawsky
Awfully sad and it's costly, but that's all she
Wrote and I hope I never have to float in that boat
Up shit's creek, "It's weak" is the last quote
That I wanna hear when I'm goin' down
When all's said and done and we got a new joe in town
When the record player get to skippin' and slowin' down
All y'all can say is, "Them niggas earned that crown", but until then

[Hook: Big Boi]

Ah ha, hush that 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
Say ah ha, hush that 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

[Harmonica Solo: Pastor Robert Hodo]

[Hook: Big Boi]

Ah ha, hush that 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
Say ah ha, hush that 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

[Outro: Debra Killings, Big Boi]

Uh-huh, uh-huh, baby, yeah, yeah
Uh-huh, yeah, yeah, baby, uh-huh

Uh-huh, baby, uh-huh, yeah, yeah
Baby, yeah, yeah, uh-huh, uh-huh
Uh-huh, uh-huh, baby, yeah, yeah
Ah ha, hush that fuss, everybody move to the back of the bus
Uh-huh, yeah, yeah, baby, uh-huh
Do you wanna bump and slump with us?
We the type of people make the club get crunk
Uh-huh, baby, uh-huh, yeah, yeah
Say ah ha, hush that fuss, everybody move to the back of the bus
Baby, yeah, yeah, uh-huh, uh-huh
Do you wanna bump and slump with us?
We the type of people make the club get crunk

[Guitar Solo: Martin Terry]

[Skit: Raekwon & Big Boi]

It's just major right here, you know what I'm saying, yo son, my niggas, your niggas is on it
man, straight up man
Word man, glad we got together to do this, you know on time-outs, everybody North, South,
East, West, you know what I'm saying, we doing this thing right here straight up for hip-hop
We handling the Earth right now you niggas don't even know
For sure
You know what I mean? If it wasn't for us tryna enlighten y'all niggas with all types of flows
and flavors, the game wouldn't be the same
You gotta keep it innovative and new, creative. You know what I'm sayin'? Some people don't
wanna hear the same thing old over and over
No doubt, you gotta come provocative nigga, know what I mean? Shit gotta be spine-tingling
with mad styles and crazy dangerous, I mean, bust-ya-shit-open beats, you know what I mean?
It's like yo, niggas don't even know, son, yo we gon' play some funky shit for ya
That's right
Straight up, pay up, pay up nigga
From East Point to Shaolin, y'all better know that, yeah!
Hit this Henny

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>