

Hootie Hoo

Outkast

[Produced by Organized Noize]

[Verse 1: 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
Going out to the Jeeps and hoes in the 'llac
Ah suki, suki, all day, e'rr day, any day, every damn day
I be thinking 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 serving hemp
I never even smoked a crumb of crack, but yo I'm dope
Mo' dopa than a junkie or a Pookie cause it's on
So each one, teach one, I be claiming 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, 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

[Hook]

Hootie Hoo
Tight like hallways, smoked out always (Hootie Hoo)
Yeah, Hootie Hoo
Big Boi's on my left, Andre's on my right
Tight like hallways, smoked out always (Hootie Hoo)

[Verse 2: André 3000]

Now playing these bitches is my favorite sport
But ain't no game when they be calling 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 busting out the seams, 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, we macking '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, falling down like niggas 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
Talking 'bout her period late, guess what I did
click naw, it couldn't be me, not me

[Hook]

Hootie Hoo, Big Boi's on my left, Andre's on my right
Tight like hallways, smoked out always (Hootie Hoo)
Yeah, Hootie Hoo
Big Boi's on my left, Andre's on my right
Tight like hallways, smoked out always (Hootie Hoo)

[Verse 3: Big Boi]

Well you know we getting blizzard
Cause we got that chicken gizzard
In the dungeon and scope
But some of you niggas 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 God Almighty know, it's Outkast for the '94 era
You heard the player's call, we taking it to another level
So 'lujah, Halle, let me get a swallow of that Martell
And you may go to hell

[Verse 4: André 3000]

Set sail with a nigga from ATL, Southwest that is
It's that Southern sess in your chest that is
One mo' 'gain 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 vocals, you can quote those
Head, till I'm dead, yes it's down yo throatholes
Don't get me wrong to disrespect is not my shit
But if you fall in this category, then youse a bitch
Hootie Hoo

[Hook]

Hootie Hoo, Big Boi's on my left, Andre's on my right
Tight like hallways, smoked out always (Hootie Hoo)
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