

Gasoline Dreams (with Khujo Goodie)

Outkast

Alright
Alright
Alright Don't everybody like the smell of gasoline?
Well burn motherfucka burn American dreams
Don't everybody like the taste of apple pie?
We'll snap for your slice of life I'm tellin' ya why?
I hear that mother nature's now on birth control
The coldest pimp be looking for somebody to hold
The highway up to Heaven got a crook on the toll
Youth full of fire ain't got nowhere to go, nowhere to go All of my heroes did dope
Every nigga round me playin' married
Or payin' child support
I can't cope
Never made no sense to me one day I hope it will
And that's that, sport, sport
Pray I live to see the day when seven's happily married
With kids, woe woe
The world is movin' fast and I'm losin' my balance
No time to dig, low, low
To a place where ain't nowhere to go but up
Ya wit me say shit, sho sho
Now let me ask y'all this Don't everybody like the smell of gasoline?
Well burn motherfucka burn American dreams
Don't everybody like the taste of apple pie?
We'll snap for your slice of life I'm tellin' ya why?
I hear that mother nature's now on birth control
The coldest pimp be looking for somebody to hold
The highway up to Heaven got a crook on the toll
Youth full of fire ain't got nowhere to go, nowhere to go
It's shitty like Ricky Stratton got a million bucks
My cousin Ricky Walker got ten years doing fed time
On a first offense drug bust, fuck the holic
That's if ya racist or ya crooked
Arrest me for this dope I didn't weight it up or cook it
You gotta charge the world cause over a million people took it
Look at me, you outta your jurisdiction now ya lookin' stupid
Officer, get off me sir
Don't make me call L.A. he'll have ya walking sir A couple of months ago they gave outkast the
key to the city
But I still gotta pay my taxes and they give us no pity
About the youngsters amongst us
You think they respect the law

They think they monsters, they love us, reality rappin'
And giving the youth the truth from this booth
And when we on stage we scream
Don't everybody, everybody Don't everybody like the smell of gasoline?
Well burn motherfucka burn American dreams
Don't everybody like the taste of apple pie?
We'll snap for your slice of life I'm tellin' ya why
I hear that mother nature's now on birth control
The coldest pimp be looking for somebody to hold
The highway up to Heaven got a crook on the toll
Youth full of fire ain't got nowhere to go, nowhere to go Officer of the most high you touch me
you touch the apple of this eye
If they kick us out where will we go
Not to Africa 'cause not one of them acknowledge us as they kin folk
Still eatin' pork, abomination, desecration for beating flesh
Penalty for violation is death
Woe, woe, to the man that strive with his maker on judgement day
Hip hip hooray, Mr. Reaper Babylon the great
The mother of heartless is falling, prophecy must be fulfilled
The liquor fire is calling Don't everybody like the smell of gasoline?
Well burn motherfucka burn American dreams
Don't everybody like the taste of apple pie?
We'll snap for your slice of life I'm tellin' ya why
I hear that mother nature's now on birth control
The coldest pimp be looking for somebody to hold
The highway up to Heaven got a crook on the toll
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