

# For Those Of Y'all Who Wear Fanny Packs

Ben Folds Five

Oh goddamn, I saw a goddamn  
Fuckin' goddamn, goddamn, woah  
Oh goddamn, shitchya it's cool

Play it on the radio  
Come here one time, wassup y'all  
I got this funky groove goin' on  
I gotta give a shout out to my homeboy in L.A.

Wassup boy? Wassup y'all, come on  
Yo, this goes out to my homeboy Trey  
Going out in Chapel Hill  
Yeah, shouts out to A.K.A. known as Roadie Killer  
New York City

Yo, shouts out to my main manager man  
Al Wolmark known as A.K.A. you're a bad motherfucker  
C.E.C. bring in the bass, y'all  
Yeah and I thought that's how you felt about the motherfucker  
Yeah I thought that's how you felt  
Yeah Sledge, bring in the bass

For those of y'all who wear fannie packs, come on  
For those of y'all that wear fannie packs, come on  
For those of y'all that wear fannie packs and pony tails, come on  
For those of y'all that wear fannie packs  
And got the pony tails come fucking on

Yeah, my boy, Sledge on the bass in your face  
My boy, Ben on the piano coming in, let him in, let him in  
Yeah, let my boy, Ben in, alright, yeah

Hey D? Hey D? Yeah, wassup?  
You gonna let me in D? Wassup?  
You gonna me in? Yo let that piano solo in  
Let me in, let me in, Goddamn, yeah

You and your mother have seen things happen  
I don't mind singing and I don't mind rappin'  
I can find at least a hundred ways to get my shit  
I play the piano, goddamn that's some funky shit

Yeah, I said for those of y'all who wear fannie packs  
This song's coming out, it's coming attchya  
I wanna borrow an allen wrench  
I wanna borrow some duct tape  
I wanna borrow a mic cable bass in your face

Bass in your face, let's break it, break it, break it down  
We're gonna break this shit down, gimme some bass  
That's pretty good bring this shit in  
Oh goddamn, shitchya it's cool

Play that cymbal, man  
Play that tasty, tasty high hat work  
Yo, I'm gonna bring that tasty high hat work bring it  
I'm gonna bring that shit in, I wanna taste it, man right now

Yo, this sound goes out to my main man  
At the point in Atlanta, wassup  
Gimme my fuckin' monitor, man  
Ernie, I'm sorry, I can't give you any more

Monitor than that  
It won't go any higher than that  
Because the transistors the resistors  
They won't go any higher

Alright, y'all, take this motherfucker out with a piano solo  
Goddamn, uh, uh goddamn  
Alright, turn that shit out

I hope you taped that, that's our next single  
Oh, they've left, they gave up  
These guys are fucking idiots  
That sucked