

Ben Folds, For Those Of Ya'll Who Wear Fannie

(...Step on your fingernail)
(damn!)
(that's ok, I can play with one hand...
see? sounds good)

oh, goddamn, I saw a goddamn fucking goddamn
goddamn
whoa!

oh, goddamn (fucking goddamn)
oh, goddamn
oh, goddamn
oh, goddamn
shit, yeah it's cool (oh, goddamn y'all)
shit, yeah it's cool (oh, goddamn)
shit, yeah it's cool (oh, goddamn)
shit, yeah it's cool (oh, goddamn)
shit, yeah it's cool (oh, goddamn)

play it on the radio
shit, yeah it's cool
shit, yeah it's cool
shit, yeah it's cool (oh, goddamn)

come here one time, what's up ya'll
I got this fucking rim going on out here
I'm gonna give a shout out
to my home boy up in L.A.
wassup boy? wassup yo? come on!
(oh, goddamn)
yo, this goes out to my homeboy Tre,
going on in Chapel Hill
yeah, shouts out as a.k.a.
known as "Roadie Killer";

New York City, mmhm
New York City, urgh!
New York City, ur
New York City

yo shouts out to my main manager man, Al Wolmark,
known as a.k.a.
"you pride of motherfucker";

CEC
CEC
CEC

bring in the bass, ya'll! (G!)
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
yeah!

for those of ya'll that wear fannie packs,
ya come on!
for those of ya'll that wear fannie packs,
come on!
for those of ya'll that wear fannie packs (and ponytails!)
come on!
for those of ya'll that wear fannie packs (and pony...tails)
I've got the fucking on!

yeah! my boy Sledge on the bass in your face!
my boy Ben on the piano, comin' in,
let him in! let him in!
yeah!
let my boy Ben in
alright
yeah

(hey D! hey D!)
yo, wassup?
(oh, goddamn)
(you gonna let me in D?)
wassup?
(you gonna let me in?)
yo, let that piano solo in
(let me in!)
(let me in!) goddamn!
yeah, yeah, yeah
yeah!
yeah, ah

I been around your mother
I've seen things happen
I don't mind singing
and I don't mind rapping
like I could find
another hundred ways to get my shit
I play the piano
(goddamn, we're so funky shit!)

yeah,
I said for those of ya'll with fannie packs
this song's coming out,
it's coming at ya!
I wanna borrow an Alan wrench
I wanna borrow some duct tape
I wanna borrow a mic cable
bass in your face

(ugh!) bass in your face
(ugh!) bass in your face
(ugh!) bass in your face
(ugh!) yo G, see in

alright
(let's break it, break it, break it down)
we're gonna break this shit on down
gimme some bass

(aaaaaaaaaaaaah)
ah, that pretty good
bring this shit in!
(oh goddamn!)
(oh goddamn!)
(oh goddamn!)
(oh goddamn!)
shit, yeah it's cool
shit, yeah it's cool
shit, yeah it's cool (yeah)
shit, yeah it's cool
(shit, motherfuckers)

play that cymbal, man
play that tasty, tasty high hat work
(oh, I'm gonna bring that tasty high hat work)

(I'm gonna bring that shit in)
I wanna taste it, man (right now!)

(yeah)
(goddamn)

ya, this sound goes out to my main man at The Point
in Atlanta
wassup, G?
gimme my fucking monitor man! (Bernie!)

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! (yo, yo, eh!)

alright, yo,
take this motherfucker out with a piano solo
goddamn, ugh!

uh, god-
damn
uh
alright
turn that shit out
1! 2! 3! 4!

ugh!

(I hoped you taped that)
(That's our next single)
(Oh, they've left)
(They gave up)
(“These guys are fucking idiots.”)
(That sucked!)