

# Outkast, Two Dope Boyz (In A Cadillac)

[Verse One: Big Boi, Andre]

From the bottom of my lungs a nigga be blowin, spittin his game  
Comin up on ya from the South, the A-T-Liens aint changed  
Cooler than most players claim to be  
A nigga that's from the A-Town see  
The home of the Bankhead Bounce, Campbellton Road and other city streets  
Enough of the verality, fallacy, butter we speak not fiction  
Speakin of pullin yo' girl lookin at Jheri curls you bitches  
Everytime I rhyme for y'all, I'm lookin to prove a point  
kickin a freestyle every now and then  
but mostly off the joint  
See I smoke good cuz see it go good wit them flows, why  
the nigga the B-I-G like Tony Rich nobody knows why  
but me and my folks, cuz yall niggas jokes like the joker  
I'm sick of these wack ass rappers like I'm tired of hoes in chokers

Who dem boyz that be havin the cronk every occasion  
This side niggaz dustin, that side niggaz lacin  
But in the middle we stay calm, we just drop bombs  
askin where we come from...South Post Lodge

[Chorus:]

Its Just Two Dope Boyz In A Cadillac [2X]

[Verse Two: Andre, Big Boi]

This ol sucka MC stepped up to me  
Challenged Andre to a battle and I stood there patiently  
As he spit and stumbled over cliches, so called freestylin  
Whole purpose just to make me feel low, I guess you whylin  
I say look boi, I ain't for that fuck shit; so fuck this  
Let me explain on this child style so you don't miss  
I grew up to myself not round no park bench  
just a nigga bustin flows off in apartments

Now who dem boyz that be havin the cronk every occasion  
This side niggaz dustin, that side niggaz lacin  
But in the middle we stay calm, we just drop bombs  
askin where we come from...South Post slums

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Big Boi, Andre]

It goes chromes to the Fleetwoods, Coups to the Villes  
Hittin Girbauds and off these flows we havin the playa chill  
In this atmosphere this ain't no practice here we cuttin the fool now  
I'm doin ya at the house and throwin you out because I'm through now  
Don't you love the way we clamin Bankhead, stankhead  
Lookin around the SWATs for the herb that's never tainted  
Fainted when you heard the bourbon servin on the block  
And all you bitin individuals need to check yourselves and stop

Yeah tight like nuts and bolts, sluts and hoes that get evicted  
I'm dealin wit Queens in my castle aint worth to risk it  
Now tricks be lookin at me like I'm they way up out the pro-jects  
Can't put you on my payroll, and no I ain't got no Rolex  
or no diamond at the exit with a sign sayin "We'll rap for food"  
My face is bawled up cuz I ain't in a happy mood  
While my partner got the squeegee and the windex  
Cuz somewhere in my life I done went wrong jus like a syntax  
Error, bring the terror to your dome like P.E.

Prone to finish this out cuz this be a free-style

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