

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 crunk 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 crunk 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

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.....