Outkast (feat. Lil Wayne, Snoop Dogg), Hollywoo

[Chorus]

Starts off like a small town marriage

Lovely wife and life, baby carriage

Now all the stars have cars, success of course

But it ends in Hollywood divorce, Hollywood divorce

[Verse 1: Lil Wayne] And I'm a start

Yea, and I don't have to go to Hollywood

'Cause Hollywood come through my neighborhood with cameras on

I really think they're stealin from us like a sample song

I really wish one day we'd take it back like Hammer's home

The hurricane come and took my Louisiana home

And all I got in return was a darn country song

This whole country wrong

What would you write if you just put a little ice on

And cut your mic on

But you don't even write songs

But Hollywood make you spit like a python

I meant Cobra, I'm so not sober

I'm high like a Hollywood coffee or soda

You can call me a roller

Your grill's glistenin'

Spent a hundred thousand on mine to feel different

What's the real sense of it?

Bling bling, I know

And did you know I'm the creator of the term

I just straightened the perm

Aint let it sit too long, they just makin it burn

And make a movie of our lifestyle

But they earn like a dead body burned on a mantlepiece

That's why I try not to lie on wax like this candle grease

And I be's the little nigga

Cooler than anti-freeze defrost on your window pane - Lil Wayne

But in Hollywood it's Litt-le Wayne

Don't maké me nut

So that's why I got a pre-nup

I do

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Andre 3000]

Yeah, Yeah

A is for Adamsville

B is Bowen Homes

See if I give a fuck if you like me you know I don't

If she ain't got a good head on her leave that ho alone

If she do got some good head on her let her sing a song

D is for what I serve, I don't be on no curb

She ain't no junkie neither, I ain't no dope dealer

But she keep comin back three stacks must be some crack

Put that pipe in her lap, she ain't know how to act

Now that I've got your undivided attention I'm

Gonna say this and run under condition one

Promise me you gon' stack, promise me you gon' ball

Promise me you'll invest three fourths of it all

For what? So your kids, kids, kids can have some cheese

Can't get with it? Get get get get get on your knees

Cause wealth is the word

Rich is round the corner from the curb

Don't like what I write? Shoot me a bird

[Verse 3: Big Boi]

(Starts off)

Tenth grade, the way was pave for me and Dre. to create

Like Dr. Frankenstein the arts and crafts

Now could we make a difference

Antoine Patton and Andre Benjamin

Been jammin for you crabbing rap niggaz and journalists

That's quick to misprint public and private business

Then retract back for deaf ears and think it's dismissed

Part two the sequel all new 'Kast

Just ain't the same gang of nerds on the internet

Slanndering your name behind that screen name

They're lame and their life is pretty plain

M&M's with no nuts

Won't show up face-to-face straight bitch made

Like puppies on the nipples of a mutt

Address it on a case-by-case basis like the judge

What about these lyin' ass hoes tryin to plot

Or these niggaz on the block who want the queen (Nigga please)

But even she can walk we'll miss her we ain't gon' fake it

But God don't make mistakes must be something bigger waiting

[Verse 4: Snoop Dogg]

I do, love you but you hate me at the same time

Lights, camera, action, it's game time

Do you take this here as your lovely wife?

To love her and cherish her for all your life?

I solemnly swear to dare share take you there

And me and you together baby we a lucky pair

It's been a long time, we walked a thin line

Others say they got you but you been mine

As I sit back and watch all them cat fights

Domestic violence - is that right?

But you love the dogg, gave me the spotlight

And now I'm growin up, showin up, blowin up

I never ever thought that we would separate at all

But you played me like a game of football

Used to feed me, need me, dress me

Now it's so messy straight cut out and left me

[Andre 3000]

Hollywood divorce

All the fresh styles always start off as a good little hood thing

Look at blues, rock, jazz, rap

Not even talkin about music

Everything else too

By the time it reach Hollywood it's over

But it's cool

We just keep it goin and make new shit

[Snoop Dogg]

Take our game, take our name

Give us a little fame

And then they kick us to the curb that's a cold thang