

# Two Dope Boyz (In A Cadillac)

## OutKast

From the bottom of my lungs a nigga be blowin', spittin' his game  
Comin' up on ya from the South, the A-T-Liens ain't 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  
Every time 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 ya'll 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 It's just two dope boyz in a Cadillac  
It's just two dope boyz in a Cadillac 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 It's just two dope boyz in a Cadillac  
It's just two dope boyz in a Cadillac 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 ain't worth to risk it  
Now tricks be lookin' at me like I'm they way up out the projects  
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 just like a syntaxError, bring the terror to your dome like P.E.  
Prone to finish this out 'cuz this be a free-styleNow 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

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