

# Two Dope Boyz (In a Cadillac)

## Outkast

From the bottom of my lungs a nigga be blowing, spitting his game  
Coming 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  
Speaking of pulling yo' girl looking at Jheri curls you bitches  
Every time I rhyme for y'all, I'm looking to prove a point  
Kicking a freestyle every now and then  
But mostly off the joint  
See I smoke good cause 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, cause y'all niggas jokes like the joker  
I'm sick of these wack ass rappers like I'm tired of hoes in chokers Who them boys that be having the cronk  
every occasion  
This side niggas dusting, that side niggas lacing  
But in the middle we stay calm, we just drop bombs  
Asking 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 wilin'  
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 them boys that be having the cronk every occasion  
This side niggas dusting, that side niggas lacing  
But in the middle we stay calm, we just drop bombs  
Asking 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 having the player chill  
In this atmosphere this ain't no practice here we cutting the fool now  
I'm doing ya at the house and throwing you out because I'm through now  
Don't you love the way we claming Bankhead, stankhead  
Looking around the SWATTS for the herb that's never tainted  
Fainted when you heard the bourbon serving on the block  
And all you biting individuals need to check yourselfs and stop Yeah tight like nuts and bolts, sluts and hoes that  
get evicted  
I'm dealing with Queens in my castle ain't worth to risk it

Now tricks be looking 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 saying "We'll rap for food"  
My face is bawled up cause I ain't in a happy mood  
While my partner got the squeegee and the Windex  
Cause somewhere in my life I done went wrong just like a syntax  
Error, bring the terror to your dome like P.E.  
Prone to finish this out cause this be a free-style Now who them boys that be having the cronk every occasion  
This side niggas dusting, that side niggas lacing  
But in the middle we stay calm  
We just drop

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