

ELEVATORS. (prod. iyasa)

OutKast

One for the money, yes sir, two for the show
A couple of years ago on Headland and Delowe
Was the start of something good
Where me and my nigga rode the Marta, through the hood
Just tryna find that hook up, now everyday we looked up at the ceiling
Watching ceiling fans go 'round, tryna catch that feeling
Off instrumentals, had my pencil and plus my paper
We caught the 86 Lithonia headed to Decatur
Writing rhymes, tryna find our spot off in that light
Light off in that spot, knowing that we could rock
Doing the hole in the wall clubs, this shit here must stop, like "Freeze!"
We making the crowd move, but we not making no G's, and that's a no-no
Check it, a one-two, a one-two dope
niggas in the Cadillac
They call us, went from Player's Ball to ballers
Putting the South up on the map was like Little Rock to banging
Niggas say mothafuck that playing, they paying, we staying laying vocals
Locales done made it with them big boys up in this industry
"OutKast, yeah, them niggas, they making big noise"
Over a million sold to this day, niggas they take it lightly
'96 gon' be that year that all y'all playa haters can bite me, I'm out this bitch
Me and you
Your momma and your cousin too
Rolling down the strip on Vogues
Coming up, slamming Cadillac doors
Me and you
Your momma and your cousin too
Rolling down the strip on Vogues
Coming up, slamming Cadillac doors
Back in the day, when I was younger, hunger
Looking to fill me belly with that Rally's bullshit
Pull shit off, like it was supposed to be pulled
Full as a tick, I was stoned like them white boys
Smoking them white girls, before them blunts, got crunk, chunky asses
Passes getting thrown like Hail Mary's, and they looking like Halle Berry's
So so fine, intertwined, but we ain't sipping wine
We's just chilling, I'm the rabid villain, and I'm so high
Smoking freely, me, Lil B, Reek, Mone and Shug
And my little brother James, thangs changed in the hood
Where I live at, them rats know, "Momma I want to sing
But momma I want to trick, and momma I'm sucking dick now"
We moving on up in the world like elevators

Me and the crew, we pimps like '82, me and you like Tony Toni Tone
(Like this, East Point and we gone)Me and you
Your momma and your cousin too
Rolling down the strip on Vogues
Coming up, slamming Cadillac doors
Me and you
Your momma and your cousin too
Rolling down the strip on Vogues
Coming up, slamming Cadillac doorsGot stopped at the mall the other day, heard a call from the other way
That I just came from, some nigga was saying something, talking 'bout
Smoke something "Hey man, you remember me from school?"
"No not really" But he kept smiling like a clown, facial expression looking silly
And he kept asking me, "What kinda car you drive? I know you paid
I know y'all got beaucoup of hoes from all them songs that y'all done made"
And I replied that I had been going through the same things that he had
True, I've got more fans than the average man, but not enough loot to last me
To the end of the week, I live by the beat, like you live check-to-check
If you don't move your feet then I don't eat, so we like neck-to-neck
Yes, we done come a long way like them slim-ass cigarettes
From Virginia, this ain't gon' stop, so we just gon' continueMe and you
Your momma and your cousin too
Rolling down the strip on Vogues
Coming up, slamming Cadillac doors
Me and you
Your momma and your cousin too
Rolling down the strip on Vogues
Coming up, slamming Cadillac doors

Songwriters

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