

# Southernplayalisticadillacmuzik

## Outkast

Well it's the M I crooked letter comin' around the South  
Rollin' straight hammers and vogues in that old Southern slouch  
Please, ain't nothin' but incense in my atmosphere  
I'm bendin' corners in my 'llac boi, cause that's how we be rollin' here  
Deep, the slang is in effect because it's  
Georgia  
Kicking the khakis and Adidas  
Packin' yo' heaters cause you supposed to, cousin  
Catfish and grits is how my flow flow  
Rollin steady in that caddy but them 50 bottles got to go  
See juice and gin used to be my friend, from the beginin'  
And now I'm just a player sippin' sauce, every now and then  
To catch a buzz like a bumble bee  
Niggaz who tried to fuck with me  
Get sprayed like Raid cause it ain't nothin' see  
My heat is in the trunk along with that quad knock  
No my heart don't pump no Kool-Aid  
Jump and you'll get you sprayed  
Hooray yo block the one and only Outkast  
Many a niggas fallin' fast and I continue blatin', swiftly  
They ain't gon' get me, got somethin' for 'em  
The devil up in yo grill and you still don't even know 'em  
Show 'em, who's the okay, like collard greens and whole eggs  
I got soul, that's somethin' that you ain't got that's why yo style is rotten  
Stop in the land of ATL  
Where nothin' but pimps, fully equipped  
Quick to make a sale, swell  
Swollen got my pockets, business boomin' like rockets  
Folks try to stop it but they know that it's that  
It's that southernplayalisticcadillac funky music  
Now players if you choose it  
You better make sure you don't abuse it  
We gonna getcha high, high  
Time to drop these bows, like Dusty Rhodes then I yell, "Ho"  
We knockin' em off they feet like a southern hustler supposed to do  
It's in the house, house like, a joint is lit for my kin folks  
And all the niggaz that was down, since we been broke  
Takin' 'em deeper than a submarine  
So scream when you hear the team of two  
My crew be thick as two fat hoes sittin' off in a Brougham  
I'm packin' my tag backwards if you want to be actin' wrong  
Word is bond like super glue, it's funky like poopa scoop  
And every word I say you can true  
Well okay dokey Kastout  
I swear to God I got the highest boomin' Cadillac  
The expialalistic coupe de ville  
Can you handle that you rat?  
I take my time cruisin' round the city malls  
And under my seat for you suckers it's your final curtain call

The one two to the guage P U M P  
You want to do a jack, I heat the barrel 'til it's empty, get meSee I get friendly gettin' in where I fit  
Organized is on the track with the southernplayalistic shit  
So copy my slang and bite my shit but don't try gafflin' me  
'Cause sleepin' you'll get served with some southern hospitalityIt's that southernplayalisticcadillac funky music  
Now players if you choose it  
You better make sure you don't abuse it  
We gonna getcha high, highWell southernplayalisticcadillac music has been laid  
I may wait for all the air, they be rolling like that today hoes  
So back up off get up on it if you want it cha'll  
Looking for hoes and snitches was my thing on player's ball yupSo now I step, rather walk with the pimp limp  
While my niggas are at East Pointe  
With that College Park hemp smoke style  
Is how I wanna end it on this track  
So I pass it to my partner and step back up in my CadillacStep up in my shoes you crews sitting on Trues  
And Vogues for the hoes only when we rollin' through  
Atlanta skies be blue  
The sun is beamin' it seemin' that I'm glisten, rather gleaming  
20, 20 got me leaning to the sideFull of pride, now ain't that somethin'  
I'm dippin' into your hood this ain't braile, but I'm bumpin'  
Thumpin' out the roaches dungeon if ya'll missed it  
Big Gimp, Goodie Mob, PA, Outkast southernplayalisticIt's that southernplayalisticcadillac funky music  
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