

# **Southernplayalisticadillacmuzik**

## **OutKast**

Well it's the M-I crooked letter coming around the South  
Rolling straight Hammers and Vogues in that old Southern slouch  
Please, ain't nothing but incense in my atmosphere  
I'm bending corners in my 'llac boi  
Cause that's how we be rolling here  
Deep, the slang is in effect because it's Georgia  
Kicking the khakis and Adidas  
Packing yo' heaters cause you 'sposed to, cousin  
Catfish and grits is how my flow flow  
Rolling steady in that Caddy but them 50 bottles got to go  
See juice and gin used to be my friend from the begin  
And now I'm just a player sipping sauce every now and then  
To catch a buzz like a bumble bee  
Niggas who tried to fuck with me  
Get sprayed like Raid cause it ain't nothing seeMy 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  
Who raise yo block? The one and only OutKast  
Many a nigga falling fast and  
I continue blasting, swiftly  
Quickly, they ain't gon' get me  
Got something fo' em  
The devil up in yo grill and you still don't even know em  
Show em, who's the OK  
Like collard greens and Hoecakes  
I got soul, that's something that you ain't got  
That's why your style is rotten  
Stop in the land of ATL  
Where nothing but pimps  
Fully equipped  
Quick to make a sale, swell  
Swollen got my pockets  
Business booming like rockets  
Folks try to stop it but they know that it's thatIt's that Southernplayalisticadillac funky music  
Now players if you choose it  
You better make sure you don't abuse it  
We gonna get cha high, highTime to drop these 'bows like Dusty Rhodes  
Then I yell ho  
We knocking em off they feet like a Southern hustler supposed to do

I's in the house, house like a joint is lit fo my kin folks  
And all the niggas that was down, since we been broke  
    Taking em deeper than a submarine  
    So scream when you hear the team of two  
My crew be thick as two fat hoes sitting off in a Brougham  
I'm packing my tag backwards if you want to be acting wrong  
    Word is bond like super glue  
    It's funky like poopa scoop  
And every word I say you can trueWell okey dokey KastOut  
    I swear to God I got the highest booming Cadillac  
    The expialalistic coupe de ville  
    Can you handle that you rat?  
    I take my time cruising round the city malls  
And under my seat for you suckers it's your final curtain call  
    The one two to the gauge p-u-m-p  
    You want to do a jack  
    I heat the barrel til it's empty, get me  
    See I get friendly getting 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 gaffling me  
Cause sleeping you'll get served with some Southern hospitalityIt's that Southernplayalisticadillac funky music  
    Now players if you choose it  
    You better make sure you don't abuse it  
We gonna get cha high, highWell Southernplayalisticadillac music has been laid  
    I may wait for all the 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 yup  
    So now I step  
    Rather walk with the pimp  
    While my niggas are at East Point  
    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 rolling through  
    Atlanta skies be blue  
    The sun is beaming it seeming  
    That I glisten, rather gleaming  
    20/20 got me leaning to the side  
    Full of pride  
    Now ain't that something  
    I'm dipping into your hood  
    This ain't braille but I'm bumping  
    Thumping out the roaches  
    Dungeon if y'all missed it

Big Gipp, Goodie Mob, PA, Outkast  
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Songwriters

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