

Southernplayalisticadillacmuzik

Outkast

Well its the m i crooked letter coming around the south
Rollin straight hammers and vogues in that old southern slouch
Please, ain't nothin but inscence in my atmosphere
I'm bendin corners in my lac boi, cause that's how we be rollin here
Deep, the slang is in effect because its Georgia
Kickin they khakis and, packin yo pieces cause you sposed 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 begin
And now i'm just a player sippin 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 nothin seeMy heat is in the trunk along with that quad knock
No my heart don't pump no koolaid
And you'll get you spray
Hooray yo block the one and only Outkast
Many a nigga fallin fast and
How you think you last-in
Quickly, they ain't gone get me
Got somethin 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 whole eggs
I got soul, that's somethin that you ain't got
That's why yo style is ro-ten,
Stop in the land of ATL
Where nothin but pimps, fully equipped
Quick to make a sale, swell
Rolling got my pocket fitness boomin light
Rocket smoke tried to stop me but they know that its thatIts that southerplayalisticcaddilac 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 knockin 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
Takin'em deeper than a submarine

So scream when you hear the team of two
My groove be thick as two fat hoes sittin off in a room
I'm packin my tag backwards if you want to be actin wrong
Word is bond like super glue
Its funky like poopa scoop
And every word I say you can true Well okey 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 its your final curtain call
The one two to the gauge p-you-m-p.
You want to do a jack I heat the barrel till this hippi get me
See 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 heckelin me
Cause sleepin you'll get served with some southern hospitality Its that southerplayalisticcaddilac funky music
Now Players if you choose it
You better make sure you don't abuse it
We gonna get cha high, high Well 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
Lit by, my niggaz are at east point
With that college park hemp smoke style
Is how I want to end it on this track so I pass it to my partner
And step back up in my Cadillac Step into my shoes, you crews sittin on truths
And those for the hoes only when we rollin through
Atlanta skies be blue
The sun is beamin it seemin
That i glisten, rather gleaming
20/20 got me leaning to the side
Feel the 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
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