

Two Dope Boyz (In A Cadillac)

Outkast

From the bottom of my lungs a nigga be blowin', spittin' his game
Comin' 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
Speakin' of pullin' yo' girl lookin' at Jheri curls you bitches
Every time I rhyme for y'all, I'm lookin' to prove a point Kickin' a freestyle every now and then
But mostly off the joint See I smoke good 'cuz 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 'cuz ya'll niggas jokes like the joker
I'm sick of these wack ass rappers like I'm tired of hoes in chokers Who dem boyz that be havin' the cronk
every occasion
This side niggaz dustin' that side niggaz lacin'
But in the middle we stay calm, we just drop bombs
Askin' 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 whylin' 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 dem boyz that be havin' the cronk every occasion
This side niggaz dustin' that side niggaz lacin'
But in the middle we stay calm, we just drop bombs
Askin' 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 havin' the playa chill
In this atmosphere this ain't no practice here we cuttin' the fool now
I'm doin' ya at the house and throwin' you out because I'm through now Don't you love the way we clamin'
Bankhead, stankhead
Lookin' around the swats for the herb that's never tainted
Fainted when you heard the bourbon servin' on the block
And all you bitin' individuals need to check yourselves and stop Yeah, tight like nuts and bolts, sluts and hoes that
get evicted
I'm dealin' wit Queens in my castle ain't worth to risk it
Now tricks be lookin' at me like I'm they way up out the projects
Can't put you on my payroll and no I ain't got no Rolex Or no diamond at the exit with a sign sayin', "We'll rap
for food"

My face is bawled up 'cuz I ain't in a happy mood
While my partner got the Squeegee and the Windex
'Cuz somewhere in my life I done went wrong just like a syntaxError, bring the terror to your dome like P.E.
Prone to finish this out 'cuz this be a free-styleNow who dem boyz that be havin' the cronk every occasion
This side niggaz dustin' that side niggaz lacin'
But in the middle we stay calm
We just drop

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