

# Elevators

## 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

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