Peaches (Intro)

OutKast

Yeah,

That shit sho feel good Hey player, dis Peaches Coming back at ya one mo gen, wit a big whats up Break out your black low, and your booms phone As I send it out one more time For East Pointe, College Park, Decatur, and the swats! We got that Southernplayalisticadillacfunkymuzik for yo' trunk And it's fat like herringbone, and tight like nap booty So let me take you deep, straight to the point Cause it ain't nothing but King Shit, all day, everyday

Songwriters

Smith, Billy / Smith, Terry KlennerPublished by Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC, THE ROYALTY NETWORK INC., Royalty Network Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

> Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/