

Two Dope Boyz [In A Cadillac]

OutKast

From the bottom of my lungs a nigga be blowing, spitting his game
Coming 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
Speaking of pulling yo' girl looking at Jheri curls you bitches
Every time I rhyme for y'all, I'm looking to prove a point
Kicking a freestyle every now and then
But mostly off the joint
See I smoke good cause 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, cause y'all niggas jokes like the joker
I'm sick of these wack ass rappers like I'm tired of hoes in chokers Who them boys that be having the cronk
every occasion
This side niggas dusting, that side niggas lacing
But in the middle we stay calm, we just drop bombs
Asking 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 wilin'
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 them boys that be having the cronk every occasion
This side niggas dusting, that side niggas lacing
But in the middle we stay calm, we just drop bombs
Asking 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 chomes to the Fleetwoods, Coups to the Villes
Hittin Girbauds and off these flows we having the player chill
In this atmosphere this ain't no practice here we cutting the fool now
I'm doing ya at the house and throwing you out because I'm through now
Don't you love the way we claming Bankhead, stankhead
Looking around the SWATs for the herb that's never tainted
Fainted when you heard the bourbon serving on the block
And all you biting individuals need to check yourselves and stop Yeah tight like nuts and bolts, sluts and hoes that
get evicted
I'm dealing with Queens in my castle ain't worth to risk it

Now tricks be looking at me like I'm they way up out the pro-jects
Can't put you on my payroll, and no I ain't got no Rolex
Or no diamond at the exit with a sign saying "We'll rap for food"
My face is bawled up cause I ain't in a happy mood
While my partner got the squeegee and the Windex
Cause somewhere in my life I done went wrong just like a syntax
Error, bring the terror to your dome like P.E.
Prone to finish this out cause this be a free-style Now who them boys that be having the cronk every occasion
This side niggas dusting, that side niggas lacing
But in the middle we stay calm
We just drop

Songwriters

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