

Hollywood Divorce

OutKast

Starts off like a small town marriage
Lovely wife and life, baby carriage
Now all the stars have cars, success of course
But it ends in Hollywood divorce, Hollywood divorce

And I'm a start
Yea, and I don't have to go to Hollywood
'Cause Hollywood come through my neighborhood with cameras on
I really think they're stealin from us like a sample song
I really wish one day we'd take it back like Hammer's home
The hurricane come and took my Louisiana home
And all I got in return was a darn country song
This whole country wrong
What would you write if you just put a little ice on
And cut your mic on
But you don't even write songs
But Hollywood make you spit like a python
I meant Cobra, I'm so not sober
I'm high like a Hollywood coffee or soda
You can call me a roller
Your grill's glistenin'
Spent a hundred thousand on mine to feel different
What's the real sense of it?
Bling bling, I know
And did you know I'm the creator of the term
I just straightened the perm
Aint let it sit too long, they just makin it burn
And make a movie of our lifestyle
But they earn like a dead body burned on a mantelpiece
That's why I try not to lie on wax like this candle grease
And I be's the little nigga
Cooler than anti-freeze defrost on your window pane - Lil Wayne
But in Hollywood it's Litt-le Wayne
Don't make me nut
So that's why I got a pre-nup
I do

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Yeah, Yeah
A is for Adamsville
B is Bowen Homes
See if I give a fuck if you like me you know I don't
If she ain't got a good head on her leave that ho alone
If she do got some good head on her let her sing a song
D is for what I serve, I don't be on no curb
She ain't no junkie neither, I ain't no dope dealer
But she keep comin back three stacks must be some crack
Put that pipe in her lap, she ain't know how to act
Now that I've got your undivided attention I'm
Gonna say this and run under condition one
Promise me you gon' stack, promise me you gon' ball
Promise me you'll invest three fourths of it all
For what? So your kids, kids, kids can have some cheese

Can't get with it? Get get get get get on your knees
Cause wealth is the word
Rich is round the corner from the curb
Don't like what I write? Shoot me a bird

(Starts off)

Tenth grade, the way was pave for me and Dre. to create
Like Dr. Frankenstein the arts and crafts
Now could we make a difference
Antoine Patton and Andre Benjamin
Been jammin for you crabbing rap niggaz and journalists
That's quick to misprint public and private business
Then retract back for deaf ears and think it's dismissed
Part two the sequel all new 'Kast
Just ain't the same gang of nerds on the internet
Slandering your name behind that screen name
They're lame and their life is pretty plain
M&M's with no nuts
Won't show up face-to-face straight bitch made
Like puppies on the nipples of a mutt
Address it on a case-by-case basis like the judge
What about these lyin' ass hoes tryin to plot
Or these niggaz on the block who want the queen (Nigga please)
But even she can walk we'll miss her we ain't gon' fake it
But God don't make mistakes must be something bigger waiting

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I do, love you but you hate me at the same time
Lights, camera, action, it's game time
Do you take this here as your lovely wife?
To love her and cherish her for all your life?
I solemnly swear to dare share take you there
And me and you together baby we a lucky pair
It's been a long time, we walked a thin line
Others say they got you but you been mine
As I sit back and watch all them cat fights
Domestic violence - is that right?
But you love the dogg, gave me the spotlight
And now I'm growin up, showin up, blowin up
I never ever thought that we would separate at all
But you played me like a game of football
Used to feed me, need me, dress me
Now it's so messy straight cut out and left me

Hollywood divorce
All the fresh styles always start off as a good little hood thing
Look at blues, rock, jazz, rap
Not even talkin about music
Everything else too
By the time it reach Hollywood it's over
But it's cool
We just keep it goin and make new shit

Take our game, take our name
Give us a little fame
And then they kick us to the curb that's a cold thang