

**RZA****"Elevators"**

Visit "[Elevators](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Verse One: Andre

One for the money yes uhh two for the show  
A couple of years ago on Headland and Delowe  
Was the start of somethin good  
Where me and my nigga rodes the MARTA, through the  
hood  
Just tryin ta find that hookup  
Now everyday we look up at the ceiling  
Watchin ceiling fans go around tryin ta catch that feelin  
off instrumental, had my pencil, and plus my paper  
We caught the 86 Lithonia headed to Decatur  
Writing rhymes tryin ta find our spot off in that light  
Light off in that spot, known that we could rock  
Doin the hole in the wall clubs, this shit here must stop  
Like freeze, we makin the crowd move but we not  
makin no G's  
And that's a nono

Verse Two: Big Boi

Yeah, uhh, check it  
Ahh one two, ahh one two doe, niggaz  
in the Cadillac they call us went from Player's Ball to  
ballers  
Puttin the South up on the map was like Little Rock to  
bangin  
Niggaz say motherfuck that playin, they payin  
We stay in layin vo-cals, locals done made it with them  
big boys  
up in dis industry, Outkast yea dem niggaz they makin  
big noise  
Over a million sold to this day, niggaz they take it  
lightly  
Ninety-six gon be that year that all y'all playa haters  
can bite me  
...around this bitch

Chorus: repeat 2X

Me and you, your momma and your cousin too

Rollin down the strip on vogues  
Comin up slammin Cadillac doz (doors)

### Verse Three: Big Boi

Back in the day when I was younger, hunger  
Lookin 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 white boys  
Smokin them white golds before them blunts got krunk,  
chunky asses  
passes gettin thrown like Hail Mary's and they lookin  
like Halle Berry  
So so fine, intertwined, but we ain't sippin wine  
We's just chillin, I'm the rabid villain, and I'm so high  
Smokin freely, me Lil B, Greet, Mon and Shug  
And my little brother James, thangs changed in the  
hood  
where I live at, them rats know, mama I want to sing but  
Mama I want to trick, and mama I'm suckin dick, now  
We movin on up in da world like elevators  
Me and the crew we pimps like eighty-two  
Me and you like Tony Toni Tone  
Like this Eastpointe and we gone

### Chorus

### Verse Four: Andre

Got stopped at the mall the other day  
Heard a call from the other way  
that I just came from, some nigga was sayin somethin  
talkin bout "Hey man, you remember me from school?"  
smoke some  
Naw not really but he kept smilin like a clown  
facial expression lookin silly  
And he kept askin me, what kind of car you drive, I  
know you paid  
I know y'all got buku of hoes from all them songs that  
y'all done made  
And I replied that I had been goin through tha same  
thing that he had  
True I 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 yo' foot 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 gonna

continue

Chorus

Visit [RZA](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.