

Cook Barbara

"Decatur Psalm"

Visit "[Decatur Psalm](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Verse one: cool breeze

I call da crib they say "breeze you ain't know? "
I say "what? " "big time got popped in his benzo!"
I said "damn man, I'm riding in his lexus
I'm bout to dump this nigga's shit in new dimensions
Get to the crib so I can call big slate up
And tell em da money man done slipped and got his
throat cut
And everything that we took from the warehouse
I heard somebody talkin 'bout it at the white house
Man I thought you said that this job was for me and you
I ain't know that bill clamppett wanted some too
You tell his folks that I'm sorry bout that lexus
I'm 'bout to dip and see my sister up in... naaah!
Can't even tell you where I put my extra playa card
Cause them red dog police know we homeboys
Just tell everybody who us a dime
It's the great hoe round up yo' money time
I got to have mine, then I'm outta here
Take a loss, come back up just like coco grier
Ain't got to worry bout yo' potnah gettin caught like a
lame
It won't be over til that big girl from decatur sang"

(it won't be over till that big girl from decatur sang!
East pointe police don't know a damn thang...)

Verse two: big boi

Yeah, it won't be over
Check this out
Can you see what I be hearin talkin to spirits when I
sleep
Peep this out real quick slick, we gets on this beat and
speak
About that pimp shit, that walk with dat limp shit, that
hemp shit
Lookin up in your face I see a coward and a dimwit
Lookin to run up in my private home just like you was
the folks

Servin a warrant to a baby daddy, who do they come to
quote?
On a tuesday, april fool's day, don't get caught slippin
Leavin the keys off in the ignition, makin me guilty by
suspicion
Penny pinchers tryin to stack for ninety-six
Buyin another fleetwood, diamond took it, so know
we's in the mix
I need to take my ass to the crib and drop the baby off
Cause them niggaz at the corner sto' been lookin at me
for too long
Starin like accidents on highways, high days are better
than sober ones
Don't be biased, but I know it has to come
So I put two in the sky to let them know I'm babysittin
Y'all don't know nothin bout big boi cause that nigga
steady dippin
It ain't over (why that, why that) till the bitch open her
mouth up
And sang...

Verse three: big gipp

Took me a long time to get here
Long time man
I'm talkin about, years, and years
Riding past funeral fields holdin bodies of my peers
If you don't educate yourself
Now how the fuck you gonna understand how you
posed to get paid?
Niggaz walk around get with shade tree ass ways
Fuck a fade, let my hair drag
Back and forth like a see-saw
Jumpin lily, to lilypad dad
Lookin to get my goodie feel
I'm broke in like some old men
Who'd stop dem or would stop
I'm droppin lines for the big plot
Sixteen is when I started to dream
It's ninety-six I'm in your face
Can you hear that bitch scream?

(it won't be over til that big girl from decatur sang...)

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