

Outkast

"Spottieottiedopaliscious"

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Damn, damn, damn, James
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Dickie shorts and Lincoln's clean
Leanin' checking out the scene
Gangsta boys, Bigga's lit
Ridin' out talkin' shit

Nigga where you wanna go?
You know the club don't close 'til four
Let's party 'til we can't no more
Watch out here come the folks, damn alone

As the plot thickens, it gives me the dickens
Reminiscent of Charles a lil disco tech
Nestled in the ghettos of Niggaville, USA
Via Atlanta, Georgia
A li'l spot where young men & young women
Go to experience they first li'l taste of the nightlife

Me? Well, I've never been there, well, perhaps once
But, I was so engulfed in the Old "E"
I never made it to the door you speak of hard core
while the DJ sweatin' out all the problems
and the troubles of the day

While this fine bow legged girl fine as all outdoors
Lulls lukewarm lullabies in your left ear
Competing with "Set it Off," in the right
But, it all blends perfectly, let the liquor tell it
"Hey, hey look baby they playin' our song"

And the crowd goes wild as if
Holy field has just won the fight
But in actuality it's only about 3 A.M.
And three niggas just don' got hauled off in the
ambulance

Two niggas don' start bustin'
And one nigga don' took his shirt off talkin' 'bout

"Now who else wanna fuck with Hollywood Court?"
This is my interpretation of the situation

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Yes, when I first met my spottieottiedopaliscious angel
I can remember that damn thing like yesterday
The way she moved, reminded me of a brown stallion
horse
With skates on you know smooth like a hot comb on
nappy ass hair

I walked up on her and was almost paralyzed
Her neck was smelling sweeter than a plate of yams
with
Extra syrup, eyes beaming like four karats apiece just
blindin'
A nigga felt like I chiefed a whole O of that Presidential
My heart was beating so damn fast never knowing
This moment would bring another life into this world

Funny how shit come together sometimes ya dig
One moment you frequent the booty clubs
And the next four years you and somebody's daughter
Raisin' y'all own young'n that's a beautiful thang
That's if you're on top of your game
And man enough to handle real life situations that is

Can't gamble feeding baby on that dope money
Might not always be sufficient but the
United Parcel Service and the people at the Post Office
Didn't call you back because, you had cloudy piss
So now you back in the trap just that, trapped
Go on and marinate on that for a minute

Damn, damn, damn, J-J-James
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