

# Spottieottiedopalicious

## Outkast

[hook]Damn damn damn james  
[pat brown]Dickie shorts & 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  
[dre]As the plot thickens it gives me the dickens  
Reminiscent of charles a li'l disco-tech  
Nestled in the ghettoes 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  
Holyfield 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 [sliced up]  
Two niggas don' start bustin' [wham wham]  
And one nigga don' took his shirt off talkin' 'bout  
"now who else wanna fuck with hollywood court? "  
It's just my interpretation of the situation  
[hook][big boi]When I first met my spottieottiedopalicious angel  
I can remember that damn thing like yesterday  
The way she moved reminded me of a brown stallion  
Horse with skates on smooth like a hot comb  
On nappy ass hair

I walked up on her & 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 &  
The next four years you & somebody's daughter  
Raisin' y'all own young'n now 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 & 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

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