

# SpottieOttieDopaliscious

## OutKast

Damn damn damn James Dickie shorts and Lincoln's clean  
Leanin', checking out the scene  
Gangsta boys, blizzes 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 - oh lord) As the plot thickens it gives me the dickens  
Reminiscent of Charles a lil' discotheque  
Nestled in the ghettos of Niggaville, USA  
Via Atlanta, Georgia a lil' spot where  
Young men and young women go to experience  
They first li'l taste of the night life  
Me? Well I've never been there; well perhaps once  
But I, was so engulfed in the Olde 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 Courts?"  
It's just my interpretation of the situation Damn damn damn James

Songwriters

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