

# Decatur Psalm (ft. Cool Breeze & Big Gipp)

## OutKast

I call the 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 the money man done slipped and got his throat cut  
And everything that we took from the warehouse  
I heard somebody talking '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 Clampett 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 nah!  
Can't even tell you where I put my extra playa card  
Cause them Red Dog police know we homeboys  
Just tell everybody who owe us a dime  
It's the "great ho 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' partner getting 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 Point police don't know a damn thang) Yeah, it won't be over, check this out  
Can you see what I be hearing talking 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  
Looking up in your face I see a coward and a dimwit  
Looking to run up in my private home just like you was the folks  
Serving a warrant to a baby daddy, who didn't come to court  
On a Tuesday, April Fool's Day, don't get caught slipping  
Leaving the keys off in the ignition, making me guilty by suspicion  
Penny pinchers trying to stack for ninety-six  
Buying 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 niggas at the corner sto' been looking at me for too long  
Staring 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 babysitting  
Y'all don't know nothing bout Big Boi cause that nigga steady dipping  
It ain't over (why that, why that) till the bitch open her mouth up

And sang Took me a long time to get here  
Long time man  
I'm talking about, years, and years  
Riding past funeral fields holding bodies of my peers  
If you don't educate yourself  
Now how the fuck you gonna understand how you supposed to get paid?  
Niggas walk around get with shade tree ass ways  
Fuck a fade, let my hair drag  
Back and forth like a see-saw  
Jumping Lily, to lilypad dag  
Looking to get my Goodie feel  
I'm broke in like some old men  
Who'd stop dem or would stop  
I'm dropping lines for the big plot  
Sixteen is when I started this 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)

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