

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 Yes, 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, ya 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 chiefted 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 & 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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