

Decatur Psalm (feat. Big Gipp & Cool Breeze)

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)

Songwriters

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