

SpottieOttieDopaliscious

OutKast

Damn, damn, damn, James

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Damn, damn, damn, James Dickie shorts and 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, damn alone As the plot thickens, it gives me the dickens

Reminiscent of Charles a lil disco tech

Nestled in the ghettos 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

Holy field 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 Two niggas don' start bustin'

And one nigga don' took his shirt off talkin' 'bout

"Now who else wanna fuck with Hollywood Court?"

This is my interpretation of the situation Damn, damn, damn, James

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Damn, damn, damn, James

Damn, damn, damn, James Yes, when I first met my spottieottiedopaliscious angel

I can remember that damn thing like yesterday

The way she moved, reminded me of a brown stallion horse

With skates on you 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 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

And the next four years you and somebody's daughter

Raisin' y'all own young'n 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 and 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
Damn, damn, damn, J-J-James

Damn, damn, damn, J-J-James

Damn, damn, damn, J-J-James

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