

# Jazzy Belle

## Outkast

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Oh yes I love her like Egyptian, want a description?  
My royal highness  
So many plusses when I bust that there can't be no minus  
Went from yelling crickets and crows  
Bitches and hoes to queen thangs  
Over the years I been up on my toes and yes I seen thangs  
Like Kilroy, chill boi because them folks might think you soft  
Talking like that man fuck them niggas I'm going off  
And coming right back like boomerangs when you throw em  
With these old ghetto poems  
Thinking it's better for em  
When they can let they thumb down from hitch hiking  
Inviting niggas into the temple they call the body  
Now everybody got it, had it, talked about it amongst they friends  
Coming around my crew looking Jazzy, wanna pretend  
Like you Ms. Goody Four-Shoes  
Even Bo knew that you got poked  
Like acupuncture patients  
While our nation is a boat, straight sinking  
I hate thinking that these the future mommas of our chill'un  
They fucking a different nigga every time  
They get the feeling to  
I'm willing to go the extra kilo-meter  
Just to see my seÃ±orita get her pillow  
On the side of my bed where no good ever stay  
House and doctor was the games we used to play  
But now it's real Jazzy Belle See what if you was a playa, real playa not no flaw  
Having the very best of life lots of steak and Perignon  
Smoking an ounce of weed and every single day was personal FreakNik  
Freaking these hoes in Polo clothes, life as you conceived it  
But your conception, deception, looking into your eyes I see  
You weapon and it's depressing

They're digging up in your thighs  
Leaving deposits keep your closets open knocking your boots and drawers  
Hoping to get you sprung like bail-bonds  
Steadily calling me Antwan  
Cause you thinking that you my lady bitch don't play me cause you're janky  
I wanted to hit that ass but me and the Goodie we got danky  
So thank thee, for running that Southerplayalistic game  
You was the only one to blame  
A nigga don't even know your name  
It's a shame, you cracking em up and fucking a nigga like 2Pac up  
I'm leaving these foes to be the flowers and wake don't get me see  
I gotta be feeding my daughter  
Teach her to be that Natural Woman  
Cause you'll be Waiting to Exhale while you other hoes be  
Dumb and Dumber, yeah you know what I'm saying  
See me and ol' girl, in the black on black 'Llac no star  
Windows are tinted so that no one knows who us are  
Talk bad about her nigga guaranteed to snap like bra  
Strap, sticking together like grandma and grandpa-pa  
In this dog-eat-dog world  
Kitty cats be scratching on my  
Furry coat to curl  
Up with me and my bowl of kibbles and bits  
I want to earl  
Cause most of the girls that we was liking in high school  
Now they dykeing  
Having no mercy for the disrespect-ful ones, some  
Be hanging around the crew looking for funds, dumb  
Deaf and fine, they be asking me all about mine  
How she doing how she be  
I know she's sipping that wine  
Behind my back they squawk like vultures  
Off and On like Trends of Cultures baby  
Hey he, faking it like these sculptured nails  
But they can go to hell and lay with Lucifer  
Cause they burning anyway, Big Boi user and abuser

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