Decatur Psalm

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 them the money man has slipped and got his throat cut
And everything that we took from the warehouse
I heard somebody talkin' about 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 hoe 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 gettin' 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 Pointe police don't know a damn thang
Yeah, it won't be over, check this out
Can you see what I be hearin'
Talkin' 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 that limp shit
That hemp shit
Lookin' up in your face
I see a coward and a dim wit
Lookin' to run up in my private home
Just like you was the folks
Servin' a warrant to a baby daddy
Who do they come to quote?
On a Tuesday, April Fool's Day

Don't get caught slippin'
Leavin' the keys off in the ignition

Makin' me guilty by suspicion
Penny Pincher's tryin' to stack for ninety-six
Buyin' 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 store
Been lookin' at me for too long
There've been 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 babysittin'
Y'all don't know nothin' about Big Boi
'Cause that nigga steady dippin'
It ain't over, why that, why that
Till the bitch open her mouth up and sang, yeah
Took me a long time to get here
Long time man
I'm talkin' about years and years
Riding past funeral fields holdin' bodies of my peers
If you don't educate yourself
Now how the fuck you gonna understand
How you 'posed 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
Jumpin' Lily, to lilypad dad
Lookin' to get my goodie feel
I'm broke in like some old men
Who'd stop them or would stop
I'm droppin' lines for the big plot
Sixteen is when I started to dream
It's ninety-six I'm in your face
Can you hear that bitch screaming?
It won't be over till that big girl from Decatur sang

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