

Slum Beautiful

OutKast

Slum beautiful, drivin' I plum crazy
Slum beautiful, soul, but so amazin'They don't know, but I do though
Baby my darlin' you make me loose composure
Fragments of a million me
Scattered across the floor to a certain degree
Where, I had to give your mama a call
And thank her for spending time with your daddy
For all its worth, girl what's your frequency
And can I come there frequently?Slum beautiful, drivin' I plum crazy
Slum beautiful, soul, but so amazin'
What I like to do most is spit this game like sports announcers
And will pity pat them hoez down like a gentlemen club bouncer
Ounce of killa dilla, be makin' my game more flagrant
And once I done had some cuervo 'bout six shots I'm nothin to play wit
Like plug sockets and babies, possums, raccoons, and rabies
Maybe lady luscious oba kaybee so they say thee
An old school playa pimp type ass nigga like tony Mercedes
And will work every last muscle off in your body like Billy BlankyHanky panky, where did you get your gold
grill 'cause it's bangin'
And I like then red hot fila straight from Walters off the chain
Fuck them bouige bitches they don't know nothin 'bout you
'Cause you push a big black buick, so fresh, so clean on them trues
Slum beautiful you's the would to me, shawty I dig ya
And I'm lovin' the way them Jordache got a bear hug on your figure
You my nigga, niggaSlum beautiful, drivin' I plum crazy
Slum beautiful, soul, but so amazin'
Look at you, unbelievably, brilliant beautiful you
You're lookin' deliciously divine darlin' you really and truly do
The very thought of has got me runnin' at the speed of love
Explorin' everythin' about you from the ground to the God above
Suddenly I started dreamin', travelin' in time so fast
I could almost taste outer spaceI saw the face of God and looked like you and me too
Hello, I'm the man that God made you for
Profound don't you think?, Okay let's put this poetry in motion
I'm shining simply because mother earth I'm your son
Our entire circumference engulfed in emotion
Forever gonna be so funSlum beautiful, drivin' I plum crazy
Slum beautiful, soul, but so amazin'I don't know but, it seem like uh
Your daddy must have gave you

A teaspoon of honey every night before you went to bed
Or was it a pack of now laters
'Cause you're the sweetest thing on my head and
I'd like to say that I'd love to make
Love to every molecule of you and if you want to
Spontaneously combust that's what we'll do in unison
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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