

# Slum Beautiful (feat. Cee-Lo)

## 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 Blanky Hanky 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, nigga Slum 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 space I 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 fun Slum 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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