

Jazzy Belle (feat. Jazzyfatnastees)

OutKast

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

Songwriters

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