

Decatur Psalm

OutKast

Verse One: Cool BreezeI call da 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 em da money man done slipped and got his throat cut

And everything that we took from the warehouse

I heard somebody talkin 'bout 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... naaah!

Can't even tell you where I put my extra playa card

Cause them Red Dog police know we homeboys

Just tell everybody who 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' potnah 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...)Verse Two: Big BoiYeah, 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 dat limp shit, that hemp shit

Lookin up in your face I see a coward and a dimwit

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 pinchers 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 niggaz at the corner sto' been lookin at me for too long
Starin 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 bout Big Boi cause that nigga steady dippin

It ain't over (why that, why that) till the bitch open her mouth up
and sang...

Verse Three: Big GippTook 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?

Niggaz 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 dem 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 scream?(It won't be over til that big girl from Decatur sang...)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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