

# SpottieOttieDopaliscious

OutKast

Damn, damn, damn, James  
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Dickie shorts and Lincoln's clean  
Leanin' checking out the scene  
Gangsta boys, Bigga's lit  
Ridin' out talkin' shit

Nigga where you wanna go?  
You know the club don't close 'til four  
Let's party 'til we can't no more  
Watch out here come the folks, damn alone

As the plot thickens, it gives me the dickens  
Reminiscent of Charles a lil disco tech  
Nestled in the ghettos of Niggaville, USA  
Via Atlanta, Georgia  
A li'l spot where young men & young women  
Go to experience they first li'l taste of the nightlife

Me? Well, I've never been there, well, perhaps once  
But, I was so engulfed in the Old "E"  
I never made it to the door you speak of hard core  
while the DJ sweatin' out all the problems  
and the troubles of the day

While this fine bow legged girl fine as all outdoors  
Lulls lukewarm lullabies in your left ear  
Competing with "Set it Off," in the right  
But, it all blends perfectly, let the liquor tell it  
"Hey, hey look baby they playin' our song"

And the crowd goes wild as if  
Holy field has just won the fight  
But in actuality it's only about 3 A.M.  
And three niggas just don' got hauled off in the ambulance

Two niggas don' start bustin'  
And one nigga don' took his shirt off talkin' 'bout  
"Now who else wanna fuck with Hollywood Court?"  
This is my interpretation of the situation

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Yes, when I first met my spottieottiedopaliscious angel  
I can remember that damn thing like yesterday  
The way she moved, reminded me of a brown stallion horse  
With skates on you know smooth like a hot comb on nappy ass hair

I walked up on her and was almost paralyzed  
Her neck was smelling sweeter than a plate of yams with  
Extra syrup, eyes beaming like four karats apiece just blindin'

A nigga felt like I chiefted a whole O of that Presidential  
My heart was beating so damn fast never knowing  
This moment would bring another life into this world

Funny how shit come together sometimes ya dig  
One moment you frequent the booty clubs  
And the next four years you and somebody's daughter  
Raisin' y'all own young'n that's a beautiful thang  
That's if you're on top of your game  
And man enough to handle real life situations that is

Can't gamble feeding baby on that dope money  
Might not always be sufficient but the  
United Parcel Service and the people at the Post Office  
Didn't call you back because, you had cloudy piss  
So now you back in the trap just that, trapped  
Go on and marinate on that for a minute

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