

# Babyface, Jazzy Belle

Written by organized noise, andre benjamin, antwan patton (1994)

Performed by 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 yellin' crickets and crows, bitches and hos 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  
Talkin' like that, man f\*\*k them niggaz I'm goin off  
And comin' right back, like boomerangs when you throw 'em  
With these old ghetto poems, bankhead is better for 'em  
When they can let they throw 'em, down from hitchikin' and bitin' niggaz  
Until the temple they call the body, now everybody got it  
Had it, talked about it amongst they friends  
Comin' around my crew lookin' jazzy, wanna pretend  
Like you ms. goodie, four-shoes, even bo knew, that you got caught  
Like accupuncture patients while our nation is a boat  
Straight sinkin', I hate thinkin' that these the future mommas  
Of our chillun, they f\*\*kin' a different nigga every time  
They get the feelin' to, I'm willin' to go the extra kilo-meter  
Just to see my seniorita 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 slouch  
Havin' the very best of life lots of steak and perignon  
Smokin' an ounce of weed yeah every single day was personal freaknik  
Freakin' these hoes in polo clothes life as you conceived it  
But your conception, deception, lookin' into your watch I see  
You weapon and it's depressin, they're diggin' up in your thighs  
Leavin' deposits keep your closets open not your boots and drawers  
Hopin' to get you sprung like bell-bottoms, steadily callin' me antwan  
'cause you thinkin' that you my lady bitch don't play me 'cause you're chanky  
I wanted to hit that ass but me and the goodie we got danky  
So thank thee, you runnin' that southerplayalistic game  
You was the only one to blame, a nigga don't even know yo' name  
It's a shame, you crackin' em up and f\*\*kin' a nigga like tupac up  
I'm leavin these foes to be the flowers and wake don't get me see  
I gotta be feedin' my daughter, teach her to be that natural woman  
'cause you'll be waiting to exhale while you other hos be  
Dumb and dumber, yeah you know what I'm sayin'?

One two, yessss, ummkay, check this out right here now  
See me ain't no good, 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 stickin' together like grandma and grandpa-pa  
In this dog eat dog world, kitty cats be scratchin' 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 likin  
In high school, now they dykein' - nasty bitch  
Havin' no mercy for the disrespect-ful ones, some  
Be hangin' around the crew lookin' for funds, dumb  
Deaf and fine, they be, askin' me all about mine  
How she doin' how she be, I know she's sippin' that wine  
Behind my back they skwak like vultures  
Off and on like trendz of cultures baby  
Hey he, fakin' it like these sculptured, nails  
But they can go to hell and lay with lucifer  
'cause they burnin anyway, big boi user and abuser

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Remix:

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Jazzy belle

If you really want to be my star  
Maybe we can mend a broken heart  
Jazzy belle  
If you really want to be my boo  
Straighten up yo shit, I'll be with you

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Hook

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