

# Outkast, Decatur Psalm

(feat. Cool Breeze, Big Gipp)

[Verse One: Cool Breeze]

I 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 Boi]

Yeah, 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 Gipp]

Took 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...)