

# Outkast (feat. Patrick Brown), SpottieOttieDopalicious

[Hook]

Damn damn damn James

[Pat Brown]

Dickie shorts & 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

[Dre]

As the plot thickens it gives me the dickens

Reminiscent of Charles a li'l 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

Holyfield 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 [sliced up]

two niggas don' start bustin' [wham wham]

and one nigga don' took his shirt off talkin' 'bout

"Now who else wanna fuck with Hollywood Court?"

It's just my interpretation of the situation

[Hook]

[Big Boi]

When I first met my SpottieOttieDopalicious Angel

I can remember that damn thing like yesterday

The way she moved reminded me of a Brown Stallion

horse with skates on smooth like a hot comb

on nappy ass hair

I walked up on her & 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 &

the next four years you & somebody's daughter

raisin' y'all own young'n now 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 & 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