

Outkast, SpottieOttieDopaliscious

Hook: damn, damn, damn James

Verse 1: (sleepy brown)

dickie shorts and lincoln's clean, leaning checking out the scene
gangsta boys bligga's lit, riding out talking 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
(andre 3000)
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 lil' spot where
young men and young women go to experience they first lil'
taste of nightlife, me? well, I've never been there, well perhaps once
but I was so engulfed in the "E";
I never made it to the door you speak of hard core
while the dj sweating out all the problems and 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 am
and three niggas just done got hauled off in the ambulance (sliced up)
two niggas done start bustin' (wham, wham)
and one nigga done took his shirt off talkin' bout
"now who else wanna fuck with hollywood cold?"
it's just my interpretation of the situation

Hook: damn, damn, damn James

Verse 2: (big boi)

when I first met my spottieottiedopaliscious angel
I can remember that damn thang 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 and was almost paralyzed
her neck was smelling sweeter than a plate of yams with extra syrap
eyes beaming like four carats apiece just blinding a nigga
felt like i chiefed 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 rising 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
and the people at the post office, didn't call you back because you got
cloudy piss, so now you back in the trap just that, trapped
go and marinate on that for a minute