

# SpottieOttieDopaliscious

## Outkast

Female: Damn, Damn, Damn

Hook: damn, damn, damn JamesVerse 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 situationHook: 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 remind 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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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