

# Tell A Story

## Rhymefest

This is your life, yo  
You got ups and you got downs, man  
You got downs and you got ups  
We all go through the same thing on different days, man  
Don't act like you ain't like me  
What, you don't put your pants on one leg at a time What's going on with you, playa?  
Let me tell you somethin', man  
I'm ready to tell you about  
Your life on this one, look at here These the things we all go through  
It's everyday life for me and you  
Don't feel bad, I know you feel bad Things that happen everyday  
Around the world or around your way  
We just just tell a story, tell a story Where can I start? Start at the part  
Me at the part, playin' this part  
Provin' this role, waitin' on old  
Just got fronted at eight for that blow Now you run the pot, watch me rock  
Back on the block with a few in the sock  
Doing the heavy, cops in the Chevy  
Scopin' his every move already Smooth and deadly, cool his belly  
Probably get popped right in front of the deli  
The ghetto to mallon, his tools was heavy  
His crew was ready to do whatev Got juice but not tryin' to turn in the power  
Ain't burnin' the pot, now you watchin' me rock  
Chop, drop, swap, we cop, chop, drop, swap, we cop  
Chop, stop, you pop, we cops Swallow that working ?  
Only thirteen, he ain't know what it mean  
But he lovin' the green the American dream His momma says stop, his father was hot  
Couldn't just stop 'cause he coulda got shot  
They move him down south to straighten him out  
And he's still selling dope by the big warmer house But what you gon' do when it's all up to you?  
Stuck in this cell with nothing to do  
But tell a story, tell a story These are the things we all go through  
It's everyday life for me and you  
Don't feel bad, I know you feel bad Things that happen everyday  
Around the world or around your way  
We just just tell a story, tell a story Jenny was bad, she stayed on suspension  
Hung around guys, she liked that attention  
Give her daddy an honorable mention  
He wrote her letters while he was in prison Brother ain't home, momma was gone

Working them doubles, now she all alone  
 Stuck at the crib with no food or a phone  
 What you thinkin'? Your girl gon' be on Party at Jam's house, people would come  
 Sippin' that scissor, hitten them blunts  
 Underage kids could come and get drunk  
 Did I hit it? Well, maybe just once She had a boyfriend, they was in love  
 He had a job, he was sellin' the  
 Same shit's on the streets  
 Now she gettin' two letters a week singin' What is the loneliest number that you'll ever do?  
 When your looking for love and daddy ain't there to hug  
 And two is the loneliest number is as bad as one  
 When your hurtin' your soul thinking you're makin' a feelin' at home but These are the thing we all go through  
 It's everyday life for me and you  
 Don't feel bad, I know you feel bad Things that happen everyday  
 Around the world or around your way  
 We just tell a story, tell a story This is starting to get old  
 Got me feelin' like a whales in fish bowl  
 When the city where summers can get cold  
 When ? your home is gonna get stole Everybody and your momma got bad credit  
 It don't matter, we ball like we athletic  
 On the run from the cops till we asthmatic  
 In a house with a bill ? This ain't nothin' but life for ghetto youths  
 That I'm writing spitting this little booth  
 If I lie, I still mix it with little truth  
 When I go down, nigga, I'm living proof Don't get mad 'cause I'm stuck in this glory  
 And y'all rappers ain't go nothing to for me  
 But right now, I guess the story's over, story's over These are the thing we all go through  
 It's everyday life just me and you  
 Don't feel bad, I know you feel bad Things that happen everyday  
 Around the world or around your way  
 We just tell a story, tell a story These are the thing we all go through  
 It's everyday life for me and you  
 Don't feel bad, I know you feel bad Things that happen everyday  
 Around the world or around your way  
 We just tell a story, tell a story Ryhmefest, a leader of records, man  
 We document this story for you  
 Puttin' it down, Chicago, ma, ya  
 We just tell a story, nigga, don't borey  
 We outta here

Songwriters

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