

Da Art of Storytelling' (part 1)

Outkast

Yeah, somebody hit me the other day for a rendezvous
Was it the bitch that fucked the Good and the Dungeon Crew?
Let's say her name was Suzy Skrew 'cause she screwed a lot
Makin' a nigga hit that chonk at legitimate spots Not no parks, backseats or things of that nature
Had to hate ya playa, I'm dickin' the hoe down, never said I paid her
Straight laid her, slayed the bitch like Darth Daver, made her
From College Park and Fayette, all the way down to Decatur Like Jada, her wig was sharp and sporty, that was
shorty
Safe as a snake on eggs in a Beamer eight-hundred-forty
It's foggy, I went to the crib to call her but she lost me
My baby mamma beeped seven o'clock, it's gonna cost me But I still wanna cut her though, maybe she had to
work
I caught her in the mall, wearin' a real tight skirt
She was, fine as fuck, I wanted to sex the hoe up
She said, "Let's hit the parking lot so I can sick your duck" I said, "Cool, I really wanted to cut you but this'll do
I gotta pick up my daughter plus my baby mamma beeped me too"
She said she understood then everything was kosher
I gave her a Lil' Will CD and a fuckin' poster
It's like that now It's like that now, you better go, get the hump, up out your back now
It's about four, five cats off in my 'Llac now
We just shoot, game in the form of story rap now, yeah
It's like that now, it's like that now Now Suzy Skrew had a partna named Sasha Thumper
I remember her number like the summer
When her and Suzy, yeah, they threw a slumber party
But you can not call it that 'cause it was slummer Well, it was more like spend the night
Three in the morning, yawnin', dancin' under street lights
We chillin' like a villain and a nigga feelin' right
In the middle of the ghetto on the curb but in spite All of the bullshit, we on our back starin' at the stars above
Talkin' 'bout what we gonna be when we grow up
I said what you wanna be, she said, "Alive"
It made me think for a minute, then looked in her eyes I coulda died, time went on, I got grown
Rhyme got strong, mind got blown, I came back home
To find lil' Sasha was gone
Her mamma said she with a nigga that be treatin' her wrong I kept on singin' my song and hopin' at a show
That I would one day see her standin' in the front row
But two weeks later she got found in the back of a school
With a needle in her arm, baby two months due, Sasha Thumper It's like that now, you better go, get the hump,
up out your back now
It's about four, five cats off in my 'Llac now

We just shoot, game in the form of story rap now, yeah
It's like that now, it's like that nowIt's like that now, you better go, get the hump, up out your back now
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