

# Da Art of Storytellig' (Pt. 1)

## Outkast

Somebody hit me the other day, for a rendezvous  
Was it the bitch that fucked the Goodie, and the Dungeon Crew  
Let's say her name was Suzy Skrew, cause she screwed a lot  
Making a nigga hit that chonk, at legitimate spots  
Not no parks, backseats or things of that nature  
Had to hate ya player, I'm dicking the ho down never said I paid her  
Straight laid her, slayed the bitch like Darth Vader, 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 840  
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, wearing a real tight skirt  
She was, fine as fuck, I wanted to sex the ho 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 on and get, the  
hump, up out your back now  
It's about four, or five, cats off in my 'Llac now  
We just, shoot, game in the form of story rap now  
It's like that now, it's like that now  
Now Suzy Skrew had a partner 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 yawning dancing under street lights  
We chilling like a villain and a nigga feeling right  
In the middle of the ghetto on the curb, but in spite  
All of the bullshit we on our back staring at the stars above (aww man)  
Talking 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 treating her wrong

I kept on singing my song and hoping at a show  
That I would one day see her standing 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 on and get, the  
hump, up out your back now  
It's about four, or five, cats off in my 'Llac now  
We just, shoot, game in the form of story rap now  
It's like that now, it's like that now

Songwriters

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