

Da Art of Storytellin' (Pt. 1)

OutKast

Yea..

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
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 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 (yeah)
It's like that now, it's like that now

Now Suzy Skrew had a partna named Sasha (Sasha), Thumper (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
(aww man) Talkin bout what we gonna be when we grow up
I said what you wanna be, she said, "Alive" (hmm)
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

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