

# The Art Of Storytelling Part 4

DJ Drama

Enemy... (enemy...)

So I'm watchin' her fine ass  
Walked to my bedroom, and thought to myself  
That's the shape of things to come  
She said, "Why you in the club, and you don't make it precipitate?  
You know, make it rain when you can make it thunderstorm"  
I'm like, "Why? "  
The world needs sun  
The hood needs funds  
There's a war going on and half the battle is guns  
How dare I throw it on the floor  
When people are poor  
So I write like Edgar Allen to restore, got a cord? [?]  
Umbilical attached to a place they can't afford  
No landscaping, Or window draping  
This old lady told me,  
If I ain't got nothin' good, say nathing  
That's why I don't talk much  
I swear it don't cost much, to pay attention to me  
I tell like it is, and I tell it how it could be  
The hood be  
Requesting my services, Oh don't get nervous it's  
Step yo game up time, These ain't them same old rhymes  
Designed to have you dancin' in some club  
Niggas write to me  
Woman be up in they tub  
Expoliating with hey pom poms  
Yellin' "GO 3000! "  
I'm in my whatever bumpin' what?  
A 100 miles in  
Runnin' Runnin' Runnin' Runnin'  
Summon  
Woman  
Come in  
Sit down, heard you need some plumbing  
Done and  
I'm in  
A swell mood  
A rather swoll mood  
Until she told me that she told (?)  
That's she'll be back, she's going to the store  
I didn't know she had a boyfriend, so the door  
I pointed her too  
I said, "Call me when ya'll break up  
I don't fuck nobody bitch"  
And never only Jacob, know what time it is  
Nigga just tryin' to live  
Like a Nigga suppose to live  
If I still drink that malt liquor  
I pour that beer  
On the ground for niggas not around  
I started out starvin'  
Now they got me out here Brett Farve'n  
Try'n to see if I still got it... (got it...)  
I guess it's like the right thing about it... ('bout it...)