

# Da Art Of Storytellig'

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

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

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