

Outkast, Da Art Of Storytelling

Verse one: big boi

Yea..

Somebody hit me the other day, for a rendezvous
Was it the bitch that f**ked 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 f**k, 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 f**kin 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

Verse two: andre benjamin

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
[slick rick] yes... (uncle ricky!!)
It's about four, or five, cats
Off in my 'llac now

[slick rick] yes... (could you tell a story?)

We just, shoot, game in the
Form of story rap now (yeah)
[slick rick] (pleeeeeeease?) uh-huh
It's like that now, it's like that now
[slick rick] herrrrrrre we go...

Verse three: slick rick

Throwing things, yelling in a mad high pitch
Here we go again with this psychopath bitch
The neighbors will hear you, you misfit
Can't disagree with the bitch without this shit
The price we pay to f**k women
The most pretty bitch got the psycho shit within them
Stuck up, as soon as I pop up
But see me with the next she wanna tear the f**king club up
Check her pants, and number confirming
Learned more and more they're just shifty dumb vermins
And you know, probably get cussed if I backslip miss
While she busy trying to justify who cheated first
"rick what would I want
With this small chain wearin muh-f**ka trying to front? "
I oughta cut her off, let another sooth me
But I don't know, ordinary bitch don't move me
I mean, I tried to fall in love with a bittie
But straight up, just be with the bitch out of pity
So although I know, pretty bitch shady
Here I go, trying to change a hoe into a lady
Knahmean?

It's like that now, you better go on
And get, the hump, up out your back now
[slick rick] yes
It's about four, or five, cats
Off in my 'llac now
[slick rick] yes
We just, shoot, game in the
Form of story rap now (yeah)
[slick rick] uh-huh
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
[slick rick] yes
It's about four, or five, cats
Off in my 'llac now
[slick rick] yes
We just, shoot, game in the
Form of story rap now (yeah)
[slick rick] uh-huh
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
[slick rick] yes
It's about four, or five, cats
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[slick rick] yes
We just, shoot, game in the
Form of story rap now ...