

Rebecca Wheatley

"The Story"

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Aww yeah.. got the funk.. non-stop.. drop.. uhh, uhh
Ha ha, check it

("Next thing you know we're on the Boulevard in
Linden..")

Yeah, now that's the right kind of beat
for me to sit back and kick my story
on a Friday night with nothin to do
Cause all the other plans that I made fell through
So I sat, 'til about half past midnight
Clock struck one, time to get right
Beat bop on, tilted over to the side
Tank on E and I was still gonna ride
Rollin up the ave leanin over to my left
Yo I'm headed fo' this club over on the Westside
Made my little stop at the liquor sto'
Chatted with a couple of homies on the corner then I
stepped
through the do' seen another car roll up slow
With lights out, somethin told me to hit the flo'
Little did I know, right and exact
The AK sprayed the fools didn't have a chance to blast
back
and it was just like that, just that quick
Just my luck, another fucked up night to pick
to roll but if I had some sense I woulda known..
.. to take my ass home

("Next thing you know we're on the Boulevard in
Linden..")

repeats

Young and.. dumb, not satisfied yet
Picked up the brew and the gum and I jet
to the set sat outside, threw my brew down
Stepped in, yanked the mic, flowin with the funky
sound
Kept the wallflowers off the wall
'til the DJ made the last call for alcohol
Party ended, I was standin outside

Female with some fake hair caught my eye
Conversation indicated she was underage
I still got tricked by my old third leg
Sat the big booty in the passenger seat
Fastened the seatbelt, I'm off to the cheap motel
Well, what to do?
When you check your rearview mirror and see
two brothers in a big blue Nova
The girl put a three-fifty-seven to my head and she
said "Pull over!"

("Next thing you know we're on the Boulevard in
Linden..")
repeats

Out the car, face on the sidewalk
Said I'd get faded, unless I talked
about a llello shipment
("You took my shit motherfucker, where my shit at?")
Givin me the count of three to come with the day place
time
of delivery, "Yo," I said, "I ain't the guy you lookin fo"
They said, "Shut up, cause you was at the liquor sto'
with the fools we blasted on"
I said, "Damn it's a small world after all"
And they was gettin fed up, the trigger cocked back
I closed my eyes, waitin for the impact
A gun went off, and it wasn't none of theirs
Looked up, down went the girl with the fake hair
The other two got popped, couldn't blast back
The liquor store crew had a nice payback
and it was just like that, just that quick
Just by luck, I was on the ground and didn't get hit
So I hopped in the bucket, drove and I was gone
Took my ass home!

("Next thing you know we're on the Boulevard in
Linden..")
repeats

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