

Widespread Panic

"Da Art of Storytelling"

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Verse One: Big Boi

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

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 fuck 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 fucking
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-fucka 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
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[Slick Rick] Yes
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[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 ...

