

## DJ Drama

### "Da Art Of Storytelling"

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Yeah, somebody hit me the other day for a rendezvous  
Was it the bitch that fucked the Good 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, get the hump, up out  
your back now

It's about four, 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 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  
Talkin' 'bout what we gonna be when we grow up  
I said what you wanna be, she said, "Alive"  
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

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your back now  
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