

Outkast

"Da Art Of Storytelligin', Pt. 1"

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Yeah, somebody hit me the other day for a rendezvous
Was it the bitch that fucked to Goodie and the Dungen
Crew

Let's say her name was Suzy Screw, 'cuz 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 Fayetteer, all the way don't to
Decatur

Like Jada, her wig was sharp and sporty, that was
shorty

Safe as a snake on eggs in a beamer 840

It's foggy, I went to the crib to call her but she lost me

My baby mamma beeped, 7 o'clock it's gonna cost me

But I still wanna cut her tho, maybe she had to work
Caught her at 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 parkin' 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 'cuz my baby mamma
beeped me too"

She said, she understood then everythin' 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 oh, feel my leg 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 Screw had a parna named Sasha, Sasha,
Thumper, Thumper

I remember her number like the summer
When her and Suzy yeah, they thre a slumber-party
But you can not call it that 'cuz it was slummer

Well, it was more like spend the night
Three in the mornin' 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 who be treatin' her
wrong

I kept on singin' my song and hopin' at a show
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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