

Marsha Ambrosius

"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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