

**RZA****"Da Art of Storytelling"**Visit "[Da Art of Storytelling](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[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

[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  
It's about four, or five, cats  
off in my 'Llac now  
We just, shoot, game in the  
form of story rap now (yeah)  
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