

Sometimes rappers use ungrammatical structures or everyday language so as to rhyme. They also tend to drop some letters or sounds. Here are some examples.

Match them with the correct words

Not-a got them

Twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week

Callin'

Not have got them

Something

Wrote them

Bout to

Put them on

I'ma

I am going to

Jot'em

Something

Wanna

Want to

Put'em

Because

Growin' up

Calling

Gotta

Have got to

Coulda

Being

Bein'

Could have

Put'em on

Put them

'Cause

Growing up

24/7

About to

Listen to the song and fill in the blanks with the words from the box.

My tea's gone _____, I'm wondering why I

• Got out of bed at all

• The morning rain clouds up my window

And I can't see at all

And even if I could it'll all be gray

But your picture on my wall

It reminds me, that it's not so bad

It's not so bad

My tea's gone cold, I'm _____ why I

Got out of bed at all

The morning rain clouds up my window (window)

And I can't see at all

And even if I could it'll all be _____

But your picture on my wall

It reminds me, that it's not so bad

It's not so bad

Dear Slim, I wrote you but you still ain't callin'

I left my cell, my _____, and my home phone at the bottom

I sent two letters back in autumn, you must not've got 'em

There probably was a problem at the post office or somethin'

Sometimes I scribble addresses too sloppy when I jot 'em

But anyways, fuck it, what's been up, man? How's your daughter?

My girlfriend's _____ too, I'm 'bout to be a father

If I have a daughter, guess what I'ma call her?

I'ma name her Bonnie

I read about your uncle Ronnie too, I'm sorry



pager
wondering
cold
pregnant
gray

(Chorus)

Dear Slim, I wrote you but you still ain't callin'
I left my cell, my pager, and my home phone at the bottom
I sent two letters back in autumn, you must not've got 'em
There probably was a problem at the post office or somethin'
Sometimes I scribble addresses too sloppy when I jot 'em
But anyways, fuck it, what's been up, man? How's your daughter?
My girlfriend's pregnant too, I'm 'bout to be a father
If I have a daughter, guess what I'ma call her?
I'ma name her Bonnie
I read about your uncle Ronnie too, I'm sorry
I had a friend kill himself over some bitch who didn't want him
I know you probably hear this every day, but I'm your biggest fan
I even got the underground shit that you did with Skam
I got a room full of your posters and your pictures, man
I like the shit you did with Rawkus too, that shit was phat
Anyways, I hope you get this, man, hit me back
Just to chat, truly yours, your biggest fan
This is Stan

(Chorus)

truly
scribble
ain't
probably

Dear Slim, you still ain't called or wrote, I hope you have a chance
I ain't mad, I just think it's fucked up you don't answer fans
If you didn't wanna talk to me outside your concert
You didn't have to, but you could've signed an autograph for Matthew
That's my little brother, man, he's only six years old
We waited in the blistering cold for you
For four hours and you just said, "No"
That's pretty shitty, man, you're like his fuckin' idol
He wants to be just like you, man, he likes you more than I do
I ain't that mad though, I just don't like bein' lied to
Remember when we met in Denver, you said if I'd write you you would
write back
See, I'm just like you in a way
I never knew my father neither
He used to always cheat on my mom and beat her
I can relate to what you're saying in your songs
So when I have a shitty day, I drift away and put 'em on
'Cause I don't really got shit else, so that shit helps when I'm depressed
I even got a tattoo of your name across the chest
Sometimes I even cut myself to see how much it bleeds
It's like adrenaline, the pain is such a sudden rush for me
See, everything you say is real, and I respect you 'cause you tell it
My girlfriend's jealous 'cause I talk about you 24/7
But she don't know you like I know you Slim, no one does
She don't know what it was like for people like us growin' up, you gotta call
me, man
I'll be the biggest fan you'll ever lose
Sincerely yours, Stan
P.S. we should be together too
(Chorus)

Dear Mr. I'm Too Good To Call Or Write My Fans
This will be the last package I ever send your ass
It's been six months and still no word, I don't deserve it?
I know you got my last two letters, I wrote the addresses
on 'em perfect
So this is my cassette I'm sending you, I hope you hear it
I'm in the car right now, I'm doing ninety on the freeway
Hey Slim, I drank a fifth of vodka
You dare me to drive?