

Mos Def, Children's Story

[Child #1] ...and then Jackie Chan just started kickin em like POW! POW! POW!

[Child #2] Whaaaaa??!

[Mos Def] Alright y'all, alright y'all enough of that it's time to go to bed y'all

Time to go to bed -- I don't wanna hear that

You know what time it is, you know what time it is

[Children] Uncle Mos?

[Mos Def] Yeeesss?

[Children] Would you read us a bedtime story please?

[Mos Def] Okay, okay. Ya'll tucked in?

[Children] Yeeesss...

[Mos Def] Heeeere we go...

Once upon a time not long ago

When people wore Adidas and lived life slow

When laws were stern and justice stood

And people was behavin' like hip-hop was good

There lived a little boy who was misled

By a little Sha-tan and this is what he said

"Me and you kid we gonna make some cash,

Jackin' old beats and makin' the dash..."

They jacked the beats, money came wit' ease

But son, he couldn't stop, it's like he had a disease

He jacked another and another, Michael Jackson, Stevie Wonder

Set some R & B over the track for 'Deep Cover' (187!)

The kid got wild startin' actin' erratic

He said "Yo, that presidential I got ta have it..."

With liquor in his belly son, he made up the track

But little did he know that his joints was wack

The shiny A & R said "Great new hit G!"

"Whenever you need a loop, yo come get me..."

The kid got amped and he starts to figure

"I'm-a get dough like all-a these otha niggaz!"

So, he's in the studio workin' 'round the clock

For pop radio, jacked the beat to 'Planet Rock'

Was out in the street when he met this sister

Who couldn't sing for shhhh but the mix wit' her sister

Hooked up the track and in excitation

He decided he'd head for the radio station

But (But!) he was runnin' and he made a left

Was skeezin' at top speed and ran into Mos Def

I slowed the young man down and I started: "Yo money,

Yo, why you sellin' lies to our wives and children?"

He ran upstairs up to the top floor

Opened up the door then guess what he saw? (Who?)

JANE the chickenhead radio host

Who be yappin' 'bout beef between east and west coast

He said "This one's a bullet, you got ta give it run!"

The chicken said "Thanks." and spanked it #1

He went outside, was gettin' props all over

Then he dipped into his ride, the 4-point Rover

Raced up the block doin' 83

Some cats with Hennessy saw him at a R-E-D

He winked his eye like his star status mattered

They rat-a-tat-tatted to make his blood splatter

"You rockin' crazy ice and all you do is cling static

And rollin' down to Brooklyn late night is problematic..."

His eyes was bloody red, he hung on every word they said

They told the kid "Back down, that playa shit is dead."

Deep in his heart, he knew he was gone

But he grabbed his 45 and decide to blaze on

Wit' shades on founded had him astounded an'

Before long, the young man got surrounded

Those grabbed the guns, so goes the glory

And that is the way I got ta end this story
He was out chasin' cream and the American dream
Tryin' to pretend the ends justify the means
This ain't funny so don't you dare laugh
It's just what comes to pass when you sell your ass
Life is more than what your hands can grasp
Good Night!
(mos def talking)
Knock 'em out the box Mos, knock 'em out Mos
Knock 'em out the box Mos, knock 'em out Mos (3x)
Knock 'em out...
A-nother...Mos Def...Black Star MOVEMENT...
presentation... CRUUUMBS!