

# Talib Kweli, 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] Heeere 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!

(kids 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!