

Gravediggaz, Fairytalez

This is the story of three little pigs
N' the projected damage that they did
Pig number one was white
Thought everything he did was right
The pigology itself
Pink skin terror N' wealth, just hoggin' shit up for self
Rolled up on a pig named Swine
A brown-skinned pig convinced him they was one of a kind
The swine fell for the short tail
But no way in hell was Earth that stale
Stone chicken eggs, hid 'em in the mud that they laid
When it hatched, it was chicks of another shade
The stone age, the origin o' AIDS in the bone age
There was a pig, skin was black
He cleaned up the swine N' they filthy acts
If not they was be forced to set back
But trouble come first, stale shit got worse
Consumers of swine are now cursed
The exile meant from 'Bylon, after three on
The shores of North America's hoof
When they celebrated Thanksgiving with the wolf

Chorus:

When I was young (When I was young)
They was feedin' me fairytalez (They was feedin' me fairytalez)
N' this goes on (N' this goes on)
Until I'm old N' gray (Until I'm old N' gray)
When I was young (When I was young)
They was feedin' me fairytale