

# Messy Marv, Children's Story

Yeah

OG Joe Blow in the house, understand me

Layin it down with my boy Messy Marv

Yeah, for ah - Slick Rick

Yeah, this ain't no children's story, though

this somethin for the hood, mang

So ah - all the OG's grab your ripple

and players grab you twomp sacks

Here we go...

Once upon a time not long ago

When niggas made money slingin dank or dope

When chronic was burnin and everything was all good

And people were behavin hella bad in the hood

There lived a little boy who was misled

By another little boy, and this is what he said:

&quot;Me and you tonight, we're gonna make some cash

Pullin 211's and makin the dash&quot;

They did the job, scrilla came with ease

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

He robbed another and another

(Stick em up, stick em up!)

And a sister and her brother

Tried to rob a man, a SFPD undercover

The cop grabbed his arm, he started actin erratic

He said, &quot;Keep still, boy, no need for static&quot;

Punched him in his belly and he gave him a slap

But little did he know the little nigga was strapped

The kid pulled out a gun, he said &quot;Why'd ya hit me?&quot;

Tec-9 aimed for the cop's kidney

The cop got scared, the kid starts to figure

&quot;I'll do years if I pull this trigger&quot;

So he cold dashed and ran around the block

Cop radioes in to another lady cop

He ran by a tree, there he saw the sister

Shot for the head, he shot back but he missed her

Looked around good and from expectations

He decided he'd head for the BART station

But (what?) she was coming and he made a left

He was runnin top speed till he was out of breath

Knocked an old man down and swore he killed him (Sorry!)

Then he made his move to an abandoned building

Ran up the stairs up to the top floor

Opened up the door there, guess who he saw?

(Who?) Coon, the dopefiend smokin hella dope

Who don't know the meaning of water nor soap

He said, &quot;I need bullets, hurry up, run!&quot;

The dopefiend pulled out a sawed-off shotgun

He broke outside but there was cops all over

Then he dipped into a car, a hyped up Nova

Sideways up the block doing 83

Crashed into a tree near the KOP

Escaped alive though the car was battered

Rat-a-tat-tatted and all the cops scattered

Ran out of bullets and he still had static

Grabbed a lady and pulled out the automatic

Pointed at her head, he said the gun was full of lead

He told the cops, &quot;Back up or the bitch here's dead&quot;

Deep in his heart he knew he was wrong

So he let the lady go and he starts to run on

Sirens sounded, he seemed astounded

And before long the little boy got surrounded

He dropped the Tec, so went the glory

And this is the way I have to end this story

He was only seventeen, in a poor man's dream

Big Mike shot the kid, I still hear him scream  
This ain't funny so bitch, don't you laugh  
Just another case about the wrong path  
So learn a little lesson cause the game don't last  
Good night  
Leave a mess Marv [repeated]  
Yeah  
That's right  
Messy Mizznarv  
And it goes down  
for my boy Slick Rick the Ruler  
And it don't stop  
and it don't quit  
and it don't stop  
I'm on a whole nother level  
I'm on a whole nother level  
Trigga Lock Records