

Rick Slick

"Children's Story"

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Uncle Ricky, will you read us a bedtime story?
Please, huh, please?
Allright, you kids get to bed, I'll get the storybook.
Ya'll Tucked in?
Yeah
Here we go...
Once upon a time,
Not long ago,
Where people wore pajamas and lived life slow,
Where laws where stern and justice stood,
And people were behavin' like they ought to - good,
There lived a little boy who was misslead
By another little boy,
And this is what he said:
"Me and you tike, we're gonna make some cash",
"Robbin' old folks and makin' the dash",
They did the job,
Money came with ease,
But one couldn't stop!
It's like he had a disease,
He robbed another and another,
And a sister and a brother,
Tried to rob a man who was a D.T. undercover,
The cop grabed his arm,
He started actin' eratic,
He said:
"Keep still boy, no need for static",
Punched him in his belly and gave him a slap,
But little did he know,
The little boy was strapped,
The kid pulled outta gun,
He said:
"Why'd you hit me?"
The barrell was set straight for the cop's kidney,
The cop got scared,
The kid, he starts to figure:
"I'll do years if I pull this trigger",
So he cold dashed,
And ran around the block,
Cop radios in to another ladie cop,
He ran by a tree,

There he saw the sister,
Shot for the head,
He shot back but he missed her,
Looked 'round good,
And from expectations,
He decided he'd head for the subway stations,
But,
(what)
She was coming and he made a left,
He was running 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 a door,
There guess who he saw?
(who)
Dave! The dope fiend shootin' dope,
Who don't know the meaning of water nor soap,
He said:
"I need bullets, hurry up, run!",
The dope fiend rolled back a spankin' shot gun!
He went outside but there were cops all over,
Then he dipped into a car;
A stolen nova,
Raced up the block doin' 83,
Crashed into a tree,
Near University,
Escaped alive,
Though the car was battered,
Rat-a-tat-tattered,
And all the cops scattered,
Ran out of bullets,
And he still had static,
Grabbed the pregnant ladie,
And pulled out the automatic,
Point it at her head,
He said the gun was full of lead,
He told the cops:
"Back off, or honey here's dead",
Deep in his heart,
He knew he was wrong,
So he lets the ladie go,
And he starts to run on,
Sirens sounded,
He seemed astounded,
And, before long the boy got surrounded,
He dropped his gun,
So went the glory,

And this is the way I have to end this story,
He was only one teen in a madman's dream,
The cops shot the kid,
I still here him scream,
This ain't funny,
So don't ya' dare laugh,
Just another case about the wrong path,
Straight and narrow,
Or your soul gets cast,
Goodnite.

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