

AZ**"Bedtime Story"**Visit "[Bedtime Story](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: AZ & {Son}]

Amar, Amar, c'mon

{Yeah Dad, what?}

Hope you did your homework already

{I did that already, c'mon Dad}

Nah, it's time to go to..

{C'mon listen..}

What happened?

{I was at school today I said AZ's my daddy, they said,

"Jay-Z? Nas?"}

What, what?

{Tell me the story again?}

Ok, ok

Aight, this is how it went down, here we go..

[Verse One: AZ]

We talkin' a few years before you even appeared

I was into my little gear

Yeah - weed and my beer

Hustlin' out of fear, fear of bein' a square

Like them cowards with no gear

They just breathin' the air

Son, clear, but didn't realize life ain't fair

with one drive-by, it could end your life right there

Though I'm a fly guy, from then, tied my Nikes, like

chea

F*ck the world we can fight right here, I don't scare

From beer, no more nightmares here, not a tear

I was straighter than the white man's hair

Met Nasir, had that hype that jeer

Like a kite, threw me a mic

I took flight right there, chea

Rap wise I was nice I swear

went fool with the jewels, even iced my ears

New school, I was cool, wore righteous wears

But from the door they didn't like that there, I ain't care

As long as I left the china white right there

And understood that you could change a life through

prayer

But it's all good, police even politely stared

It was unreal, but still now it feels slightly weird

I was spared, gave love, taught my peers
Though it was rough, never gave up, fought my fears
Now it's like "what?"
I'm G'ed up, awesome glare
Entertainer from the streets with a sportsman's flair

[Outro: AZ & {Son}]

There, that's good enough for you?
{Dad, Dad, what's "G'ed up?"}
Listen man, don't worry about that now, just go to sleep
{Ok, ok}
I'll tell you that later on.. but you know what?
{What, what what?}
I got one more quick story to tell you
{Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah}
Maybe you could take this story, and tell your friends at
school this one:

[Verse 3: AZ]

Heeeeere we go!
Out the gate, he who hate - himself ain't straight
he a snake, he the type who send himself upstate
catch a case for a plate
He ain't have to take, he coulda
Played it safe, said his grace and ate
but it's fate, when a person makes certain mistakes
What a waste, how the world.. [Fades...]

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