

## **Will Smith**

# **"Scary Story"**

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Daddy can you tell me a story?  
Oh, you wanna hear a story?  
What kind of story you wanna hear, baby?  
A scary story  
Oh, okay

Once upon a time there was a kid  
Who wanted nothin' more than to rhyme  
Almost like he was born in the rhyme  
He thought of his rhymes almost all of the time  
And he fought with his mom  
His school getting caught with his rhyme book  
And he knew he shouldn't of took it there in the first  
place  
At least he shouldn't of been sittin' lookin' there in her  
face with it  
Teacher told him get it out of her class  
Wicked witch, trick told him that's probably why you  
won't pass

Now if you shy you won't last but you're new  
So underneath his breath before he left he said  
"I'm a be richer then you"  
"What you say?" she said  
"What you mean?" he said  
"Boy don't you play," she said  
"What you mean?" he said, damn it

Ten minutes later standin' up in the principles office  
Getting handed the phone clammed up  
'Cause his father was talking  
And he was pissed he wasn't listening to his son  
You testing me? You messin' up again  
You done boy

This is just a story about a young man  
Comin' up in the rap game  
A real scary story, went from rags to riches  
It got goblins in it, haters and witches, uh

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First thing he did was find somebody to give him some  
money  
He wasn't stupid but wasn't using his senses, honey  
The guy's he meant was a little shady, a little funny  
But they gave him the money so they played the record  
company  
It sounds silly but when he grew up in Philly rhymin'  
Wasn't what it is today, deals wasn't a dime a dozen  
Today every sister, uncle, or mom or cousin gotta  
record deal  
But for real it wasn't like that then

As you could imagine when he started risin' to fame  
And fortune he was havin' started antagonizing the  
guy's  
He was with at the same time he started realizing  
The deal he got from them guys in his eyes  
Didn't fly with size of his hits  
He called a meeting to find a solution  
He said, "I'm gettin' beat out of my loot  
And I'm not recording no more until we find a solution"

The dude's said, "We found a solution  
It's this .44, he ran for the door"  
A little shaken but the next day he found a lawyer  
Told him the situation, he said, "I'm breakin' this  
contract for ya"  
He said how much the lawyer said  
I'm a charge you a quarter 'cause I like you  
Just do me a favor, get your life in order

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And then what happened?  
Ah well baby, he, ahh, met a girl and he fell in love  
And then you came  
Good story daddy

