

Rahzel

"Children's Story"

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Uncle Whitey, Uncle Whitey
Can you tell us a bedtime story?
Be right here, bed time thing
Yeah, can you tell some bedtime stories
Please

Once upon a time not long ago
When people wore pajamas and lived life slow
When laws were stern and justice stood
And people were behavin' like they are too good

There was a little boy who was misled
By another lil' boy and this is what he said
"Me and you, guy, we 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, a sister and her
brother
Tryin' to rob a man who was a DT undercover

The cop grabbed his arm, he started acting erratic
He said, "Keep still, boy, no need for static"
Punched him in his belly and he gave him a slap
But little did he know that the boy was strapped

He pulled out his gun and said, "Why'd you hit me?"
The barrel headed straight for the cop's kidney
The cop get 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 lady cop
He ran by a tree, there he saw this sister
A shot for the head, he shot back but he missed her

Looked around good and expectations
So he decided he'd head for the subway stations
But she was comin' so he made a left
He was runnin' top speed till he was outta breath

Knocked an old man down he swore he killed him
Then made his move to an abandoned building
Ran upstairs up to the top floor
He opened up the door there, guess who he saw?

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 brought back a spankin' shotgun

He went outside but there was cops all over
Then he dipped into a car was a stolen Nova
Raced up the block doin' 83, crashed into a tree near
university
Escaped alive though the car was shattered
Rat-a-tat-tatted and all the cops scattered

Ran out of bullets but he still had static
Grabbed a pregnant lady pulled out the automatic
He pointed at her head and said "The gun was full of
lead
So the cops back off, or honey here's dead"

Deep in his heart he knew he was wrong
So he let the lady go and he starts to move on
Sirens sounded, he seemed astounded
Before long the lil' boy got surrounded

He dropped his gun, so went the glory
And this is the way I gotta end this story
He was only nineteen, in a madman's dream
I saw the cops shoot the kid, I still hear him scream

This ain't funny so don't you dare laugh
Just another case 'bout the wrong path
Straight and narrow or your soul gets cashed
Good night

[Incomprehensible]

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