

Game, The "Children's Story"

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Uncle chucky
Will you read us a bedtime story please huh please

Alright
You kids get to bed ill get the story book

Heeeeeeeeeee weeee go

Slam the impala door and want do ya see
Some niggas hangin on the fence lookin at me
I had phat red laces in my addidas
Big chain around my neck like mardi grass
So I stepped up to them (?) far from here
One nigga lifts his shirt then yells out "yeah"
So I turned around quickly and jumped in my car
I was about to hit the switch then I thought like "nahh"
So I reached under my seat, and I grabbed my shit
It was a chrome four five with the kung fu grip
Stuffed it inside my dickies as I jumped out the car
Kept my hand on the trigger as I walked to the star
One nigga walks in, then here comes two
"what did you do"
I shot!
Are you crazy fool?
One nigga hit the ground then the other two scrambled
Now the cops are outside
Well ill be damned
It was 7:15 on my rolex watch
And I cant do the time that my rolex got
And like the hands on the clock, I went this way, thatta
way
Ran around the corner, and that's when I threw my gat
away
And impala passes, its my homeboy clyde
He gave me the hand signal, so I jumped in his ride
It was a clean six fo, original inside
With no key in the ignition
Whered you get this clyde?
Nevermind, I'm out, its a stolen whip
And I'm already runnin from the cops and shit
So I hopped out the car like the dukes of hazard

Then clyde yells out "you stupid bastard"
So I'm runnin' though traffic and I almost get hit
I lost one of my shoes, it's my Air Force, shit
I'm haulin' down the street with one shoe on
Walked straight into some niggas with all blue on
I only ran 30 blocks, how I end up in Long Beach
Cause in California the gangs in arms reach
He seen my red strings so he punched and caught me
So I knocked his ass out and took his boy out his
barklys
I ain't seen these since '92'
I'm feelin' like a bad boy without the shiny suit
Here the cops come, shit, so I hide behind a Honda
(?)
In the car kissin' (?)
Little did he know he was suckin' my dick
I start bangin' on the window, I don't mean to disturb
But Chris can you drop me off downtown, on Third
He said sure, waddup game hop in
He was bangin' slick Rick then I got an idea
Before we get to Third drop me off right here
So I can walk inside the mall and cop some new gear
As I walked into the store they could see I was in a rush
So they bought me some jeans, a t-shirt and fresh
chucks
Walked out the store, looked left, oh no
Ran back in the store, here comes the 5-0
So I ran real quick, made a move to the back
And knocked a cute bitch into a polo rack
Said sorry, jumped over her and fled to the back door
Then I kicked the shit open, you won't believe who I saw
It's Chris in handcuffs, pointin' at me
And the cops made him chase me before they let him
free
One cop tried to grab me, and the other one missed
I got away with more time, and they both got pissed
Ran straight out the mall, spotted this blue coupe
'dogg pound' on the plates, that's gotta be Snoop
So I ran up the car and said yo Snoop
The cops got me on the run need a ride (?)
Hell yeah big Snoop, little homie hop in
He dropped me off in Compton, that's when my story
ends
Now this ain't funny so don't you dare laugh
This another story about the wrong path
I had a big day, so I reclined my seat
It was a 20 minute ride to the C.P.T
Walked straight up to my house, pulled out my key
It's my girl playin' (?)

