

Tricky "Children's Story"

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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 ought too good

There lived a lil' boy who was misled
By another little boy and this is what he said
"Me and you tonight are 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 sista and her
brotha
Tried to rob a man who was a duty 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 the little boy was strapped?

The kid pulled out a gun, he said "Why ya hit me ?"
The barrel 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 it 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 from expectations
So he decided, he'd head for the subway stations
But she was coming and he made a left
He was runnin' top speed till he was outta breath

Knocked an old man down and swore he killed him
Then he made his move to an abandoned building
Ran up the stairs up to the top floor
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 spanking shotgun

He went outside but there was cops all over
Then he dipped into a car, a stolen Nova
Raced up the block doing 83
Crashed into a tree near a university

Escaped alive though the car was battered
Rat-a-tat-tatted and all the cops scattered
Ran out of bullets and still had static
Grabbed a pregnant lady, got out the automatic

Pointed at her head and he said the gun was full o'
lead
He told 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 run on

Sirens sounded, he seemed astounded
Before long the little boy got surrounded
He dropped the gun, so went the glory
And this is the way I must end this story

He was only seventeen, in a madman's dream
The cops shot the kid, I still hear him scream
This ain't funny, so don't ya dare laugh
Just another case 'bout the wrong path
Straight 'n narrow or your soul gets cashed

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