

And then Jackie Chan just started kicking 'em
Like pow! Pow! Pow!
What?

Alright y'all, alright y'all enough of that
It's time to go to bed y'all
Time to go to bed, I don't want to hear that
You know what time it is, you know what time it is
Uncle Mos?
Yes?

Would you read us a bedtime story please?
Okay, okay.
Y'all tucked in?
Yes
Here we go

Once upon a time not long ago
When people wore Adidas and lived life slow
When laws were stern and justice stood
And people was behavin' like hip-hop was good
There lived a little boy who was misled
By a little Sha-tan and this is what he said
"Me and you kid we gonna make some cash,
Jackin' old beats and makin' the dash"
They jacked the beats, money came wit' ease
But son, he couldn't stop, it's like he had a disease
He jacked another and another, Michael Jackson, Stevie Wonder
Set some R&B over the track for 'Deep Cover' (187!)
The kid got wild startin' actin' erratic
He said "Yo, that presidential I got ta have it"
With liquor in his belly son, he made up the track
But little did he know that his joints was wack
The shiny A & are said "Great new hit G!"
"Whenever you need a loop, yo come get me"
The kid got amped and he starts to figure
"I'm-a get dough like all-a these otha niggaz!"
So, he's in the studio workin' 'round the clock
For pop radio, jacked the beat to 'Planet Rock'
Was out in the street when he met this sister
Who couldn't sing for shh but the mix wit' her sister
Hooked up the track and in excitation
He decided he'd head for the radio station
But (But!) he was runnin' and he made a left
Was skeezin' at top speed and ran into Mos Def
I slowed the young man down and I started: "Yo money,
Yo, why you sellin' lies to our wives and children?"
He ran upstairs up to the top floor
Opened up the door then guess what he saw? (Who?)
JANE the chicken-head radio host
Who be yappin' 'bout beef between east and west coast
He said "This one's a bullet, you got ta give it run!"
The chicken said "Thanks." and spanked it number one
He went outside, was gettin' props all over
Then he dipped into his ride, the 4-point Rover
Raced up the block doin' 83
Some cats with Hennessey saw him at a are-E-D

He winked his eye like his star status mattered
They rat-a-tat-tatted to make his blood splatter
"You rockin' crazy ice and all you do is cling static
And rollin' down to Brooklyn late night is problematic"
His eyes was bloody red, he hung on every word they said
They told the kid "Back down, that playa shit is dead."
Deep in his heart, he knew he was gone
But he grabbed his 45 and decide to blaze on
Wit' shades on founded had him astounded an'
Before long, the young man got surrounded
Those grabbed the guns, so goes the glory
And that is the way I got ta end this story
He was out chasin' cream and the American dream
Tryin' to pretend the ends justify the means
This ain't funny so don't you dare laugh
It's just what comes to pass when you sell your ass
Life is more than what your hands can grasp
Good Night!

Knock 'em out the box Mos, knock 'em out Mos
Knock 'em out the box Mos, knock 'em out Mos [Repeat: x3]

Knock 'em out

Another, Mos Def, Black Star movement
Presentation,
Crumbs!