

This is the story of three little pigs  
And the projected damage that they did, pig number one was white  
Thought everything he did was right, the pigology of self  
Pink skin terror and wealth, just hogging shit up for self  
Rolled up on a pig named swine  
A brown skinned pig convinced him they was one of a kind  
The swine fell for the short tail  
But no way in hell was earth that stale  
Stone chicken eggs, hit 'em in the mud that they lay  
When it hatched, it was chicks of another shade  
The stone age, the origin of aids in the bone age  
There was a pig, skin was black  
He cleaned up the swine and they filthy acts  
If not they was be forced to sent back  
But trouble come first, stale shit got worse  
Consumers of swine are now cursed  
The exile meant from 'Bylon, after three on  
The shores of north America's hoof  
When they celebrated thanksgiving with the wolf  
When I was young they was feeding me fairytalz  
And this goes on until I'm old and gray  
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There was a rich man, a poor man, a beggar, and a thief  
Now each had a different hustle to get food to eat  
The rich man was paid, 'cause the poor man was workin'  
Like a slave, he only gave him, minimum wage  
The poor man endured this, torture for his four sons  
His daughter and his wife, 'cause he sought a better life  
His boss laid him off on the 4th of December  
He sold sweatshirts and boxer shorts, to keep his fort  
Now deep in the winter, he got pneumonia, from a cold  
This ended all of the little hustles that he controlled  
He was troubled in his soul, he couldn't sleep he wouldn't eat  
But by his side was a strong woman, not taking defeat  
She pleaded and begged the rich man, for the hubby  
Who gave fifteen years of his life, for the company  
Conversation was brief, with no relief in sight  
Then she unleashed her four sons into the night  
They robbed that rich man blind  
Then fled over the borderline, escaping with all the cream  
But still could not restore the mind see  
Life is a dangerous game and it seems cash rule eventually  
Authored mentally  
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The rich man's soul turned to dust through the lust  
To control as much fluff, his cold heart touched  
The old fart grew up, with goals to be the fly kid  
With the golden midas, touch  
Smokin' dutches that he ignited at will  
Usin' hundred dollar bills the big will, up until, he collided  
With fate, had a stroke while chokin' on some stake  
This was fatal as hell was not bein' able to take his pace  
Back to the cradle

Jack and Jill ran up the hill  
Jack said, "I never ran, never will, 'cause I'm from Brownsville"  
But still, the living provider, the outsider had beef  
With Peter Piper 'cause his girl Goldilox put stocks in his viper  
On the yellow brick road he lost control  
Got charged for runnin' down the scarecrow, on the loose  
Runnin' from hot pursuit, lead by Dr. Seuss  
Riding hard on his jock, when Pete got blasted by the keystone cops  
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