

Children's Story

Messy Marv

Yeah

OG Joe Blow in the house, understand me
Layin it down with my boy Messy Marv
Yeah, for ah - Slick Rick
Yeah, this ain't no children's story, though
this somethin for the hood, mang
So ah - all the OG's grab your ripple
and players grab you twomp sacks

Here we go...

Once upon a time not long ago
When niggas made money slingin dank or dope
When chronic was burnin and everything was all good
And people were behavin hella bad in the hood
There lived a little boy who was misled
By another little boy, and this is what he said:
"Me and you tonight, we're gonna make some cash
Pullin 211's and makin the dash"
They did the job, scrilla came with ease
But one couldn't stop, it's like he had a disease
He robbed another and another
(Stick em up, stick em up!)
And a sister and her brother
Tried to rob a man, a SFPD undercover
The cop grabbed his arm, he started actin 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 nigga was strapped
The kid pulled out a gun, he said "Why'd ya hit me?"
Tec-9 aimed for the cop's kidney
The cop got scared, the kid starts to figure
"I'll do years if I pull this trigger"
So he cold dashed and ran around the block
Cop radioes in to another lady cop
He ran by a tree, there he saw the sister
Shot for the head, he shot back but he missed her
Looked around good and from expectations
He decided he'd head for the BART station
But (what?) she was coming and he made a left
He was runnin top speed till he was out of breath
Knocked an old man down and swore he killed him (Sorry!)
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?
(Who?) Coon, the dopefiend smokin hella dope
Who don't know the meaning of water nor soap
He said, "I need bullets, hurry up, run!"
The dopefiend pulled out a sawed-off shotgun
He broke outside but there was cops all over
Then he dipped into a car, a hyped up Nova
Sideways up the block doing 83
Crashed into a tree near the KOP
Escaped alive though the car was battered
Rat-a-tat-tatted and all the cops scattered
Ran out of bullets and he still had static
Grabbed a lady and pulled out the automatic

Pointed at her head, he said the gun was full of lead
He told the cops, "Back up or the bitch 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
And before long the little boy got surrounded
He dropped the Tec, so went the glory
And this is the way I have to end this story
He was only seventeen, in a poor man's dream
Big Mike shot the kid, I still hear him scream
This ain't funny so bitch, don't you laugh
Just another case about the wrong path
So learn a little lesson cause the game don't last

Good night

Leave a mess Marv [repeated]

Yeah
That's right
Messy Mizznarv
And it goes down
for my boy Slick Rick the Ruler
And it don't stop
and it don't quit
and it don't stop
I'm on a whole nother level
I'm on a whole nother level
Trigga Lock Records