Children's Story

Blackstar

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 behaving 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
Jacking old beats and making the dash"
They jacked the beats, money came with 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, started acting erratic
He said "Yo, that presidential I got to 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&R said "Great new hit, G!"
"Whenever you need a loop, yo come get me"
The kid got amped and he starts to figure
"I'mma get dough like all of these other niggas!"
So, he's in the studio working 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 would assist her
Hooked up the track and in excitation
He decided he'd head for the radio station
But (What?) he was running and he made a left
Was skeezing at top speed and ran into Mos Def
I slowed the young man down and I started: "Yo money
Yo, why you selling lies to our wives and children?"
He ran upstairs up to the top floor
Opened up the door then guess who he saw? (Who?)
Jane the chickenhead radio host
Who be yapping 'bout beef between east and west coast
He said "This one's a bullet, you got to give it run!"
The chicken said "Thanks" and spanked it #1
He went outside, was getting props all over
Then he dipped into his ride, the 4-point Rover
Raced up the block doing 83

Some cats with Hennessey saw him at a R-E-D
He winked his eye like his star status mattered
They rat-a-tat-tatted to make his blood splatter
"You rocking crazy ice and all you do is cling static
And rolling out in Brooklyn late night is problematic"
His eyes was bloody red, he hung on every word they said
They told the kid "Back down, that player shit is dead"
Deep in his heart, he knew he was gone
But he grabbed his .45 and decide to blaze on
With shades on founded had him astounded and
Before long the young man got surrounded
Those grabbed the guns, so goes the glory
And this is the way I got to end this story
He was out chasing cream and the American dream
Trying 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!

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