Fairytalez (Ft. Kelis Rogers)

Gravediggaz

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 selfRolled 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 staleStone 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 actsIf 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 wolfWhen I was young they was feeding me fairytalz
And this goes on until I'm old and gray
When I was young they was feeding me fairytalz
And this goes on until I'm old and grayThere 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 wageThe 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 fortNow 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 defeatShe 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 nightThey 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 mentallyWhen I was young they was feeding me fairytalz
And this goes on until I'm old and gray
When I was young they was feeding me fairytalz
And this goes on until I'm old and grayThe 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, touchSmokin' 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 cradleJack 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 viperOn 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 copsWhen I was young they was feeding me fairytalz
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