

Children's Story

Black Star

[Child #1] ...and then Jackie Chan just started kickin em
Like POW! POW! POW!

[Child #2] Whaaaaa??!

[Mos Def]

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 wanna hear that
You know what time it is, you know what time it is

[Children]
Uncle Mos?

[Mos Def]

Yeeesss?

[Children]

Would you read us a bedtime story please?

[Mos Def]

Okay, okay. Ya'll tucked in?

[Children]

Yeeesss...

[Mos Def]

Heeeere 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 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 shhhh but the mix would assist her
 Hooked up the track and in excitement
 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!

[Outro]

(kids talking)

Knock 'em out the box Mos, knock 'em out Mos
 Knock 'em out the box Mos, knock 'em out Mos (3x)

Knock 'em out...

A-nother...Mos Def...Black Star MOVEMENT...
Presentation... CRUUUMBS!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>