

Kool Moe Dee, Little Jon

Little Jon is on the streets late night on the ave.
Lookin at the pretty girls and the things he'd love to have
Street life heroes don't mean zero, but that's not what he sees
Sidewalk stars and fancy cars makes him weep at the knees

He was Little Jon
He slipped away
He was Little Jon
Slipped away
He was Little Jon
He slipped away
He was Little Jon
End today

Hangin out in the midnight hour, comin home late at night
Nothing's in the kitchen but a can of beer, his father wants to fight
He's not ready, he's not ready for this, there's but so much he can take
He wants to get away but he doesn't wanna work, lookin for a easy break

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End today

Kids at school are really cruel, they tease him about his clothes
His shoes are worn, his coat is torn, he's hungry and it shows
He can't take it, he says, "Forget about this, I know what I can do
I'll stand on the corner, make money and I'm gonna live better than all of you"

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(*street scene: sirens, shots*)

Years have passed and at long, long last he's really lookin good
But he's not livin comfortable, he's foolin the neighborhood
Competition is jealous, the cops are hot, they all want him to fail
Now his only choice in life is to die or live in jail

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(*street scene: sirens, car pulls up*)

"...investigate homicide on 116th and Eighth"
"...homicide on 116th and Eighth"
"...what we got here?"
"Looks like a homicide, Chief"
"Shame. Another one bites the dust"

