

K-Solo

"Tales From The Crack Side"

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Tales From The Crack Side
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I woke up in the morning, on a regular day
I knew my man named R, would be around my way
I brushed my hair, my teeth, suddenly I washed my
face
Then he came over my house with the drug base
He kept saying if I take one hit of a pipe
I write records to rhyme before the rest of the night
I said, "R, I don't do drugs, or drugs are whack"
And ain't that base drug like a drug, CRACK
He said no Solo, see base is the shit
Girls puff of base, and everybody does it
He left off quick and left me the base and the pipe
And I thought I write a record a rhyme, before I reach
night
I said if that's true, but any case
I couldn't wait to write my record after I smoke the base
He left the crib, I heard the telephone
It was my mom telling to watch my sister 'till she gets
home
I hung up the phone, with no time to waste
I put my sister in the kitchen so I could smoke the base
It had a funny taste but it didn't taste bad I felt hot
That's when I got my pen and pad
I wrote a rhyme it was funky
I broke in a race
'Cause the rhy that I wrote, tried to run off my page
I said, "Stop rhyme"
Then I grabbbbed the rhyme and cut the rhyme
That I've seen running in my sight
I got a mind was happy when I thought the rhyme was
dead
Some leaf swong and caught me square on the head
I fell on my floor and
The rhyme grabbed the knife
And cut my little sister
I thought it took her life
She fell on the floor, blood covered the rug
The rhyme was left and to my surprise I knew
something was bugged

I got on the phone to call the cops, "what should I do?"
You'd did the same thing if you was in my shoes
As I started talking I seen the rhyme run by
And hit me with a can of ravioli in my eye
I fell on the floor look and when my vision cleared
I looked around the house and see the rhyme
disappeared

I started to cry I said, "Oh, what would my mom say?"
That's when I heard a cop pulled up into the driveway
She came in the house she took a look at the place
See my sister still bleeding the knife and the base
She said, "You cut your sister while you were smoking
that shit"

I said, "Mom, I didn't cut 'er, the rhyme did it"
I knew this was the truth, mom thought it was a lie
Some of y'll might even think it's just a Tale From The
Crack Side

A Tale From The Crack Side

A Tale From The Crack Side

Mom was crying, she ran in shocked
Got on the phone, and then she started crying to the
cops

So I ran out the door, and I looked for
The rhyme that cut my sister, who bled on my floor
I got in the yard, went out ran out in the street
I had to duck behind some trees 'cause I seen the
police

When they ran in my house and shut up the block
I see my girl far coming to my house, and my jaw
dropped

I said, "Baby stop," but yo she kept on walking
I knew pretty soon, the cops would be hawking
I never knew the trouble I was really headed for
'Till the rhyme appeared again dressed in Santa Claus
He said, "Ho Ho Ho baby you look great"

And told me dead on my face my girl was gonna get
raped

Me watching this whole thing it was blowing my mind
'Cause my girl was getting raped by this musical rhyme
He was sliding in fast my girl cried for help
I grabbed a stick, you know and Solo went for self
I hit the rhyme in the head and seen him drop
But hen the rhyme disappeared and all I seen was cops
They were coming for me fast I couldn't escape

Besides my girl was on the ground butt-naked yelling
and raped

One cop gave 'er a coat and said "M.s are you alright?"
Another cop said that's the kid that cut his sister with
the knife

I told them my name, I tried to explain

They heard the side of my story
They said "Boy you insane" you raped this girl too
Come on and just admit it
I said, "Man, I didn't rape 'her, the rhyme did it"
I knew this was the truth but cops thought it was a lie
Some of y'll might even think it just a Tale From The
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The cops tried to catch me, so I ran like hell
I needed someone to talk to, someone to tell
'Cause all these things were happening they where
blowing my mind
See, I knew I didn't do this, I knew it was a rhyme
But who would believe me in any high state of mind
If they ask me who did it, and I say it was a rhyme
The cops didn't buy it, this is why I 'm being chased
Then my mom told the cops that I was high, on base
I'm running I'm sweating
I suddenly knew that I had to get the piece out as fast
as I can, so
I shoot up this corner, run up another block
Looked over my shoulders, and seen I lost the cops,
then
I ran to his door, bang like a ring or two
He said "Solo, hey man the cops are looking for you"
I said, "Thanks to you the base and that pipe"
"I wrote a rhyme high last night and the rhyme came
alive"
He started to laugh, said "Yeah right!"
I said, "It raped my girl on the block, and cut my sister
with a knife"
He started laughing, he thought it was a joke
He said, "Yo Solo you had a little too much to smoke"
I grabbed him in the jaw, we started fighting on the
floor
Suddenly that's when I heard someone that was
coming from the door
To conclusion, enter my mind, I said
"Could it be the cops, or the rhyme"
But before when I told 'em my man pay me no mind
And when the door opened up, it came the rhyme
With a hammer in his hand he tried to hit me in the
head
I ducked, but the hammer hit P instead
I started braeking then, I said this must be a nightmare
He was screaming on the floor and there was blood
everywhere
I got on the phone, called the cops
She went into shock

And when I hung up the phone, cops was on the block
I stuck my head out the door, said, "Help me the rhyme
is in here"
But then he dropped the hammer, again he
disappeared
The cops kept asking me how did he get hit
I kept trying to tell the cops "Yo, the rhyme did it"
They didnt' buy it, they said "Boy you're bug"
"You can save that rhyme story, for the lawyer or the
judge"
I get there the D.A. and judge still wouldn't listen
They gave me fifteen to twenty-five years in prison
They take me somewhere, far state
For attempted murder, assault too and rape
My family won't talk to me, my friends wont' see me
My girl now hates me, and she don't wanna marry me
'Cause when this all dawned on me
It wasn't a rhyme it was just base technique
So I tell kids and adults in this place
This could happen to y'll if y'll smoke crack or base
So do yourself a favor stay away from this
Or you'll be in jail like I was yelling the rhyme did it
No one will believe you, they'll think you're telling a lie
And your life will become another, Tale From The Crack
Side
Tale From The Crack Side
Tale From The Crack Side
Tale From The Crack Side
PMD, word up
Tom J, I'm out

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