

Nas**"Tales From the Hood"**Visit "[Tales From the Hood](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Da ha
Da ha ha ha ha ha
Da ha ha ha
Da ha ha ha ha ha

[Verse 1]

It was '87
Crack money was "Ghetto Heaven"
Niggaz gettin' it
Every block rise to perfection
Green tops, boulders and bottles
Soldiers who follow leaders
You owed 'em dollars
Know that tommorrow you might not see it
Packs got knocked off by sprinklers that never worked
All the way to the monkey bars, cross that line you got
murked
That's other niggaz territory had fiends in the cheese
line
They told them fiends calm down, ten dollars each
dime
They never scared of Po-Po, was only one patrol car
They wasn't up for crack and I was up on the chin of Pa
Watching hustlers with tinted cars, money makin'
But one kid was into takin'
Had dreadlocks wasn't Jamaican
Fort green he laid
First nigga I ever saw rockin' dreads with a fade
Lead he sprayed on the corners in my hood
Dodgin' and runnin'
The glare in his eyes told you somethin' was commin'
They went to war, Godbless Rita, got shot by mistake
Niggaz got knocked by them Jakes
Homicide suit and tie cops, Mayor Koch, screams in
rage
Niggaz so thugs got pits rocking thick chains
Stick-up niggaz so thug they got pits with sick names
Clicks got bigger, extortion cats wasn't hearin' it
But he was regulatin'
A ghetto king, now he levatatin'
They say he smiled in his casket

This ends the first chapter of another Nas classic

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Tales from the hood, trails of blood
But it's all good, try to stay alive like we all should

[Verse 2]

Yeah I'ma help you nigga, cause I see evil's callin' you
Sick thoughts make you wanna take Ki's from other
ballin' crews
Top of the world's all he views
A puff of weed, nothing but greed don't live by the
rules
Fuckin' wit' me here's what I do
Try to sell your freedom I'm accustomed to
You could ball wit' me or get arrested too
It's easy to land where they dwell with the greasy
hands
Twenty to L' what's your plan take your grams
You bought you a Lexus, BBS spendin' Abrahams
Never learned your lesson, choose the right direction
Thin line from life and death and my man checked in
A motel, same one as a young G he know well
Crossed 'em on a coke sell then went on a run
But shorty got his old folks killed, yo he got 'em done
Nobody to run to, what succumb to
My nigga just wanted to eat, now he hunted on the
street

[Chorus]

Tales from the hood, trails of blood
Yeah it's all good, try to stay alive like we all should
Tales from the hood, trails of blood
Though it's all good, try to stay alive like we all should

[Verse 3]

Little Gotti got down for his, let off seven rounds
The kid he hit is heaven bound if he's on the good list
Shorty who shot 'em ran knowing niggaz would snitch
Five years passed he ain't been in the hood since
Shot this nigga over a hundred dollars, money, had
borrowed
Time passed, on his birthday he couldn't afford a
bottle
Least expected to see 'em, then he asked for his
Nigga said he don't got it, so he blast the kid
Escapes the scene, but he couldn't escape the dream
Or how the kid fell when bullets made it too late to
scream
Seeing money's face starin' at him
In black space feelin' hands touchin' him

Wake up it got too much for him
Once liked to be alone
Until he started hearin' groans and seein' things
Now it's time to go home
Niggaz shocked to see him
Gave him respect what he was missin'
All the way from VA his aunt yell "He hate to listen"
So he popped up, they gave him hugs, showed him
love
Then he was reminded of that night when he sprayed
all them slugs
He hangin' like nuttin' happened, police grabbed him
up
Now he seein' ghosts in the cell, they got him strapped
up
Psycho ward, rest of his life injected thorazine
Haunted memories in his mind of the murder scene

[Chorus]

Tales from the hood, trails of blood
The book of the dead, translated in thug language,
understood?
Tales from the hood, trails of blood
The book of the dead, translated in thug language, you
understood

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