

## Nelly F/ Lil' Wayne

### "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  
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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  
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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 prision  
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  
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PMD, word up  
Tom J, I'm out

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