

# Nas, Tales From The Hood

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 tomorrow 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