Three Sides To A Story

Joe Budden

[Joey as Derrick]My names Derrick, I'm from Queens right there on Merrick
Raised of honesty, loyalty, good merits
Gotta lil sister and my pops just perished
And I just came home so my freedom I really cherish
Young when they bagged me, seven in the can is torcher
And I just did that for manslaughter
Odds was against me, murder in the second degree
Made it less cuz I gave 'em a plea
That's the past, now a dude home tryna clean up his past
When all niggaz kno me for is the past
And my minds always thinking how to pocket some cash
They know if something ever sparked it'll cock it and blast
Now I'm tryna live straight and get my act together
But my moms struggling, she putting scraps together
Long time ago, when I wasn't home she was cleaning my room
Cried when she found a gat in the dresser
Said no child of hers woulda had dat, never!!!
But with all the dirt I was doing
I felt like I hadda protect her, I hadda protect us
Stead of me sellin crack forever
She rather be ina shop right, getting bags together
Passing endeavors, wont allow me to get work
Forced me to get work
On apps they ask if you ever been to jail, like if I say yes you'll hire me
NIGGA DON'T LIE TO ME!!!
I gotta lil sister that's nine
Plus moms is chillin, wit some new dude I think she feeling
But he don't help with the bills and I'm back on the script
So we don't go broke, I'm back to this hammer that I hafta tote
Stash ya kno, I'm killin em, only nigga on the Ave. with coke
Only man in the house, I gotta bring in cash
And those two chicks a month that mom get don't last
Lil Sally still young she developing fast
Oh, you thinking the same thing, it's a hell of a task
Then it clicked me, plain close, cops came to get me
But knew that I had mine on threaten to hit me
And I moved swiftly, said they had a warrant
They knew about it all they said they had an informant
I'm back in this caged up cell

With the apes in jail, now I'm back in this eight by twelve
See I tried to live right
But society ain't made for niggaz to live right
Mommy just write
Mommy make sure Sally keep her shit tight
And I'll be home real soon, don't cry, it's iight
[Chorus]I know it might seem like it's all good
But this is what it's like in the hood
I rep my set like you should
But this is what it's like in the hood
[repeat][Joey as Sally]My names Sally, and I'm from Queens I'm not happy
Dad pasted away, moms remarried
I gotta big bro, but he's in jail
Moms said for some things that he used to sell
And I'm always with step-dad, his names Beau
And theres some things about him that my mom don't kno
And he says if I tell that it won't be pretty
And I'm really scared of em, he's already hit me
He touches me places I don't like it
And I ain't talking bout a hug or goodbye kiss
I mean touch me places that's private
And he don't just touch he put summin inside it
He says the more he does that, I'll start to like it
Hand over my mouth so I'm quiet
Moms only wit 'em cuz our money is low
I'm sixteen but I'm shaped like a twenty year old
And my moms in love so she makes excuses
But she looks at me and sees scrapes and bruises
Why step daddy gotta take me thru this
Help, somebody, I'm getting raped I cant do this
Nobody understands I'm weary

Get goosebumps anytime a man come near me
Know how it feel to have a man use you for a cushion
All the while moaning and pushin
You try to push him, he's getting bothered
You yell and you scream but he starts going harder
Trust me, it's summin you don't wanna be apart of
Cuz even when it's over, your life, it'll scare ya
Visit my bro, he can tell I'm sad
Staring hard at my stomach he can tell I'm fat
He can tell I'm mad
But step daddy touched me, fucked me, you think that I can tell him that?
Beau called the cops on him, could I tell him that?
Yep, thought you'd agree so I keep it all to me

Baby on the way, and I'm not working
And I kno it's his cause I used to be a virgin
Derrick says he'll handle it, wipe my tears
He don't know, this is what it's like for years
And it falls on def ears
Damn mommy please come home, please mommy don't leave us alone
Some secrets are hard to keep
Some secrets make it hard to sleep
And sleep is the only time I feel safe
Still the act haunts me, and I kno I'ma wake up with step daddy on me?
[Chorus][Joey as Beau]My names Beau, gotta chick named Pam that I live with
But she's always in church, real religious
I hadda son he was young he was gifted
Til a nigga killed him a week before Christmas
Three shots close range with a handgun
I knew before I met Pam that it was Pam's son
I knew when I pulled the Mill out harder
And went on a manhunt just to kill they father
Derrick and my boy hadda mutual friend
That put me on doing what I gotta do for revenge
Derricks coming home now, and he's gonna get it
And I kno he'll be lookin for me with a biscuit
Not hard to find, got them teks in handy, and
I'm in his house having sex with him family
I got his mom on the bed and the canopy
And I'm with his sister molesting her candy
Now he kno it all
His friend prolly told em, and you can't hide nothing ina hood so small
But then it came Sunday, Beau ain't hafta work
Just humped on Sally, Pam's in church
Derrick bust in, Beau just froze
White shit on his nose, Sally getting her clothes
Screams, "Get ready for your funeral Beau"
And then he reach to his hip and let a few of 'em go
Cause he's packin but Sally starts gaspin
Holdin her stomach, I guess she started having contractions
Beau grabbed his, now they both got heat
Just gunnin, both ignoring the seed that's coming
Now Sally's in the crossfire, screams out stop
Holes in the wall, now the scenes getting hott
Next 30 seconds on the scene is the cops
Yellow tape up, now the scenes getting blocked
Barricades up, yep, you already kno y'all
Ambulance there, streets full of patrol cars
Cops on the mega phone, "come down now"

But it all calmed down somehow
Beau comes out, hands showing, carrying his arms
Derrick comes down, little Sally in his arms
Yep, nuttin to say, she was hit by a stray
Nope! Shots done ric-o-shade, cops take him away
And now some niggaz miss em
But it wasn't the guns that killed Sally, nah it was the dumb niggaz wit em
When we gonna learn to treat our people sacred
Theres some type of way kid, we're all related
When we gonna grow and get rid of the hatred
Cuz this shit happens on a regular basis, this shit happens on a regular basis
This type of shit happens everyday kidd
[Chorus]

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