

Crack Music

Kanye West

That's that crack music nigga
That real black music nigga

La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la-la

That's that crack music nigga
That real black music nigga

La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la-la

How we stop the black panthers?
Ronald Reagan cooked up an answer
You hear that?
What Gil Scott was hearin
When our heroes and heroines got hooked on heroin.
Crack raised the murder rate in DC and Maryland
We invested in that it's like we got Merrill-Lynch
And we been hangin from the same tree ever since
Sometimes I feel the music is the only medicine
So we cook it, cut it, measure it, bag it, sell it
The fiends cop it
Nowadays they cant tell if that's that good shit
We ain't sure man
Put the CD on your tounge yeah, thats pure man.

That's that crack music nigga
That real black music nigga

From the place where the fathers gone,
The mothers is hardly home
And the...
Gonna lock us up in a...home
How the Mexicans say we just tryin to party homes
They wanna pack us all in a box like styrofoam
Who gave Saddam anthrax?
George Bush got the answers
Back in the hood it's a different type of chemical,
Am and Hammer baking soda
Raised they own quota
Writin when our soldiers ran for the stove cuz--
Cuz dreams of being 'Hova went from bein a brokeman ta bein a dopeman
Ta bein a president look theres hope man
This that inspiration for tha mos and tha folks man,
Shorty come and see if mama straight overdosin.
And this is the soundtrack,
This tha type of music you make when you round that--
Crack music nigga,
That real black music nigga.

That's that crack music nigga
That real black music nigga

La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la-la

God-how could you let this happen, happen, happen, happen, happen, happen?

La-la-la

That's that crack music, crack music
That real black music, black music

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That's that crack music nigga
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That's that crack music, crack music, that real black music, black music

Our father, give us this day our daily bread ...give us these days and take
our daily bread,
See I done did all this ole bullshit
And to attone I throw a little somethin, somethin on the pulpit.
We took that shit, measured it and then cooked that shit
And what we gave back was crack music
And now we ooze it through they nooks and crannies
So our mammas aint got to be they cooks and nannies
And we gonna repo everything they ever took from grammy
Now the former slaves trade hooks for grammies
This dark dixon has become America's addiction those who ain't even black use it.