

Crack fucked up the world, and I wonder if they realized the damage
 I mean, I come from an era who made a lot of money of that shit
 I wonder if it fucked with their conscious
 It fucked with me being out there, I couldn't stand it
 I couldn't stand seeing people fucking themselves up like that
 But that's where the money came from

48, 48, 48 states I get it in
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 They call me Mr. Treat Your Nose
 If you really need some blow
 I can get it for the low

Shit is getting warmer on that corner
 Gotta watch out for them 5-0 phoners
 Your mother is a goner
 I warned you before you supersized my fries with that dollar
 You got a daughter, shits getting harder
 The only thing you wanna bump her was your freedom
 You can't afford to get caught up but you in too deep, and the seashore ain'
 t soil
 You got a mother, she don't support you
 But you bought her a new house cause you love her
 Growing up you barely had a roof
 Now you got a coupe and it doesn't have a roof
 I guess you're accustomed to what you're used to
 So you bought two, nigga
 They are coming for you, nigga
 Niggas be hating I'm doing them bitches
 Like Susan and Karen be doing your pockets
 And running the man and he's losing his fucking mind and it's all an illusio
 n
 Who was alludin' all of this potent
 I am the reason your family is using and shootin' up, it's my fault,
 You can blame me motherfucker, for killin' your aunties and uncles,
 The hustle and hunger, all I wanted was a cheeseburger,
 And a little chain tuck, didn't realize this game fucked, up some lives
 "Oh how's ma?" my conscience eats it up all the time
 But other than that I'm fine I got a little money in my pocket.

Nigga, we broke as fuck
 Homie got a chop shop I sold that truck
 And I sold that dope
 Motherfuckers hope this nigga go broke
 But like my work I give no fucks, I'm sorry
 She could have been a doctor, nigga, I'm sorry
 Could have been a actor and won that Oscar, said, I'm sorry
 I sold that soap and I killed black folk, I'm sorry
 But I got a nice car, put my sister through school
 While my momma all cool, I'm sorry
 I'm in too deep and I can't see the shore, I'm sorry

You get addicted to the flip, the transaction, the hustling
 Even more than the money, it's just your job
 You feel like it's your duty to be the man in between the man
 And make this happen for that person, to do this and do that
 You become the go to guy forever

And next thing you know you're in too deep, way too deep
Scare the shit out of you, you wind up with so much work
That you'll be scared to death
It's important for us to realize, man
We gotta get out of that, man
Ya know, dudes is buying choppers
To shoot down people that look just like them
Dudes is buying guns to take down each other
Nobody wins
Ya known what I mean?