

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 illusi
on
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?