

Kanye West f/ The Game "Crack Music"

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[Chorus: Kanye West] + (The Game)
That's that crack music nigga
That real black music nigga
{La la la la la la la la lahhh, la la la la la la lahhh}
(That's that crack music nigga)
(That real black music nigga)
{La la la la la la la la lahhh, la la la la la la lahhh}

[Kanye West]
How we stop the Black Panthers?
Ronald Reagan cooked up an answer
You hear that, what Gil Scott is Heron
When our heroes or heroines got hooked on heroin
Crack, raised the murder rate in D.C. and Maryland
We, invested in that, it's like we got Merrill Lynched
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 can't tell if
that's that good shit, we ain't sure man
Put the CD on your tongue, yeah that's pure man

[Chorus]

[Kanye West]
From the place where the father's gone, the mothers is
hardly home
And the madigon's lock us up in the arty 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
Arm & Hammer baking soda raised they own quota
Right when our soldiers, ran for the stove cause
Cause, dreams of being Hova
Went from bein a broke man to bein a dopeman
to bein the President, look there's hope man
This that inspiration for the Moes and the folks man
Shorty come and see his momma straight overdosin
... And this is the soundtrack

This the type of music that you make when you 'round
that

[Chorus]

[Kanye West]

God, how could you let this happen {*echoes*}

[harmonizing for 18 seconds]

[Kanye West]

Uhh, that's that crack music, crack music
That real black music, black music
{La la la la la la la lahhhh, la la la la la lahhhh}

[The Game]

That's that crack music nigga
That real black music nigga
{La la la la la la la lahhhh, la la la la la lahhhh}

{La la la la la la la lahhhh, la la la la la lahhhh}
{La la la la la la la lahhhh, la la la la la lahhhh}

[Kanye West]

Uhh, that's that crack music, crack music
That real black music, black music
{La la la la la la la lahhhh, la la la la la lahhhh}
Our father, give us this day, our daily bread
Before the feds give us these days and take our daily
bread
See I done did all this ol' bullshit
And to atone, I throw a lil' 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 mommas ain't got to be they, cooks and nannies
And we gon' repo everything they ever took from
grammy
Now the former slaves trade hooks, for Grammy's
This dark diction, has become America's addiction
Those who ain't even black use it
We gon' keep baggin up this here, crack music

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