

Juelz Santana "I Am Crack"

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What is this? What is this, man?
This sounds like some graveyard shit
Well, that's what the fuck they gonna need
'Cuz I'ma bury these niggaz this time around

Who better than me? You better than me?
Shit you never will see, if you dead and deceased
Keep tools, lead and the piece
And I'm bustin' it off right

Leave a trail of smoke like a fuckin' exhaust pipe
Tilt the coke up out the stash 'cuz they know about the
stash
Now, I'm like swallow these dope up in the bags
Coke up in the bags, yeah, sown up in the bags

I do my chicks like Ludacris, "Blow it out your ass"
I'm a mean pimp, you know what I mean, pimp?
Four hoes on each strip, all bringing me chips,
futuristic
So when I'm gone they gonna have to do ballistics
Just to prove I'm this sick

You niggaz need to be spanked by your mommy
Forever thinkin' you'll be greater than I'll be
You get that short, late, waist-packed money
I get that all straight ASAP money, bring it here now

Touch the coke, touch the pot
Add the soda, what you got? Me, yeah
I am what I am, I be what I be
And that you will see, I am crack

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Who want with I? You want it with I?
I'll shoot one in your eye, you'll lose one of your eyes
I'll jam, move and slump ya
Leave ya body in Ranch Cucamonga with ants movin'

under

My flow so in order, I could turn soap and water
To ocean water and float the border
You never will be what I forever will be
Your tombstone never will read "We buried a G" No

I'm so mean and nice, with the things I write
Jesus might say "Jesus Christ"
It's only rap, so why y'all tryna hold me back?
Like y'all ain't ask for the old me back, I'm here

My peoples play and slang cocaine
More than Billy Blanco from Carlito's Way
So you can find me on the streets, okay?
With the big fuckin' piece, okay? k

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Too dope for this but you won't admit
So my tool smoke and spit, make you choke on spit
You ever seen a man gagged and goggle
Sound like a newborn tryna ask for bottle

They like cut it out you slackin' but I bust it out in rappin'
Can you name a nigga better without me bustin' out
and laughin'?
Nigga you couldn't spit enough to get at me
I'll stretch you for extracurricular activities

Forget hollerin' for help, I'll make you wanna pull
Your lip over your head and just swallow yourself
You're not on my level, you're not on my shelf
But you can and you will be just another notch on my
belt

I'm more 'mazin' than Grace is when I say shit
You should say 'Amen' after my name, kid
Yes, this is that of greatness
You should say 'Amen' after this statement

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