

Kanye West "Crack Music Ft. Game"

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

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 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

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

God, how could you let this happen?

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

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

Our father, give us this day our daily bread
[Incomprehensible] give us these days and take our
daily bread
See I done did all this ole bullshit
And to atone 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 mamma's ain't got to be they cooks and nannies
And we gonna repo everything they ever took from
Grammy
Now the former slaves trade hooks for Grammys
This dark dixon has become America's addiction
Those who ain't even black use it

We gon' baggin' up this here, crack music

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