

Kanye West "Crack Music"

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

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That real black music, nigga
La la la la la la la la
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How we stop the Black Panthers?
Ronald Reagan cooked up an answer, you hear that?
What Gil Scott is "Heron"
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 Merril-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 toungue, yeah, that's pure, man

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

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From the place where the father's gone
The mothers is hardly home
And the madigon's lock us up in the Audy 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 and 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

brokeman

To bein' a dopeman, to bein' a president, look there's

hope, man

This that inspiration for the mos and the folks, man

Shorty, come and see if mama straight overdosin'

And this is the soundtrack

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

Crack music nigga

That real black music nigga

La la la la la la la la

La la la la la la

That's that crack music, nigga

That real black music, nigga

La la la la la la la la

La la la la la la

God, how could you let this happen

La la la la la la la

La la la la la la la

La la la, la la la

La la la la la la la

La la la la la la la

La la la, la la la

Oh, that's that crack music, crack music, crack music

That real black music, black music, black music

La la la la la la la la

La la la la la la

That's that crack music, nigga

That real black music, nigga

La la la la la la la la

La la la la la la

La la la la la la la la

La la la la la la

La la la la la la la la

La la la la la la

Oh, that's that crack music, crack music

That real black music, black music, black music
La la la la la la la la
La la la la la la

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 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 mammas 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 Grammy's
This dark diction has become America's addiction
Those who ain't even black use it
We gon keep backin' up this here, crack music

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