

Kanye West, Crack Music ft. The Game

[Chorus: Kanye West, The Game, & Choir]

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
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

[Verse 1: Kanye West]

How we stop the Black Panthers?
Ronald Reagan cooked up an answer
You hear that? What Gil Scott was hearin'
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, The Game, & Choir]

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
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

[Verse 2: Kanye West]

From the place where the fathers gone
The mothers is hardly home
And the maricons lock us up in the Audy Home
How the Mexicans say? "We just tryin' to party, holmes";
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 whole quota
Right when our soldiers, ran for the stove '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, The Game, & Choir]

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

[Break: Kanye West]

God, how could you let this happen?

[Interlude: Choir]

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

[Chorus: Kanye West, The Game, & Choir]

Ugh, that's that crack music, crack music
That real 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
Ugh, that's that crack music, crack music
That real Black music, Black music
La la la la la la la la
La la la, la la la

[Outro: Malik Yusef]

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 mamas ain't got to be they cooks and nannies
And we gon' repo everything they ever took from granny
Now, the former slaves trade hooks for Grammys
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