

# Crack Music

## Jaecyn Bayne

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