

# Crack Music (feat. Game)

## Kanye West

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 hearing  
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 hanging 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 manThat'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  
Gonna lock us up in a, home  
How the Mexicans say we just trying to party homes  
They want to 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  
Writing when our soldiers ran for the stove 'cause  
'Cause dreams of being 'Hova went from being a brokeman to a being a dopeman  
Ta being a president look there's hope man  
This that inspiration for the mos and the folks man  
Shorty come and see if mama straight overdosing  
And this is the soundtrack  
This the type of music you make when you round that  
Crack music nigga  
That real black music niggaThat's that crack music nigga

That real black music niggaGod-how could you let this happen, happen, happen, happen,  
happen?That's that crack music, crack music  
That real black music, black musicThat's that crack music nigga  
That real black music niggaThat's that crack music, crack music,that real black music, black musicOur father,  
give us this day our daily bread, give us these days and take our daily bread  
See I done did all this ole bullshit  
And to atone I throw a little something, something 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 dixon has become America's addiction those who ain't even black use it

Songwriters

WILLIARD LAWRENCE JR MEEKS, KANYE WEST, KANYE OMARI WESTPublished by  
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S.  
Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>