

Tyler, The Creator

Crack fucked up the world, and I wonder if they realized the damage
 I mean, they come from an era who made a lot of money of that shit
 I wonder if it fucked with their conscience
 It fucked with me being out there, I couldn't stand it
 I couldn't stand seeing people fucking themselves up like that on the shit
 And that's where the money came from 48, 48, 48 states I get it in
 48, 48, 48 states I get it in
 They call me Mr. Treat Your Nose
 If you really need some blow
 I can get it for the low 48, 48, 48 states I get it in
 48, 48, 48 states I get it in
 They call me Mr. Treat Your Nose
 If you really need some blow
 I can get it for the low Shit is getting warmer on that corner
 Gotta watch out for them 5-0 phoners
 Your mother is a goner
 I warned you before you supersized my fries with that dollar
 You got a daughter, shits getting harder
 The only thing you wanna bump her was your freedom
 You can't afford to get caught up but you in too deep
 And the seashore ain't soil
 You got a mother, she don't support you
 But you bought her a new house cause you love her
 Growing up you barely had a roof
 Now you got a coupe and it doesn't have a roof
 I guess youre accustomed to what youre used to
 So you bought two nigga
 They are coming for you nigga
 Niggas be hating I'm doing them bitches
 Like Susan and Karen be doing your pockets
 And running the man and he's losing his fucking mind and its all an illusion
 Who was alludin' all of this potent
 I am the reason your family is using and shootin' up, its my fault,
 You can blame me motherfucker, for killin' your aunties and uncles,
 The hustle and hunger, all I wanted was a cheeseburger
 And a little chain, tuck, didnt realize this game fucked up some lives
 Oh hows mine? my conscience eats it up all the time
 But other than that Im fine, I got a little money in my pocket 48, 48, 48 states I get it in
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They call me Mr. Treat Your Nose
If you really need some blow
I can get it for the low Nigga, we broke as fuck
Homie got a chop shop I sold that truck
And I sold that dope
Motherfuckers hope this nigga go broke
But like my work I give no fucks, Im sorry
She could have been a doctor, nigga, Im sorry
Could have been a actor and won that Oscar, said, I'm sorry
I sold that soap and I killed black folk, Im sorry
But I got a nice car, put my sister through school
While my momma all cool, I'm sorry
I'm in too deep and I cant see the shore, I'm sorry You get addicted to the flip, the transaction, the hustling
Even more than the money, it's just your job
You feel like it's your duty to be the man in between the man
And make this happen for that person, to do this and do that
You become the go to guy forever and next thing you know youre in too deep
Way too deep, scare the shit out of you
You wind up with so much work, that you'll be scared to death
It's important for us to realize man, we gotta get out of that man
Dudes is buying choppers to shoot down people that look just like them
Dudes is buying guns to take down each other, nobody wins
Ya known what I mean?

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