

Crack Music

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,
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

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