

# Crack Music (feat. The Game)

Kanye West

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 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 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 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 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 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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