

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?

Songwriters  
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