

## Crack Spot

Joell Ortiz

Water, jar, coke, soda  
Fire, pot, stir, slower  
Ice, fluff, whip, boulder  
Dry, cut, bag, over!

Don't tell me that it's [?]  
Baby boy, you on the grind, find a back block  
Cop a hoopty, go see Louie for a stash spot  
I'm posted up until they come and get this last rock  
I toast it up wit' my niggas on the strip wit' me  
[?] for my good niggas, that's history  
Man, I don't check the mail without that fifth wit' me  
It's sixteen in that thing and it spit fully!  
We out here runnin' from the man, duckin' all them vans  
Takin' care of all the homies stuck up in the can  
Sittin' in somebody kitchen cuttin' up these grams  
If you ain't never seen it, boy you wouldn't understand  
Safe in that stash house tuckin' all them bands  
Hoodrats watchin' but we pluckin on they hens  
Money over hoes, nigga G's up  
Lawyer money, pocket money and that re-up

[Hook:]

Jackpot, I run the crack spot  
Fiends runnin' back and forth to get these blacktops  
Jackpot, I run the crack spot  
Nobody leavin' 'til the finished wit' that last rock

Ain't a damn thing change, I'm out here gettin' change  
It's a part of the game, boy I'm out here in the rain  
The hood know my name, boy and my shit ring  
Since I don't play no games, boy I let that shit ring  
It's rules to this shit, a step by step booklet  
To get yo' game on track, not yo' wig pushed back  
Yeah I make that coke leave, then make that shit come back  
I'm Fat Joe on that stove, gotta get, cook, crack!  
I'm tryna get it, let some fiends hit it  
Let 'em lean wit' it, make sure they Bean wit' it  
If they become a Rocket, then we Hakeem wit' it  
Post up e'rywhere and let that Dream wit' it  
Hurricane Sandy, I flood the scene wit' it  
Yo' white girl dirty, my baby clean wit' it  
Environmentalists, I'm gettin green wit' it  
And it's never over when everythings finished

[Hook]

I see you gettin' paper, see you out here trappin'  
But if you ain't on my team, anything can happen  
I ain't out here rappin' to be rappin'  
I'm rappin' cause this is the new way of trappin'  
Baby boy, I get it crackin'  
Get ya head busted, get ya face smacked in  
Ya boy so hood, my old lady packin'  
Anyway, back to that trap, I ain't slackin'  
Just got a new package and broke it into fractions!  
Got the block jumpin', Blake Griffen action

You got 'em like CP3, they all passin'  
You ain't got that fire, you sellin' wet matches  
I don't sell duds, e'rybody blasted  
Don't hate me homie, don't hate the game  
Hate yo' connect homie, he gave you the 'caine  
Or maybe it's yo' wack whip game that's to blame  
Or maybe it's just me motherfucker, I do my thaaang!

[Hook]