

## Back 2 Crack

Psychopathic Rydas

I, I tried momma  
I tried  
You lookin at me check yourself lil' bitch  
Mad at the rydas cause we all rich and shit  
Think about what you used to have  
And what you don't have now  
Trying to hate on me with a glass dick in your mouth  
Used to represent in Cleveland black trucks with the bumps  
Drive through the car wash now see you workin' , wash my shit punk  
You had all the bitches, paper, no trouble  
Now your ass is up in the air gettin banged out for pebbles  
I don't give a fuck it's like a horse with a broken leg  
An old crusty ass broken down piece of shit  
What's next?  
Next time I see ya  
I'll pull out my heater  
And melt your brain with hot lead you muthafucka  
I can't take it no more  
I gave it everything I had  
Back on the bottom and everything is lookin bad  
Face mad cause I'm hungry and I'm broke as fuck  
I see a man on the corner and you know he's stuck  
He out of luck in the wrong place at the wrong time  
I give a fuck if he blind  
All his money mine  
On the dime I whip the gat out  
Handles slippery cause I'm sweaty  
He tried to move so I'ma pull this lead out  
Check his pockets loose change and a note  
Sayin I used to be a rapper I'ma joke  
Hooked on dope and I don't wanna live, damn  
Please somebody kill me and end this life big  
Back 2 crack I'm all fuckin tried  
Slangin' them dub tapes out the hoop ride  
I tried, I tried to be a hip-hop star  
But this rap shit didn't go far, go far  
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Hand me that muthafuckin crack pipe  
I wanna smoke me a pebble  
I'm through tryin to be a rebel  
I used to follow them hip-hop tours  
Handin my demos out at backstage doors  
I'm through trying to be the next Dr. Dre  
I'd rather just smoke this rock away  
Phoney deals, contracts, labels snakes everywhere  
Shit...  
I heard that niggas from the hood was goin way out  
Returning back to the hood servin fools like a paper route  
Scrounging up whatever loot they got to buy a key  
But if ranchers grew weed like record sales and popularity  
Back to the corner slangin loose and clumps  
Gotta live ghetto fabulous with rims and bumps  
Gotta have the fuckin heater cause my hands are stingin  
Coming back in 2's and 3's tryin to peel your cap

Cause occasionally you serve a lemon head delight  
But you think them heads are stupid  
Cause it's dark at night  
Plus you gotta get yours  
By any means it's on again  
But you record slangin yayhoo  
How the fuck can you win  
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But this rap shit didn't go far, go far  
Momma, momma I tried  
I just, I just couldn't do it  
I mean, I mean damn you never helped a mufucka  
I mean, I'm sorry momma  
That's just drugs talkin momma  
Momma I'm sorry  
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