

Crack fucked up the world, and I wonder if they realized the damage  
I mean, I come from an era who made a lot of money of that shit  
I wonder if it fucked with their conscious  
It fucked with me being out there, I couldn't stand it  
I couldn't stand seeing people fucking themselves up like that  
But 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

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 you're accustomed to what you're 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 it's all an illusi  
on  
Who was alludin' all of this potent  
I am the reason your family is using and shootin' up, it's 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, didn't realize this game fucked, up some lives  
"Oh how's ma?" my conscience eats it up all the time  
But other than that I'm fine I got a little money in my pocket.

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, I'm sorry  
She could have been a doctor, nigga, I'm sorry  
Could have been a actor and won that Oscar, said, I'm sorry  
I sold that soap and I killed black folk, I'm 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 can't 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 you're 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  
Ya know, 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?