

## Crack Intro

Z-Ro

Guess who's back?  
(HAY) [laughs]  
That's right, king of the ghetto (HAY)  
The Mo city don, Z-RO the crooked (That's Right)  
That's my mothafuckin name nigga (that's right, that's right)  
And I'm representing (WHAT) Assholes By Nature (Nature)  
Screwed Up Click, all mothafuckin day long till the casket drop (Real talk n  
igga)  
Nigga, I'm doin this shit for DJ Screw (HAY)  
Nigga, I'm doin this shit for Big Hawk (HAY)  
Nigga, I'm doin this shit for Big Steve Mafio-so (HAY)  
We doin this shit for Big Mello (WHAT)  
Know what I'm talkin bout, I'm doin this shit for Pimp C, nigga (Real talk)  
That's right...  
All the mothafuckin fallen soldiers in the game, nigga (Know what I'm talkin  
g bout)  
It's real out here in these mothafuckin city streets, nigga (That's alright)  
Huh, me? I'm representing Mo city, nigga  
Ridgemont to be exact  
That's what's up for me, nigga  
Five duce crip nigga till the casket drop, nigga to the world blow (HAY)  
Know what's I'm talking bout?  
I ain't set tripping no nigga, I be getting this goddamn breed  
That's what it's about to me, nigga (HAY)  
So back back and uh, I'm a show you how to do this shit one time, you know w  
hat I'm talking bout  
It's my new shit nigga called Crack  
Why it's called Crack? (HAY)  
Cause it's the new word, nigga (HAY)  
Getcha hoota ready to blaze, nigga (NIGGA!)

I try to beat my felony but I lost that case  
So well, I went to jail and I lost that weight  
Met a couple dime pieces but I'm true to one woman  
I could spot a devil with breast when I see one coming  
What's the matter, y'all acting like y'all mad I'm free  
Like to see me suffering, is what you glad to see (bitches)  
Newsflash: I ain't been doing bad in so long  
Making money in prison like I was still at home  
Got a few mo vechile, that super size my house  
Made a call to Paul Wall and he re-did my mouth  
Know you wonder why I'm the most hated rapper down south  
I'm so deep they can't reach what I be talking about  
With the same size foot you couldn't fill these shoes  
You ain't gotta be a crip for you to dig these blues  
Where the playa haters at, it's time to hate me again  
Same pistol, yeah it's dusty without safety again  
Same snub coll 8 5 7 ain't nothing changed  
I ain't looking for no trouble just protecting my brain  
I don't need to reach out and touch ya, stay out of my range  
If you don't give me a reason, I ain't goin murder you maan  
I'm the new Crack, put me on yo hoota and blaze me  
You ain't even gotta re-smoke, just smoke me daily  
If ya lookin for a buzz, this the wrong CD  
Homie, don't press play, unless you ready to O D  
All my people love my music, but they don't think I'm a thug

Even the kids listen, but they don't think I'm a drug  
In reality I'm an addiction, but that's a good thang  
Not on for television, I'm a world wide hood thang  
Reppin stars, and dealers moving my shit  
Bootleggers ain't got the good wheel, but it's too hard to call it well  
And if you got the nerve to call me underground, nigga please  
Here goes fourteen new songs, overdose on me