

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