

# Maybe We Crazy

50 Cent

Yeah, uhuh, let's take 'em there, yeah

Sonny did ten years in the fed joint, he half way out  
He ain't home, his ass in a halfway house  
Correctional facilities don't correct shit  
Cause the first thing he asked is who gotta get hit  
A shoot out in 89' fucked up how he walk  
He a grimey ass nigga, you should hear how he talk  
Should shoot the shepard in the head and da sheep I'll scatter  
Let niggas talk cause action is all that matters  
I asked about Barnes he sucked his teeth and said he was soft  
Said the boys up in Otisville was breakin him off  
Can you picture him in the yard, niggas yokin him up  
Treatin him like a pin cushion, pokin him up  
He came home actin like he hard as fuck  
Must want a first class ticket to see God Uh huh  
He stick his chest out tellin' niggas he don't back down  
Wait until he find out Sonny's back 'round

Maybe we crazy, but this is the way we came up  
Nigga front, that somethin gon go down  
Nigga stunt, cruise to this bitch if you want  
Without a strap, and you gon getcha ass layed down

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My nigga Los comin home soon he up there in Fort Dix  
It's on when he come home cause he can get 'nuff bricks  
I was young he taught me not to run, I popped my gun par  
You can ask Scarlata [?] and Amar  
Them niggas used to hit banks back in the days  
They embedded in my brain young crime does pay  
New Cadillacs and Bonnevilles the very next day  
I just look and learn, I ain't have much to say  
Legs I'll squeeze the life out you like a boa constrictor  
Fuck a headlock, I'm talking bout extortion nigga  
Apply pressure, its hot, get the fuck out the kitchen  
When niggas pay you every Friday you ain't got to stick em  
At the dice game if Ace roll a six it's no problem  
But if he roll a ace he gon pull out and rob him  
Lisin, a little is alot, when niggas is starvin'  
Man the drama in my hood is goin down regardless

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Everybody know Education shot Jamal over short paper

He on the run you want a nigga hit son he'll take it  
Heard Wise got shot up over some punk shit  
In the club beefin' with niggas over some dumb bitch  
They say Willy was caked up off them credit card scams  
Started a pyramid, the nigga took the money and ran  
Heard he was outta town ridin round in the pound  
Chrome spinnin' 545 I no lie ask how  
Out on VA, Hampton homecoming he cruise by  
He run in to the niggas that he beat, he gon die  
E must've caught a jooks the D's flashin' his mugshot  
You know it's his M.O. to run up in them crack spots  
His sister, she aight, big hips, lil waist, big tits  
Pretty face, we fucked on the staircase  
Lisa that's my bitch she freak off with a nigga, shit  
Man I gotta call that bitch

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