

## It's Crazy

Anilyst

Hi again, it's me hoes  
Ridin' with my mijos  
Arrivin' at casinos  
As I'm lighting up what we rolled  
Fly in my tuxedo  
High as fuckin' eagles  
Biased with an ego  
Try us, get your teeth pulled  
Your sinuses will bleed slow  
I'm tryna strike your cheek bones  
These Heinekens will be thrown  
Your highness will be dethroned  
Got this urge to break your vertebrae to thirds  
Used to spit, but nowadays I'll just regurgitate a verse  
Word play I'm on the verge to make it worth  
All this work I've gave it just to say I've earned a pay from words  
Quick, you're sorta slow  
Bitch, I got a soldier's soul  
Spittin' till my throat is so  
Sick that I need Protozol  
System overload  
Lyst will give you no control  
Listen to this flow to grow  
Wisdom from a poet pro  
Stuck with rappin' and I managed not to switch plans  
You can't imagine how much shit I've had to withstand

Crazy, how he was patient  
And now he's, making shit you copy  
I don't say this to be cocky  
But it's...  
But it's...  
But it's...

Started splashing this ink  
Hardest tracks that he brings  
They often ask what he thinks  
How he thought of that shit he sings  
Walk back or get jinxed  
While I start slammin' these drinks  
Rock my ball cap with a mink  
You'z a small cat to a sphinx  
We active with grown visions  
Magic, the flow-igician  
Dope shit, makes hoes listen  
Got no clique, just a coalition  
I took a mic and chose  
To write the most till I arose  
Booking flights for shows  
Am I supposed to strike a pose?  
The way I psych my foes  
Reciting notes that I've composed  
Cold as icicles  
You hoes might go and wipe your nose  
All my life I've roamed inside my dome  
To find my zone  
I found it bro

By downing iced patrons and lighting dro's  
On this microphone  
I'll strike a ho with lighting bolts  
Poltergeist your home  
Own your life and swipe your soul  
Five Coronas got your baby's momma tryna bone  
By the morning her aroma gon' be my cologne

Crazy, how he was patient  
And now he's, making shit you copy  
I don't say this to be cocky  
But it's...  
But it's...  
But it's...

Best reefer with cold wine  
Let's creep through my own mind  
Let's see what we gon' find  
As I get deep as a coal mine  
Stress seems to be on high  
Less sleepin' but more grind  
Wreck beats with these raw rhymes  
I sex freaks in my off time  
The kid's swipin' your conscience  
This might get you nauseous  
But I'll stick a spike in your socket  
As I sit and strike you with objects  
Hit you right where your top is  
Then ditch you while your unconscious  
Then hitch a flight to the tropics  
Keep a trigger right where my cock is  
My talent established that  
I'll strike down any average cat  
That tries surrounding my habitat  
Try to challenge this savage rap  
Get damaged and that's a fact  
Kid scratchin' your cataract  
Will shatter your back with bats  
My bitch bad and do acrobats  
Lyst is on that nonsense spit  
Hot shit, you the opposite  
Get my cock licked  
In the cockpit of a rocket ship  
Do I talk too quick?  
They can't control the beast it's over B  
He's off the leash  
Spits his poetry  
That's so unique right over beats

Crazy, how he was patient  
And now he's, making shit you copy  
I don't say this to be cocky  
But it's...  
But it's...  
But it's...