

West Coast

Crazy Town

Crazy causing trouble drug abusing
I've gotta drinking problem I'm not looking for solutions
Uh, and I'm the reason the beats bang
A punk rock criminal I talk with the street slang
People talk but ain't a true that we catch you up
It's so tough the music hits you harder than you hold up
I'll take you for your riches while the cops are eating doughnuts
It's so nuts the doctors wanna lock me away
See people either dock me or they mock what I say
For you can find me smoking Buddha by the dock of the bay
(hey hey)
We got homies in New York we got respect in LA
We got some hot chicks out in Vegas we got some poker to play

This is for the West (uh) Coast (yeah) Calais call it Hollywood
Alcoholic frolic always up to no good
And this is for the West (uh) Coast (yeah) the city of sticky greens the best coast if you know what I mean

Now I was driving through the bush with a trunk full of cush when the car broke down I told my girl get out and push
Man I don't understand why the earth should be illegal
'Cause there's people drinking forties running around and killing people
It's a cases circumstances times are getting rough
Everyone has a gun they don't break-dance enough
Everyone's looking for the easy way out
We meet women on the road and are all easy no doubt (uh)
I used beg my mom for a new pair of sneakers
But nowadays I'm paid and we're sponsored by Adidas
Boom boxes, bitches, boots and sweat suits, Chevy's on switches, lovin' tattoos
This shit we say makes the world go round
But nothing can compare to when your girl goes down
I like them feisty, nice and dirty with class
Not so dirty that there dirty but so dirty they last

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[x2]

We do it all night long and on and on [x2]

The city of dreams sick of them raw
And when it comes to our dreams we're livin' them all
But nothings changed
You can read our name on the wall
You see we got it like that
No we got it like that oh
And I admit I'm addicted to the dope life that heaven sent
I admit that this life could kill an elephant
And this mic could kill a million men
And this tinkle fuckin' lady and all of her friends
Damn, keep the banging get your swerve on
maybe this could be the album that I keep my shirt on
So take this track and put it in your pipe

Crazy Town represent yo' we're livin' the life

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[x2]

We do it all night long and on and on [x4]