

Crazy

Finesse2Tymes

I'm sittin' at the table with mob figures, millionaires, and legends (Bosses)

I got out, came up, this a blessing
All these gangsters around me respect me
Stayin' humble and dedicated (Go Grizz')
I got M's and ain't even graduated
I was humble in the worst situations
They forgot about me, underestimate me
All these diss songs and subliminals, nigga, that's dry snitching (Shut up)
We mob ties, so that's our business
The worst type of nigga is a nigga that'll tell the truth and throw lies in it
You the worst, you a disgrace
But it's the way the world is today (It's crazy)
And I'm good when it come to body language, I can see the bitch in his face
I don't fuck with niggas if you fuck with the opp
I ain't fuckin' with you, nigga talkin' 'bout smoking they opp
They supposed to be confidential
Come to find out, you ain't touched a nigga
I don't trust a nigga, I observe 'em
Rob 'em after I serve 'em
Fuck a model bitch, then curve her
Have a three-way with her, yeah, I merged her

What you know 'bout gettin' jammed with no bond money? Bitches actin' funny with you (Huh?)
And everybody talkin' bad 'bout you was the same niggas that was running with you (What?)
Prosecutors hollerin', "Thirty" (Life)
Lawyer act like he your buddy (Fuck)
Gettin' letters in the mail, find out your main bitch been fucking
You wanna go crazy
What you know 'bout gettin' jammed with no bond money? Bitches actin' funny with you (Huh?)
And everybody talkin' bad 'bout you was the same niggas that was running with you (What?)
Prosecutors hollerin', "Thirty" (Life)
Lawyer act like he your buddy (Fuck)
Gettin' letters in the mail, find out your main bitch been fucking
You wanna go crazy

Have you ever beat a body?
When the feds kicked in the door, found all the work, did you stay silent?
When your homeboy took the charge, came home, did you straighten out his pockets?
Pistol all on the internet, when it go down, is you gon' pop it?
(What you gon' do? Nigga gotta show me, I don't wanna hear that shit)
I come from Memphis where the killers kill killers (Kill killers)
And everybody say they a real nigga (A real nigga)
Yeah, it's easy to say you a real nigga
'Til them feds come at you with deals, nigga
Is you gon' stand firm or what, nigga?
Know he snitchin', but you still fuck with him
I ain't talkin' this shit, boy, I live it
And if I get life, lil' Jew gon' appeal it
Ayy, keep me a chopper
I see 'em in public, they play, I'ma drop 'em (A few of 'em)

I hope you really on it (Really on it)
Art of war, gotta know your opponent (Don't it?)
I'm fed for real (I'm federal)
I still keep steel, this kill or be killed
I'm facing so many years
It is what is it, this life that we live
It's crazy

What you know 'bout gettin' jammed with no bond money? Bitches actin' funny
with you (Huh?)
And everybody talkin' bad 'bout you was the same niggas that was running with
you (What?)
Prosecutors hollerin', "Thirty" (Life)
Lawyer act like he your buddy (Fuck)
Gettin' letters in the mail, find out your main bitch been fucking
You wanna go crazy

Two of 'em