Going Crazy

Jim Jones

Yo Game you hear all this shit Chuck man (Jim Jones)
Theys the wrong terms (The Game)
Another day another dollar man (Jim Jones)
Dry my tears in this 40 ounce J (The Game)
Yeah man I'm a crack this jack man (Jim Jones)
Fuck it man walk me through Harlem down 105th deep or somethin (The Game)
Shit man take me through Compton man right I'll see the block with the gz ma
n (Jim Jones)
Let's ride (The Game)
Yeah so what we tryin to say is I'm a rep the East (Jim Jones)
And I'm a rep the West (The Game)
And we gonna do this shit together so you know what that is? (Jim Jones)
Let's go! (The Game)

Go alive through this ride feel like B.I.G. and Pac (ready to die)
Go alive up in my ride through the city blocks (all eyes on me)
Eve alive watch when I drive for the wicked cops (all day)
Got the call the other night they hear my nigga shot (the killed J.B.!)
They hear the sigh with the steady blicka
That was my guy when he ride if he got any bigga (gz up homie)
Got a payment in the blood in the heavy liquor
That we threw up on the floor for so many niggas (R.I.P.)
It's like my rage has a venomous flare
Like my hood is in the enemy square
Police like watch for the cops how they roll on my set
We holdin glocks and know we a threat (EASTSIDE)
We on them blocks when we roll through the jets
We load the lock that's the code of my set (gz UP!)
Takes more to fare o coin for gz through a tone
You better carry on we breeze through my zone (we ain't sellin them blocks)
Don't let the game and get called on excitement
We movin cain and don't get caught on indictment (that be brick money)
I smoke that weed to let my thoughts contemplate (too many choices)
These mean streets and sidewalks we congregated (all this in the jungle)
This is my choice of existance
To rep the hood and be the voice of resistance (I'm so rebellious)
Cause someone gotta stand for somethin
For every nigga who had them dreams and get them grams they pumpin (I wasn't
one of them)

Please Lord save him
I'm a G going crazy
Please Lord save him
He's a G going crazy

Life ain't easy
Wish I could go to Heaven
Hop the Pearly Gates just to talk to Eazy
But my son need me
Homie The Game need me
Bein a nigga with a attitude ain't easy
Go see the doctor get the operation
Black wallstreet black cloud over the whole nation
We lost legends that's 60 reasons separation

Inhale the chronic smoke that's my meditation
We on two I'm on the bus
With more than an o
Smoke with me is more than I want you to know
It's 28 grams in the o
But you can bring back two if you cook it slow
That's black magic
One shot one life one son one automatic
Yeah nigga love is love
I go slug for slug
Cause death comes and smiles and hugs so

Please Lord save us
I'm a G going crazy
Please Lord save us
I'm a G going crazy

What's your name gangsta?
Chuck Taylor your neighborhood gangbanger
A.k.a. 45 stainless
What's your name gangsta?
Compton status 9 trey gangsta Eastsida rida
And what you claim gangsta?
Westside Compton blvd
And I tie my rag in a knot with Harlem
Wuss yo name gangsta?
East and the West connect so then I breeze through Compton no problem
The Byrd Gang's gonna getcha
If them gangbangas get to you first
The coroners takin pictures nigga
You know the G code
Cock and squeeze
Let that 38 revolver spin like gold deeps (yeah)
I know some OGz they remember me
Breezin through ridin o 50 at unknown speed
I do this for all the gangs in the towers
We no longer keep this thang in the silence (but) (shit)

Please Lord save us
I'm a G going crazy
Shit man
What this right here is history man
What couldn't be done in the past, is now done in the present
We gonna let yo head in the future
Jim Jones Compton status Gz up
Shout to my nigga Game Chuck Taylor
Matter a fact you got something to say before I get out of here
Yeah I'm in Harlem man straight the fuck out of Compton
You know how we do it
I'm good here I'm good in Compton
Come and see me nigga
We do it right
Black wallstreet
Byrd Gang bitch
BLAH!

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