

# Made Me Crazy

King Iso

Oh shit, it's twelve o'clock  
Shit crazier than a motherfucker  
Let's do it

Still bumping "Dementia" on the daily  
'Cause I be forgetting stuff that I been through when it made me  
Wanna go pick a pistol up with you niggas, shit I'm mani'  
To the max, I'm zany, my dick got bitches chaining  
Back then the most difficult mission be entertaining  
When I post a picture up I got bitches try'na frame me  
Hitting other bitches up like "He finna have my baby"  
They lying about everything and the system couldn't tame me  
Can't cry, I do better things than the bitching and complaining  
Education linked to the prison system, I'm peepin' my niggas instruments  
Started banging, my nigga can you blame me?  
You standing with the opps man, you niggas really brazy  
I'm canvasing your block, 'cause I'm finna make a painting  
I put it on a ghost or you niggas getting Swayze  
They talking Mario, you'll be kicking it with Daisy's  
Speaking of Mario, I been with my nig' since the 80s  
A pistol grip on .380s really locked in and made it  
Got clips, cinemas, get a picture when the K squeeze  
Doc says send him off, because mentally I'm draining  
I can't get enough, I'm a killer and they trained me  
Not to give a fuck about shit that really faze me  
So much to unpack, tripping on the daily  
My kids say I'll go crazy like Eminem and Hailie  
Don't be a menace like any other way  
See there's anywhere from home and still whipping a Mercedes  
And everybody love me but really probably hate me  
And swinging at the air probably hitting all the babies  
The Board of Mental Health like a Christian couldn't save me  
My daddy left my mom pregnant while in the navy  
Don't look through my phone, might see pictures of your lady  
And everything I said is the shit that made me crazy

Yeah, that's the type of shit to made me crazy  
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Pop, pop, sound of my Glock  
I go cuckoo, clock, clock (That's the type of shit to made me crazy)  
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(Snake Lucci)

Fourteen got my first .380  
That's the type of shit that made me crazy  
You know a nigga finna blow, no safety  
Catch 'em in the mall, Old Navy  
I was hitting bank at seventeen, no savings  
I could get it to you for the lover win of baby  
I went to prison for coke, I felt like they enslaved me

I put in work, I got ranked on in the tank  
And stopped the drip, was rocking bricks  
Was into politics, but I'm anonymous, hot as a lava pit  
Pop 'em like a Klonopin, probably with an exotic bitch  
Pocket watch and designer fits, lot of it counterfeit  
I don't even bother with it, came up in the bottoms  
Never needed a father figure, streets done made me crazy  
I be committed, I was in prison, I was in vision  
God I ain't did it, Father forgive us, I made part of the business  
I made a lot of decisions, any other opposite should come get your lottery ticket, and as God is my witness  
My oddest opinion, their squad on the menu  
A lot of us vicious, they outta commission  
They logic is missing, ain't got a pot they can piss in  
They beef with ISO, that's their final decision  
With knowledge I'm gifted, you might get popped in the mission, I'm locked in this issue  
You on a chopping block, your block gonna miss you  
When I cock the Glock and I pop it, it leave a spot in your temple

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What made me crazy? When my elders taught me the holy ghost  
Waitin' from a kid to see it, now I look on my Rollie nope  
Waiting's like never havin' a team and I'm at the Goalie Post  
Show me hope, when it's contaminated, get polio  
What else? Mama receiving everything but help  
And the welts bled again, medicine being the belt  
Ya bruh felt, (what?) hurt, and temper was short as a elf  
A nut I would not trust and no plus for ya'self  
I don't need no fuckin' apology lady  
The body she gave me when I was young neurology say we appallingly crazy, 'cause she was older calling me baby  
Water me daily, no education policy maybe?  
I was discombobulated, thinkin' I was in love  
What if this one ovulated, binkin' without a glove  
I'm a drip from populated, wit' some thot you mated  
Sick one copulated, my dick done modulated  
I don't know what the problem is, I really wasn't fatherless  
But nobody comin' odd as this I (Been psycho)  
Wondering if a God exists, family gave me a lotta scripts  
When I discovered a Godemis my (Sin light glow)  
Never got up in the college's or politics, abolished it  
My nigga, my noodle, my noggin is a (Spin cycle)  
How in the hell will I polish it? I gotta get the solace wit' my (Friend Iso)  
You are (Then frightful), want a (Grim fight no), (Slim price though)  
Hey!

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