

Crazy

M.O.P.

DO IT! Fuck, what the fuck huh?
DO IT! Yeah, yeah...
C'mon! Mo motherfuckin P

Don't let me tell you where I'm from (CROOK-NAM) we cain't stop here
We go to any other hood and set up shop there
Get guap' there, try that in (BROOK-NAM) and get rocked there
If you lookin for brotherly love, it's not here
Shit's not fair, them young gun boys from (BROOK-NAM) run up
Inside of number spots here, we got it locked here, we kill cops here
I'm one of those niggaz you witness livin the music
It only takes me one point two seconds to lose it
My shit bang inside of gamblin spots where niggaz throw dice
It motivate 'em for the whole night, niggaz be so hype
Niggaz already know what my flow like
My shit inspire riots with the po-lice, imagine what my show like!
It's M.O.P. fo' life
You never heard a nigga that spit it like Lil' Fame in your whole life
I do it for the hood, I'm never loungin where the faggots at
I'm one of them savage cats, these motherfuckers is CRAZY

[Chorus: x2]
C'MON! ["Damn shit's changed since back in the day"]
These motherfuckers is crazy ["WORRRRD UP"]
C'MON! Crazy (SING IT!)
These motherfuckers is CRAZY

[Terminology:]
I get it poppin like poppin a Oxycontin
In the Rotten Apple in Times Square at 12 o'clock
On New Year's, the crew's here, M.O.P. (nigga)
And S.T. (nigga) 1-2-3 (get 'em)
I got the KRS flow, mixed with Esco'
Pull a fresco, meet the 38 special
Turn dizzy, Lil' Fizzy and Bill with me
I'm still 50 levels ahead of these cats really
Billy Danze, CHECK, Lil' Fame, CHECK
Nine milli' fo'-fizzy big glizzy, CHECK
Get the fuck back pah, we them trap stars
Turned into rap stars, whippin the fast cars
Spittin them crack bars, grippin them black arms
Givin them bad scars we really is that hard
It ain't a facade, it's God in the MC
You wear me on your neck, and let your shit bleed
Religious people tat Term on they arm
Call me Allah, my story is the holy Qu'ran
I'm the God, I spit the sun moon and the stars
Say what you want, I'm a young Rakim with the bars
So, go ahead and think I'm too nice to do it
And say grace 'fore you bite the bullet (these motherfuckers is CRAZY)

[Chorus]

[Billy Danze:]
Stand down 'fore I put your man down, homey Danze down like Nino
Stuck in the time, still doin crime like it's legal
Molestin the grind, just check how I climb over beats

I'm a beast, I especially shine for the streets
So I'm inclined on the yellow lines, y'all think it's deep
But to me, it's where I meet the homies all week
If you get with 'em you stick with 'em, you ain't gotta creep
And if you creep, it's awkward cause homey never sleep
I made it clear that's how you rock shit, y'all remember me
Switched lanes, I ain't never changed, forever (M.O.P.)
Yeah with uncontrollable wits, CEO in this bitch
And crocodiles and gators, you haters havin a fit
I'm levitatin and flowin, in my own zone
Drownin bottles of 'gnac, bringin it back home
You better know how to react, or get your shit blown
S-T dot Marx, nigga we get it on (these motherfuckers is CRAZY)

[Chorus]