

Am I Crazy?

Prodigy

Yeah...

Attack of the thugs
My thuns come through with bundles of drugs
The Hip-Hop cops, just let us do us
If we beat a nigga ass, they would just watch
Just as long as we not firing gunshots
Guilty thugs rush your door, get everybody in
Because they stunting with the passes and I can control it
We smoke the whole club out, me and the dum-outs
Mazaradi Fox and my niggas from OV
That's Queensbridge, Jamaica and Far Rock
That's power in the streets you can't stop
With jail bars, and thick cement walls
Like you can murder people, what you gonna do at all?
The rest of the hundred forty three thousand
Nine hundred ninety nine niggas wildin'
I had a dream when I was nine about martial law
I saw global police, am I crazy God?

(Sometimes I wonder...)

Am I crazy ya'll'?
(Crazy, crazy, crazy)
Am I crazy God?
God please show me the sign, if I'm not crazy

(Sometimes I wonder...)

Am I crazy ya'll'?
(Crazy, crazy, crazy)
Am I crazy God?
God please show me the sign, if I'm not crazy

I'm cracking the benevolent
Machine guns and tanks
To come inside your party with a fucking AK
And we just chilling, we just want a few drinks
And get a few bunnies to hop back to the place
It's not a problem if that's what it is
But if it is a problem then it is what it is
And we handle that accordingly, see you ignoring me
I'm gonna laugh at you when you can't stop your arteries
From bleeding, see that's what you get
So what if that nigga die, he wasn't innocent
And if he was, he was wrong place wrong time
It's on me I pay for it in my next lifetime
For right now, this is how it's going down
You fuck around you lay around, moving your bowels
This nigga mistook me for some type of coward, a fraud
Now look at him, crazy soft, am I crazy ya'll'?

(Sometimes I wonder...)

Am I crazy ya'll'?
(Crazy, crazy, crazy)
Am I crazy God?
God please show me the sign, if I'm not crazy

(Sometimes I wonder...)

Am I crazy ya'll'?
(Crazy, crazy, crazy)
Am I crazy God?
God please show me the sign, if I'm not crazy

And then it happen, at three thirty three
A big fire in the sky in Queens
I almost crashed my car, on the L I E
Godfather and Ty max was both sleep
It wasn't meant for them to see
Nah, the sign was for me
To let me know I'm not bugging
This shit real, if you do the research you will see that it's real
My nigga E Money Bags R.I.P
He told me back in ninety nine this was gonna be
We both tried to tell Nas but Nas was doing him
His little brother Jungle was the only one that listened
(Yup) Jay-Z and Jazz oh no
Jay-Z chose to ride with the other side though
The math all add up, you can check it out
I told you, me and Pac would've worked it all out
Because Majesty and Stretch would've dead that now
And we would've all been brainstorming wow
Imagine life with an army like that right now
That's what I'm talking about, that's real power
50 Cent my nigga because he know what's up
Illa you my nigga tell me, I'm crazy huh?

(Sometimes I wonder...)
Am I crazy ya'll'?
(Crazy, crazy, crazy)
Am I crazy God?
God please show me the sign, if I'm not crazy

(Sometimes I wonder...)
Am I crazy ya'll'?
(Crazy, crazy, crazy)
Am I crazy God?
God please show me the sign, if I'm not crazy