

Papa Crazy

Run DMC

Now papa don't give a damn, or say, "Thank you, ma'am"
Eatin filet mignon, lobster tails and crab
He eats the finest FOOD, he ain't the kindest DUDE
and then to put it to you straight he's CRAZY LAZY AND RUDE
His temper's boiling hot, whether you like him or not
Not to mention bout his mansion and his big ol' yacht
He never gave me a dime or even spent, some time
and that's why I had to cold write this rhyme about..

Now papa livin like a rich man, up on the hill
Yeah my daddy got a Caddy funky fresh Seville
He got diamonds AND FURS, for his AND HERS
and a cat, in the hat that just, chills and purrs
Now he eats and grubs, and rocks beats at clubs
while mama makin nothin while she sweeps, and rubs
You wanna know about his dough, how he got paid
well the last, THAT ASKED, got sprayed, AND LAID, because..

Papa hang with CRAZY people CRAZY times of the night
Runnin round with CRAZY women but but that's alright, because..

Yo Run my papa was CRAZY, crazy as can be
and my mama said that he left ME when I was three
But my mama never told me he was out of his mind
Drinkin wine, all the time, never earnin a dime
He didn't care where he slept, or where his clothes were kept
He was so in debt somebody broke his neck
and on the day that papa died, they wrote on his grave
that "Papa died a bum, but he died brave," because..