

Crazy

Slim Thug

Bitch you gotta be crazy
Bitch you gotta be crazy
Hold up, bitch you gotta be crazy
Think you gon' fuck with my biggas
Bitch you gotta be crazy
Think you finna stop this money
Bitch you gotta be crazy
Ooh, bitch you gotta be crazy
Hold up, hold up, bitch you gotta be crazy
Think I ain't strapped that bank
Bitch you gotta be crazy
You think I'm finna miss when I'm aiming
Bitch you gotta be crazy

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Pretty and broke, you gotta be lazy
Say she want my baby
Told her bitch you gotta be crazy
I've been hustling all my life
Favour that fucking paid me
Now you want me to spend it out with you
Bitch you gotta be crazy
I'm bout to take it to the table
Let everybody eat (let everybody eat)
All I got is a bunch of 'Fuck you's'
When they got on they feet
They'll be your BFF when they need you
But they as fake as my teeth
Look real, act real but ain't really real in them streets
Me? I'm real as can be
Started from the bottom
Put my hood on the map
Got paper, got smut, got legal
Now I'm done with doing the dumb shit in the trap
All my niggas locked up
And the feds are there so it's fuck the game
I ain't never let a bitch break me
You gotta be insane
Thugga

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I let my money fly out my hand
Please remind me of Mamma Cabase
I drink it straight, fuck the trace

I don't be flexing you know I'm made (know I'm made)
You ain't gotta put me on a list (on a list)
You don't even know who I is
Hold up, bitch you guessing, bitch you guessing
You ain't never seen a man cagle like this
Body rocking moving side to side
It's like I'm making switches in the drive, I drive
My Cadillac looking like a figure skater
Making circles up and down your block
We might left a lot, asking lotta questions
Like why I haven't seen a tire
Seems like you can chase em, nah I let em chase me
Used to give a fuck but then I stopped

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