

## U Crazy

## The Beatnuts

"I can't forget or reject the sights of the ghetto,  
the smells of the ghetto, and especially the sounds of the ghetto, you know?  
"

Yo...my nigga JuJu what's up baby?

(Psycho Les, Psycho Les)

(JuJu, JuJu)

Let's get this money, let's get hung ya na'mean? (big thugs, big thugs)  
niggas crazy man!

I'd rather die like a man and live a coward life  
At a night moving the fangs the crooked up and powered white  
You know me, I was OT  
Getting it lo' key, remembering what old timers told me  
The first law you wanna hold heat burst yours  
Props to seek have you sleeping in hurst doors  
The conversation indicated props are sharp  
He said he never hold many cause it might be marked  
It's like this give me mine or I'm a take what's yours  
Make love war, spray up doors, say no more  
Instead of picking weight up more, I'm picking mic's up  
Lounging on my mothers sofa, kicking my Nike's up  
Like Koobi Agi who could stop me  
Your coke is doodle papi  
My people said they need they cash back, cash that son  
I caught a flash back the crimes and the whip times change  
Niggas shine me, I sparkle like a diamond ring

YOU CRAZY, thinking you gonna stop the rule (Psycho Les, Psycho Les)  
TOO LATE, we get your heart rate out control (JuJu, JuJu)  
THINK BIG, now live bigger baby that's the goal  
and maybe a little later, WE'LL BE HOT TO HOLD  
YOU CRAZY, thinking you gonna stop the rule  
TOO LATE, we get your heart rate out control  
Here's my outlook, bitches put out with no output  
cause see a little later, WE'LL BE HOT TO HOLD

Let me get a EQ (inaudible) up, beats is clear  
You say you flipping pies, you must work at a pizzeria  
No need to fear, The Nuts is here  
And it's about to be off the da hook this year  
Let the buzz in your ear, like the fuzz in your rear  
Every time you see me, I'm guzzling beer  
Blazing them trees, counting up gee's  
Old school on the pro to bouncing a beat  
What's my name? (He said) You know da game? (You fine)  
Every time I swing my fists I hit right (Right)  
The professional boxer, knock you out of ox-y-gen  
Now you out the game, ob-so-lete  
Hit you wit the shit you ain't used TA  
And (inaudible) snakes all in my head like Medusa  
But I won't let them get the best of me  
You can smell what I'm cooking but you can't have the recipe

Look homes, I'm trying uplift this shit  
Make history, something for the kids and shit  
Put my heart in my music for as long as I live

Nigga the sound of the ghetto coming out of the crib  
Hard-core to art form bigger than rap  
All I know is that a lot of new niggas in crack  
Sounding like dummies man niggas should act  
It's wrong and where I come from biting is wack  
Maybe that's why niggas never walk through the hood  
They ask, there intentions never been any good  
Little bitch ass niggas if I catch them I would  
Put my foot up they ass man as far as I could

"Can the small talk fat man and let's get it on!  
Maestro if you will..."