Crazy

Xzibit

We too hungry so most games we don't play
Get lifted like toupees 'til next Tuesday
Dick-riders are gay, known to go both ways
Yeah you lovin my shit, ohh you don't say
This a new meanin of dead right
Put 'em to bed with a lead pipe, lights out, good night
This ain't a song that the choir sing
This is aviation, deader nation, devastatin e'rything
Wipe the canvas clean, life ain't a fantasy
I get lit like kerosene and people start panicking
And this the natural laws of attraction
My words cut through like saws and axes
I bring the flames like the son of Sampson
My crew (Bring the Pain) like Wu-Tang Clan did
Couldn't spend a day in these shoes I stand in
Take off, no landin, the world gon' crash in

Hennessy and kush deadly combination
The only way I'm feelin safe is if I got my gun
Bodies disappearin on the daily baby
I keep tellin myself I don't wanna die
So I smoke green, stay high as a motherfucker
No games, you be gone tryin to run up on us
People die for less on the strength of nothin
If you ain't got your gun hidden in a close stash you crazy!

[Jelly Roll] Ohh you crazy

Yeah, yeah we know about that new shit they got jumpin off man
Y'all better get aboard that shit
Big Tray Deee in this motherfucker
Give it up for my nigga
Eastside up homie

What you know about dyin over dumb shit? (DAMN!)
What you know about runnin from the government?
My brigade's self-made from the ground up
Round up the renegades, time to tear the town up
Founding fathers arrivin in Impalas with the brains blew back
All dressed in black
React with gauges and Macs, way back when I was droppin off packs
Street money stack, Wall Street collapse
I'm like, hold my calls, personally involved
You touch one, you fuckin with us all, it's the code
Better read the graffiti, we the shit, 'round here
Left in itty-bitty pieces in the ground somewhere
We the gritty shitty people fuck around, rounds clear (rounds clear)
Man down (man down) disappear
For 15 to 25 years so you got your GUN
{"So when I'm on the streets I walk around with a bigger one!"}
YEAH!

You cannot trace my movements, keepin you busters silent
I got an ill temper, disposition violent
I have hallucinations, in need of medication
I'm unstable like a mental patient

I need some conversation, because I'm losin focus
My concentration is broken, fuck it, I'm hopeless
I got my own agenda, breakin your head open
So I can see what you're thinkin, it's so thought-provokin
Yeah I'm fuckin crazy, they call me lunatic
The deadly viper, pied piper, and I'm soon to spit
I got a lot of anger, pent-up aggression dude
You better watch who you askin the wrong question to
You need a lesson too, here's a confession dude
A live stream us reckon you for a session view
We got a million lurkers, we overran the servers
We popped the burners then the preacher, the coffin, the service

Ohh you crazy
Crazy!
Ohh you crazy

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