

2Pac "Krazy"

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Roll me a cigarette dog
They got me feelin' crazier than a motha fucka
I got bad ass in this motha fucka

Puffin' on lye, hopin' that it gets me high
They got a nigga goin' crazy
Oh, yeah, it feels crazy

Time goes by, puffin' on lye
Hopin' that it gets me high
They got a nigga goin' crazy
I feel crazy

Last year was hard, but life goes on
Hold my head against the wall
Learn the right from wrong

They say my ghetto instrumental, detrimental to kids
As if they can't see the misery in which they live
Lately, for the outcome, damn I'm reckless
Check it, you don't have to bump this but please
respect it

I took a minus and now the hard times are behind us
Turned into a plus, now they stuck livin' blinded
Hennessey got me feelin' bad, time to stop drinkin'
Rollin' in my drop top Jag, what's that cops thinkin'?

Sittin' in my car watch the stars and smoke
I came along way but still I got so far to go
Dear mama, don't worry, I'm a watch for snakes
They'll set you that a lover but it's hard today

I got the letter that she sent me
And I cried for weeks
This one came out when I tried to speak
All I heard was

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Hopin' that it gets me high
They got a nigga goin' crazy
I feel crazy

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One, two, three, four
I see bloods and crips runnin' up the hill.
Lookin' for a better way
My brothas and sistas, it's time to bail
'Cuz even thug niggas pray

Hopin' God hear me
I entered the game, look how much I change
I'm no longer innocent, casualties of fame
Made a lot of money, seen a lot of places
And I swear I seen a peaceful smile on my mama's face

When I gave her the keys to her own house
This your land, your only son done became a man
Watchin' time fly, I love my people do or die
But I wonder why we scared to let each other fly

June 1 6 7 1
The day mama pushed me out her womb, told me
"Nigga get paid"
No one can understand me, the black sheep.
Outcasted from my family
Now packin' heat, I run the streets a young runaway
Live for the day when ya die I could hear ya say

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God, help me out here, 'cuz I'm possessed
I need the root of all evil for my stress
'Cuz now it's like a strong prescription drug
It's got me addicted to the pleasure and the pain it's
inflicted

Something about the paper wit' the pictures of the
presidents head
Damn it's like a motha fuckin' plague, it spreads, it's
epidemic

Forgotten, forgotten it got worse
I keep my head on straight, makin' money 'cuz it's
cursed

Makin' money makes a difference day by day
So I gotta stay paid, no doubt, day in and day out
This life is like a vicious cycle called fightin' to live
No matter how hard you try, it's in death, you gotta die

Bottom line, peers didn't make it to the years to come
Dear life doin' right or dear life leavin' dumb
Who has the answers? I wonder, I turn to my elders
They aged and experienced but they can't even tell ya

Or tell me there'll be light at the end of the road
'Cuz they don't even know
A million thangs run through my mind
You ain't gotta be in jail or be doin' time

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Hopin' that it gets me high
They got a nigga goin' crazy
I feel crazy

Time goes by, puffin' on lye
Hopin' that it gets me high
They got a nigga goin' crazy
I feel crazy

Feelin' fucked up in this bitch
Smoke half a ounce to the head
Drop the top, Indo. Hawaiian, Lansbread, Buddha
All that shit, I'm fucked up in this motha fucka

And Hennessey don't help and Hennessey don't help
Thug passion in this motha fucka
Makaveli the don puttin' it down to the fullest
Maximum overload, thee day theory

Killuminati to your body with the impact of a 12 gauge
shoty
Doublized slugs, no love, straight thugs
One time for my niggas in the jail cell
One time for my niggas doin' life in hell
One time for my niggas in the jail cell
One time for my niggas doin' life in hell

One time for my niggas on Death Row
For my niggas on Death Row
One time for my niggas livin' broke
One time for my niggas livin' broke

One time for my niggas in the jail cell
Wonder if it get me high, yeah

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