

Carr Vikki

"Crazy World"

Visit "[Crazy World](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

bad bitches, countin doe, baggin rocks - crazy
vehicles.....kitted.....my whole teams committed - we
was poor as
kids..... but now it seems we've done did it and blew -
other
niggas find the style hard to chew, talkin bout we too
wild, and
that's
emphatically true, so don't cross us....or you'll be on the
ground countin losses - for rea; - every nigga I know
will peel a
motherfuckin dome like stockin - we be the owner of
the style
many niggas be jockin - blocks be rocklin - Glock pops
alot and,
damn,
there ain't no stoppin me or my mans. We like
whatever.
Pop told me that this money's not forever so I look for
investments
for
my crew to bury treasure. That be it, say when ya makin
money , paw, ya see it - cause if ya can't be paid, it's
like ya can't
be shit HOOK Ringleaders are coming, get up your
dick-beaters
- or heaters - and share the mind state of a fetus - can't
beat us -
and
lyrically them niggas can't see this as it go's - we turn
kilo's
into litres. Pounds turn to smoke in the concrete flood -
and blood
will
often turn the dirt into mud. Bullets become shells -
names become bells, and if you blow street trial, nigga
your cell
becomes hell - said even time don't tell, at least that's
how it used
to be, but it's a different day and time and strong eyes
don't see

down
the wire - ready to blow the empire like a friar, smoking
blunts strong as desire - a messiah - raised amongst
men that
conspire
to retire but often end up the town crier - In the fire of a
cold world yo, said it be flamin - still we aimin to be the
one - Titus
& Haymon HOOK Get ready - my whole teams known to
rock
steady - No Getty - I gots more sauce than spaghetti - a
machete -
I'll
turn your whole frame to confetti - to the nitty-gritty, we
bout to flip the pity petty - when braves become slaves
and plots
become
graves - and strays fly in the air like they was
Blue-Jays Robbers can be cops - while thuggs police
blocks - I sit
beside my window sippin sky on the rocks - to see the
church
got locks - no goodness in gracious - Loungin with
robber barrons
in
rooms thats palacious - to weigh dissin us with the
need to
lay down - no more misunderstanding - coming at you ,
aye-now,
who be
talking - better than that yo, who be hawkin - I suggest
you turn around and just start walking, or I'm a catch
you coolin
talkin
what a fly life and keep it real and cut your throat with a
butter-fly knife HOOK GET SWAZY - WE ABOUT TO FLIP
THE SCRIPT AND GET
CRAZY RICH KIDS UP FOR RICH BIDS
BABY - GOIN ALL OUT - GETTIN DOWN GETTIN GRAVY
- ON THE DAILY

Visit [Carr Vikki](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.