

50 Cent "Maybe We Crazy"

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Yea, uhuh, lets take em dere, yea

Man Sonny a fed joint, he half way out
He ain't home, his ass in a halfway house
Correctional facilities don't correct shit
'Cause the first thing he asked is who gotta get hit

A shoot out in 89 fucked up how he walk
He a grimey ass nigga, you see how he talk
Should shoot the Shepard in the head and da sheep
gon' scatter
Let niggas talk cause action is all that matters

I asked about Bones self-esteem, he said he was soft
Said the boys up in Odasville was breakin' him off
Can you picture him in a jar, niggas jokin' him up
Treatin' him like a pin cushion, pokin him up

He came home actin' like he hard as fuck
Must want a first class nigga to see God, uhuh
Stuck his chest out tell a niggas we don't back down
But wait until we find out Sonny's background

Maybe we crazy, but this is the way we came up
Nigga front, and somethin' gon go down
Nigga stunt, cruise to this bitch if you want
Widout a strap, and you gon getcha ass layed down

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My nigga LOC's comin' home soon he up there in four
dicks
It's on when he touch that cause he can get enough
bricks
When I was young he told me not to run, i pop my gun
pa
You can ask gun or la la love then aim hard

I'm interested to hear ?bang? back in the days

They ain't better than my brain, young crime is pay
New Cadillacs and Bonneville's the very next day
I just hope he learn, I ain't have much to say

Lead us squeeze the life out you like a boa constrictor
Fuck a headlock, I'm talking bout extortion nigga
Apply pressure, its hot get the fuck out the kitchen
When niggas pay ya every Friday u ain't got to stick em

At the dice game if ace roll a six its no problem
But if you roll a ace he gon pull out a Robin
Losin' a little or lose lot, when niggas is starving
Man the drama in my hoods goin' down regardless

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Everybody know education shot Jamal over short paper
You on the run you want a nigga hit son hit take it here
Rise got shot up over some punk shit
In the club beef with some niggas over some dumb
bitch

They say wooly was caked up off some credit card
scams
Got him the permit, the nigga took the money and ran
Heard he was outta town ridin' round in the pound
chrome spinnin'
Caught him spending 545 I no lie ask how

Out on VA, Camdon home, come through here cruise
by
He run in to dem niggas that he beat, he gon die
B must've caught his crooks 'coz D flashin' his mugshot
He notices M.O. don't run up in dem crack spots

His sister, she aight, big hips, lil' waist, big tits
Pretty face, we fucked on the staircase
Lisa that's my bitch she freak off wid a nigga, shit
Man I gotta call that bitch!

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