

## **Crazy Town "Think Fast"**

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You Know that bitch baby  
He's talking shit about our clique but he don't Crazy  
You see the writing on my dick  
You know that trick ,Tracy  
Yeah, she's making me sick  
Living that life  
We used to do the same shit  
Shit gets drastic some kids need help  
Some need there ass kicked  
And some would never learn  
To earn there own way living of their daddy  
Had he not been rich  
They'd be broker than a joke and forced to switch  
You gotta change your tune or change your pitch  
Because life ain't easy man  
Life's a bitch  
Shit is harder than hard about as hard can get  
Keep on going were you're headed  
You's alive to regret it  
Yes it hurts  
To face the truth and  
Realize that the worlds got your neck in a noose  
If things ain't like they ought to be  
You 've got to think fast  
The aftermath  
Of your actions whiplash.

I know you all tired of these wannabe thugs  
Claiming the real be running, grabbing the steel  
Thinking they're going to peel  
My niggas cap  
Roaming the streets with black hats  
Chrome straps  
Sipping on brew  
Ready to react  
Of any nigga they see that nigga could be me  
Capital I.C.E.  
Got a muther fucking .357 to put eleven holes in their  
chest  
Thinking they could test  
A real rider from the west  
I roll flossin' me and my girlfriend nina ross and

The ghettos' been good to me  
But you've got to take precautions  
Brothers get got what they least  
Expect it or neglect it  
You'll never catch the dirty in the streets without  
protection  
Nowadays you got to pull shit  
Haters on some bullshit  
Jumpin' out of cadillacs and low lows with a full clip  
If your tool spits  
Shake the spot or get your duck on  
Cause if you press your luck on  
Stupid is what you're stuck on.

That girl shelia got a daughter  
She be clubbing every night  
Shelia had her daughter young  
Still that just ain't right  
Plus she rides the white horse  
She used to ride my pony  
If I hit it now, I'd break it  
'Cause Sheila's just too bony.

Smoking speed released the lions  
I'm not lying I'm not sober  
I'm still tryin' Hiding the truth  
With substitutes a hundred proof  
A fuck up. face it  
One of L.A.'s wasted youth  
Label me as an enemy of the lost star  
My family's not too happy with the trouble that I've  
caused  
See we be breaking the law  
Somking on non-menthols thinking fast  
So I'm ready for any all out brawls  
And ya. Brothers get your hustle on  
Ballers and get your shit tight  
House parties get shot up  
And turned up before midnight  
Drive-bys and fistfights  
Zig zag and crack pipes  
There's a fifty fifty chance  
That tonight will be your last night.

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